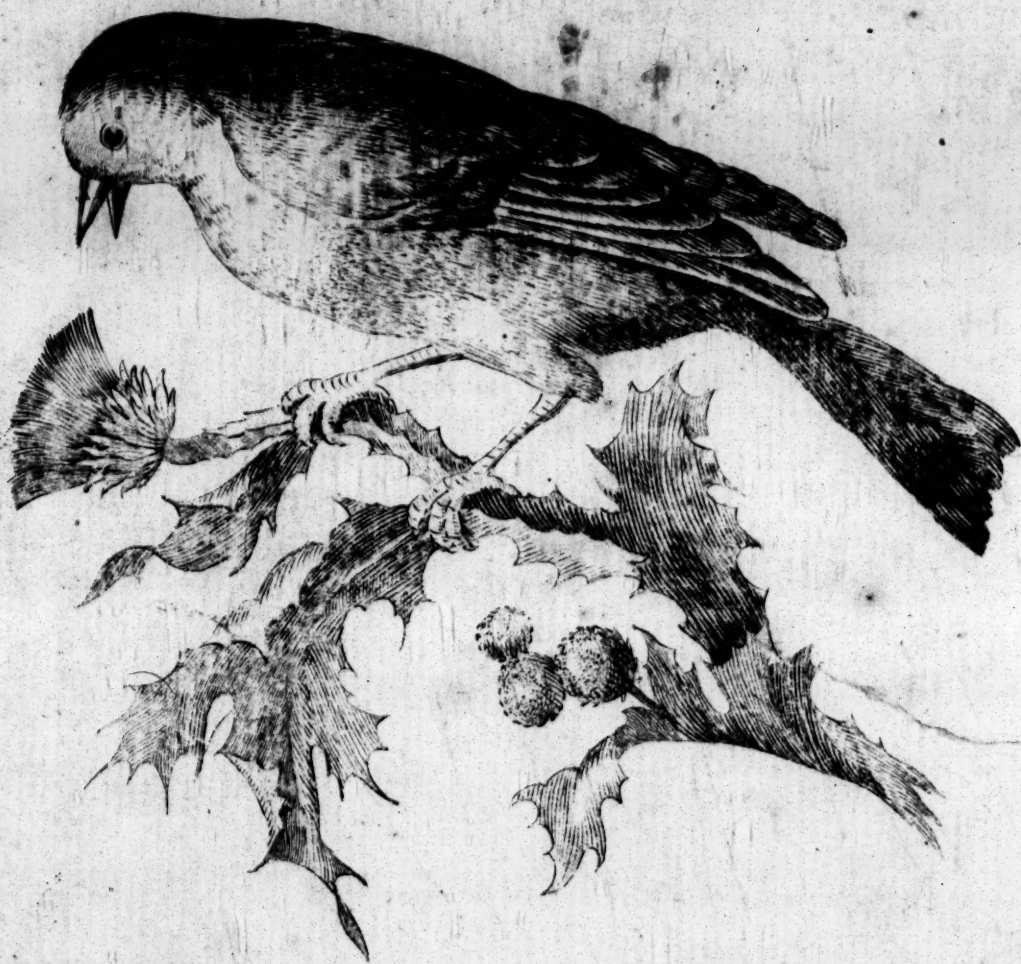




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T H E

WOOD-LARK:

CONTAINING

A NUMEROUS AND ELEGANT

COLLECTION

OF THE NEWEST AND MOST FAVOURITE

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH

SONGS, AIRS, BALLADS, CANTATAS, &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A great Variety of TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. COOKE, at his Circulating Library, No. 2, Cullum-street, in
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[Price 2s. 6d. bound in Red.]

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COLLECTION of SONGS.



TH E virgin, when soften'd by Mây,
Attends to the villager's vows;
The birds fondly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs.
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above;
We shepherds, that dwell on the plain,
Hail May, as the Mother of Love.

From the west, as it wantonly blows,
Fond Zephyr caresses the vine;
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine:
The pinks by the rivulet's side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward, and kiss the soft tide,
For May is the Mother of Love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array;
If the larks and the linnets now sing,
Their music is taught them by May:

The flock-dove, recluse with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
And murmuring seems to repeat,
That May is the Mother of Love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,
Ye virgins, be sportive and gay;
Get your pipes, oh! ye shepherds, in tune,
For music must welcome the May.
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguish remove,
Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find
That May is the Mother of Love.

NOR on beds of fading flow'rs,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
Nor with swains in syren bow'r's,
Will true pleasure long reside:
On awful virtue's hill sublime,
Enthron'd, sits the immortal fair;
B

Who

Who wins her height must patient climb;
 The steps are peril, toil, and care:
 So, from the first, did Jove ordain,
 Eternal bliss for transient pain.

CEASE, gay seducers, pride to take,
 In triumphs o'er the fair,
 Since clowns as well can act the rake,
 As those in higher sphere.

Where then, to shun a shameful fate,
 Shall hapless beauty go?
 In ev'ry station, ev'ry state,
 Poor woman finds a foe.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care,
 A few paternal acres bound;
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground:

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with
 bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Bless'd, who can unconcern'dly find,
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away;
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
 Together mix'd, sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most doth please,
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die;
 Far from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

MY days have been so wond'rous free,
 The little birds that fly,
 With careless ease, from tree to tree,
 Were not as bless'd as I.
 Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream;
 Or ask the gentle gales, if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught;
 The tender chains of soft desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought:
 An eager hope within my breast,
 Does ev'ry doubt controul;
 And lovely Nancy stands confess'd,
 The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love,
 With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design!
 O! teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
 To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair,
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.
 'Tis true, the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress;
 Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

But if she treats me with disdain,
 And slights my well-meant love;
 Or looks with pleasure on my pain;
 A pain she wont remove;

Farewel,

Farewel, ye birds, ye lonely pines,
 Adieu to groans and sighs ;
 I'll leave my passion to the winds ;
 Love, unreturn'd, soon dies.

WHEN vapours o'er the meadows die,
 And morning streaks the purple sky,
 I wake to love with jocund glee,
 To think on him who doats on me.

When eve embrowns the verdant grove,
 And philomel laments her love ;
 Each sigh I breathe my love reveals,
 And tells the pangs my bosom feels.

With secret pleasure I survey,
 The frolic birds in am'rous play ;
 While fondest cares my heart employ,
 Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

TELL me, lasses, have ye seen,
 Lately wand'ring o'er the green,
 Beauty's son, a little boy,
 Full of frolic, mirth, and joy ?
 Full of frolic, &c.

If you know his shelter, say,
 He's from Venus gone astray :
 Tell me, lasses, have ye seen
 Such a one trip o'er the green ?
 Such a one, &c.

By his mark the god you'll know :
 O'er his shoulder hangs a bow,
 And a quiver fraught with darts,
 Poison sure to human hearts :
 Tho' he's naked, little, blind,
 He can triumph o'er the mind.

Tell me, lasses, &c.

Subtle as the light'ning's wound,
 Is his piercing arrow found ;

While the bosom'd heart it pains,
 No external mark remains :
 Reason's shield itself is broke,
 By the unsuspected stroke.

Tell me, lasses, &c.

Oft the urchin's seen to lie,
 Basking in the sunny eye ;
 Or his destin'd prey he seeks,
 On the maiden's rosy cheeks ;
 Snowy breasts, or curling hair,
 Oft conceal his pleasing snare.

Tell me, lasses, &c.

She that the recess reveals,
 Where the god himself conceals,
 Shall a kiss receive this night,
 From him who is her heart's delight :
 To Venus let her bring the boy,
 She shall taste love's sweetest joy.

Tell me, lasses, &c.

YE nymphs and ye shepherds that join
 this throng,

Pray tarry a while, and attend to my song :
 The story, tho' simple, is true that I tell ;
 I hope it will please you all wonderful well.

I went, t'other day, to a wake on the green,
 And met with a lass fair as beauty's gay queen ;
 I ask'd for a kiss, but the damsel cry'd no ;
 And struggled, and frown'd, and said pray
 let me go.

I tenderly cry'd, Phillis, don't be a prude ;
 But still she return'd, I'll cry out if your'e rude ;
 The more that I press'd her, the more she
 cry'd no ;

And struggled, and frown'd, and said, pray
 let me go.

I found no intreaties would make her comply ;
Whenever I touch'd her, 'twas fye, Colin, fye ;
So I sent for a parson, and made her my wife,
And now I am welcome to kifs her for life.

Ye virgins that hear, learn example from this,
Take care how too freely you part with a kifs ;
Conceal for a time all the favours you can,
For that's the best way to make sure of your man.

HOW happy a state does a miller possess,
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to
be less !

On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a
beau :

A clown in his drefs may be honest far,
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.
Than a courtier, &c.

Tho his hands are so daub'd they're not fit
to be seen,

The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal ;
Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like
meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without scruple, from other men's
sacks ;

In this a right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.
Who borrow, &c.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this too he'd mimic the tools of the state,
whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill ;
And all his concern's to bring grist to his
mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drips when
he's dry,

And down when he's weary contented does
lie ;

Then rises up chearful to work and to sing :
If so happy a miller, than who'd be a king ?
If so happy, &c.

THOMAS AND SALLY.

THOMAS.

LET fops pretend in flames to melt,
And talk of pangs they never felt ;
I speak without disguise or art,
And with my hand bestow my heart.

SALLY.

Let ladies prudishly deny,
Look cold, and give their thoughts the lye ;
I own the passion in my breast,
And long to make my lover blest.

THOMAS.

For this the sailor, on the mast,
Endures the cold and cutting blast ;
All dripping wet, wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.

SALLY.

For this the virgin pines and sighs,
With throbbing heart, and streaming eyes ;
Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

D U E T.

Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find
The British virgins will be kind ;
Protect their beauty from alarms,
And they'll repay you with its charms.

DEFEND

DEFEND my heart, ye virgin pow'rs;
 From am'rous looks and smiles;
 And shield me, in my gaye' hours,
 From love's destructive wiles:
 In vain let sighs and melting tears,
 Employ their moving art;
 Nor may delusive oaths and pray'rs;
 E'er triumph o'er my heart.

My calm content and virtuous joys;
 May envy ne'er molest;
 Nor let ambitious thoughts arise
 Within my peaceful breast:
 Yet may there such a decent state,
 Such unaffected pride,
 As love and awe at once create,
 My words and actions guide.
 Let others, fond of empty praise,
 Each wanton art display,
 While fops and fools in raptures gaze,
 And sigh their souls away:
 Far other dictates I pursue,
 (My bliss in virtue plac'd)
 And seek to please the wiser few,
 Who real worth can taste.

THE soldier, tir'd of wars alarms,
 Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
 And scorns the spear and shield:
 But if the brazen trumpets sound,
 He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
 And dares again the field.

WHERE shall Delia fly for shelter?
 In what secret grove or cave?
 Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,
 From the young, the gay, the brave.
 Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,
 Still she longs, and still she burns:

Cupid shoots like Hymen's archer;
 Wherefoe'er the damsel turns.
 Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,
 (If discretion guide us not)
 Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
 Sometimes are the booby's lot:
 Now they're purchas'd by the trader;
 Now commanded by the peer;
 Now some subtle mean invader,
 Wins the heart, or gains the ear.

O discretion! thou'rt a jewel,
 Or our grand-mamma's mistake,
 Stinting flame by bating fuel,
 Always careful and awake.
 Would you keep your pearls from trampers,
 Weigh the licence, weigh the banns;
 Mark my song upon your samplers,
 Wear it on your knots and fans.

COME, Rosalind, oh, come and see;
 What pleasures are in store for thee;
 The flow'rs in all their sweets appear,
 The fields their gayest beauties wear;
 The fields their gayest beauties wear:
 The joyful birds, in ev'ry grove,
 Now warble out their songs of love;
 Now warble out their songs of love:
 For thee they sing, and roses bloom,
 And Colin thee invites to come,
 And Colin thee invites to come.

Come, Rosalind, and Colin join;
 My tender flocks and all are thine:
 If love and Rosalind be near,
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year;
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year.

Come, see a cottage and a swain :
 Can'st thou my love or gifts disdain ?
 Can'st thou my love or gifts disdain ?
 Leave all behind, no longer stay,
 For Colin calls, then haste away,
 For Colin calls, then haste away.

WHEN snow descends, and robes the fields
 In winter's bright array ;
 Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades,
 And weeps itself away.
 When spring appears, when vi'lets blow,
 And shed a rich perfume,
 How soon the fragrance breathes its last !
 How short-liv'd is the bloom !
 Fresh in the morn, the summer rose,
 Hangs wither'd ere 'tis noon ;
 We scarce enjoy the balmy gift,
 But mourn the pleasure gone.
 With gilding fire the evening star,
 Streaks the autumnal skies ;
 Shook from its seat, it darts away,
 And in an instant dies.
 'Such are the charms that flush the cheek,
 And sparkle in the eye ;
 So from the lively finish'd form
 The transient graces fly.
 To this the seasons as they roll,
 Their attestation bring ;
 They warm the fair ; their ev'ry round,
 Confirms the truth I sing.

FORGIVE, ye fair, nor take it wrong,
 If aught too much I do ;
 Permit me, while I sing my song,
 To give a lesson too.

Let modesty, that heav'n-born maid,
 Your words and actions grace :
 'Tis this, and only this, can add
 New lustre to your face.
 'Tis this which paints the virgin cheek,
 Beyond the power of art ;
 And ev'ry real blush bespeaks
 The goodness of the heart.
 This index of the virtuous mind,
 Your lovers will adore :
 'Tis this will leave a charm behind,
 When bloom can charm no more.
 Inspir'd by this, to idle men
 With nice reserve behave ;
 And learn, by distance, to maintain,
 The power your beauty gave :
 For this, when beauty must decay,
 Your empire will protect :
 The wanton pleases for a day,
 But ne'er creates respect.
 With this, their silly jests reprove,
 When coxcombs dare intrude ;
 Nor think the man is worth your love,
 Who ventures to be rude.
 Your charms, when cheap, will ever pall,
 They fully with a touch ;
 And tho' you mean to grant not all,
 You often grant too much.
 But, patient, let each virtuous fair
 Expect the gen'rous youth,
 Whom heav'n has doom'd her heart to share,
 And bless'd with love and truth :
 For him alone, reserve her hand,
 And wait the happy day,
 When he with justice can command,
 And she with joy obey.

GO, tuneful bird, that glads the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way,
 And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display.
 And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song;
 Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear,
 To Damon's native plains belong.
 Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The bird from Indian groves may shine;
 But ask the lovely, partial maid,
 What are its notes, compar'd to thine.
 Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
 And all his flaunting race, with scorn,
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

O GREEDY Midas ! I've been told,
 That what you touch'd you turn'd to gold;
 O ! had I but a pow'r like thine,
 I'd turn whate'er I touch'd to wine.
 Each purling stream should feel my force,
 Each fish my fatal power mourn,
 And wond'ring at the mighty change,
 Should in their native regions burn.
 Nor should there any dare t'approach,
 Unto my mantling sparkling wine,
 But first should pay their votes to me,
 And stile me only God of wine.

TO dear Amaryllis young Strephon had long,
 Declar'd his fix'd passion, and dy'd for
 in song:
 He went, one May morning, to meet in the
 grove,
 By her own dear appointment, this goddess
 of love:

Mean time in his mind all her charms he ran
 o'er,
 And doated on each--Can a lover do more?
 He waited, and waited; then changing his
 strain,
 'Twas fury, and rage, and despair, and dis-
 dain!
 The sun was commanded to hide his dull
 light,
 And the whole course of nature was alter'd
 downright:
 'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore,
 But never to change--Can a lover do more?
 Cleora, it happen'd, was by accident there;
 No rose-bud so tempting, no lilly so fair:
 He press'd her white hand---next her lips he
 essay'd;
 Nor would she deny him, so civil the maid:
 Her kindly compliance his peace did restore,
 And dear Amaryllis--was thought of no more.

HARK, hark, the joy inspiring horn,
 Salutes the rosy rising morn,
 And echoes through the dale;
 With clam'rous peals the Hills resound,
 The hounds, quick scented, scow'r the ground,
 And snuff the fragrant gale.
 Nor gates, nor hedges, can impede,
 The brisk, high-mettled, starting steed;
 The jovial pack pursue:
 Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,
 The distant hills with speed he gains,
 And sees the game in view.
 Her path the timid hare forsakes,
 And to the copse for shelter makes,
 There pants a while for breath;

When

When now the noise alarms her ear,
Her haunt's deser'y'd, her fate is near,
She fers approaching death.

Directed by the well known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim seize,
She faints, she falls, she dies :
The distant coursers now come in,
And join the loud triumphant din,
Till echo rends the skies.

NOW pleasure unbounded resounds o'er
the plains,
And brightens the smiles of the damsels and
swains,
As they follow the last team of harvest along,
And end all their toils with a dance and a
song.
Possess'd of the beauty that blesses the year,
Bleak winter's approach they behold without
fear ;
And when tempests rattle, and hurricanes roar,
Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languish for
more.

Dear Chloe, from them let us learn to be wise,
And use every moment of life as it flies ;
Gay youth is the spring-time, which all must
improve,
For summer to ripen an harvest of love.
Our hearts then a provident care should engage,
To lay friendship in store for the winter of age,
Whose frowns shall disarm ev'n Chloe's bright
eye---
Let friendship take place then of youth's
fiercer joy.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was
like me ?
So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee ;

I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er
A fiddle was heard,---to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say ;
'Twas, This, Sir--and That, Sir--but scarce
ever Nay ;

And, Sundays, dress'd out in my silks and
my lace,

I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man !
Well rest him--We all are as good as we can ;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
And jealous--tho' truly I gave him some cause:

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me--but let me
alone ;

Egad ! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own.
Ye wives take the hint, and when spouse is
untow'r'd,

Stand firm to your charter, and have the last
word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my
woe ;

I'm not what I was forty summers ago :
This time's a sore foe ; there's no shunning
his dart ;

However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-
chance ;

I still love a tune, though unable to dance :
And, books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
I teach that to others I once did myself.

SICK of the town, fair Delia flew
To contemplation's rural seat ;
Adieu, she cry'd, vain world, adieu ;
Fools only study to be great :

The

The book, the lamp, the hermits cell,
 The moss-grown roof, the matted floor;
 All these she had--'twas mighty well;
 But yet she wanted something more.
 Back to the busy world again
 She soon return'd, in hopes to find
 Ease for imaginary pain,
 Quiet of heart, and peace of mind:
 Gay scenes of grandeur ev'ry hour,
 By turns her fickle fancy fill;
 The world seem'd all within her pow'r;
 But yet she wanted something still.
 Cities and groves by turns were try'd;
 'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale;
 Delia at length became a bride,
 A bride to Damon of the vale:
 Behold, at once the gloom was clear'd;
 Damon was kind;---and from that hour
 Each place a paradise appear'd,
 And Delia wanted nothing more.

YOUNG Colin to our cottage came,
 And vow'd how much he lov'd;
 I own I felt a secret flame,
 Yet not his suit approv'd.
 A thousand tender tales he told,
 I seem'd to think untrue;
 And made believe my heart was cold.
 What cou'd a virgin do?
 And made believe my heart was cold.
 What cou'd a virgin do?
 The artless mind is soon impress'd
 With thoughts before unknown:
 When Cupid wounds the female breast,
 He's sure to keep his throne.
 In vain our fortitude we try,
 When love's resolv'd to sue;

'Tis hard thro' pity to deny.
 What can a virgin do?

The maxin, marry while your young,
 I think shall be my guide;
 Tho' Colin's seems a flatt'ring tongue,
 Yet virtue is my pride.
 Shou'd Colin, when he woos again,
 Have Hymen's bands in view,
 I then shall with the sprightly swain,
 Know what I've got to do.

THE fragrant lilly of the vale,
 So elegantly fair,
 Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale,
 To Chloe I compare.

What tho' on earth it lowly grows,
 And strives it head to hide,
 Its sweetness far outvies the rose,
 That flaunts with so much pride.

The costly tulip owes its hue
 To many a gaudy stain;
 In this we view the virgin white
 Of innocence remain.

See how the curious florist's hand
 Uprears its humble head;
 And, to preserve the charming flow'r,
 Transplants it to his bed.

There, while it sheds its sweets around,
 How shines each modest grace;
 Enraptur'd, how its owner stands,
 To view its lovely face.

But pray, my Chloe, now observe
 The inf'rence of my tale;
 May I the florist be, and thou
 My lilly of the vale.

LOVE.

LOVE sounds th' alarm
And fear is a flying;
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?

In defence of my treasure
I'll bleed at each vein;
Without her's no pleasure,
For life is a pain.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains
with gold,
And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops
behold.

How the lark's early matin proclaims the new
day,
And the horn's chearful summons rebukes
our delay!

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure
can vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, follow, fol-
low, follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his
sport,

And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of
the court;

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence still gives it rest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;

The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee;

The doctor a patient, the courtier a place;

Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with
disgrace.

With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the soldier hunts fame;

The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;

And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to
refuse,

Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pur-
sues.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold, and the busy, hunt glory and
wealth;

All the blessings we ask is the blessings of
health;

With hounds and with horns, thro' the wood-
lands to roam;

And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at
home.

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure
can vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, follow, fol-
low, follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow the hounds in full cry.

MY cautious mother t'other day,
Cry'd Polly mind me, do;

I saw young Damon come this way,

And fear he came to you;

You know he's gay and thought a rake,

So never welcome make him.

Thus I get scolded for his sake---

I wish the deuce wou'd take him.

'Tis true I met him in the grove,

He gently grasp'd my hand,

Then sigh'd, and talk'd more things of love,

Than I cou'd understand.

And who'd have thought that we were seen---

But of such tricks I'll break him;

If he wont tell me what they mean,

The deuce sure ought to take him,

I often feel my bosom glow,
 With warmth I never knew;
 If this be love that haunts me so,
 What can a virgin do?
 Indeed, for pipe, for dance, and song,
 'Gainst ev'ry swain I'll stake him;
 But if he tantalizes long,
 I hope the deuce will take him.
 They say from wedlock springs delight---
 Then let him speak his mind;
 I've no objection to unite,
 With one so fond and kind.
 My mother, tho' too apt to pry,
 To disoblige I'm loth---
 Howe'er I'll wed; then all her cry
 Will be, deuce take 'em both.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid,
 And, whilst a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head:
 The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.
 Alas! silly swain that I was,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
 She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
 When she sing'd, 'twas a pleasure too great;
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet!
 How foolish was I to believe,
 She could doat on so lowly a clown!
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
 To forsake the fine folks of the town:

To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove;
 To go clad like our maidens in grey,
 And live in a cottage on love!
 What tho' I have skill to complain?
 Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd?
 What tho' when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around?
 Ah Colin! thy hopes are in vain;
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.
 And you my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid:
 If thro' the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly,
 'Twas her's to be false, and to change;
 'Tis mine to be constant, and die.
 If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground:
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew,
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.
 Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array,
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day;
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be heard of, or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

That

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight,
and my pride,

I always have boasted, and seek not to hide :

I dwell on her praises wherever I go :

They say I'm in love, but I answer, No, no.

They say I'm in love, but I answer, No, no.

At ev'ning oft-times, with what pleasure I see

A note from her hand, "I'll be with you at
"tea!"

My heart how it bounds when I hear her be-
low !

But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no.

But say, &c.

She sings me a song, and I echo its strain ;

Again, I cry, Jenny, sweet Jenny, again ;

I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I could grow :

But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no.

But say, &c.

She tells me her faults as she sits on my knee :

I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me :

My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think
so :

Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers,
No, no.

Who knows, &c.

From beauty and wit, and good-humour,
how I,

Should prudence advise, and compel me to
fly :

Thy bounty, O fortune, make haste to bestow,

And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No.

And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No.

RECITATIVE.

HOW gentle was my Damon's air !

Like sunny beams his golden hair ;

His voice was like the nightingale's ;

More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales :

How hard such beauties to resign !

And yet that cruel task is mine.

How hard, &c.

AIR.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,

Along the margin of each stream,

Dear conscious scenes of former love,

I mourn, and Damon is my theme :

The hills, the groves, the streams remain,

But Damon there I seek in vain.

The hills, &c.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled ;

Groves, flocks, and fountains, please no more ;

Each flow'r in pity droops its head ;

All nature does my loss deplore :

All, all reproach the faithless swain ;

Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

All, all, &c.

WITH the man that I love, was I destin'd
to dwell,

On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell ;

Retreats the most barren, most desert, would
be

More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.

Let the vain and the venal, to wedlock aspire,

To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire ;

I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are
plac'd,

Insensible creatures ! 'tis all they can taste.

YOUNG I am, and sore afraid :

Would you hurt a harmless maid ?

Lead an innocent astray ?

Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe ;

And thou'd you my faith deceive,

Ruin first, and then forsake,

Sure my tender heart wou'd break.

LOVE'S

LOVE's a gentle gen'rous passion,
 Source of all sublime delights,
 Which, with mutual inclination,
 Two fond hearts in one unites.

What are titles, pomp, and riches,
 If compar'd with true content?
 That false joy, which now bewitches,
 When obtain'd, we may repent.

Lawless passions bring vexation;
 But a chaste and constant love,
 Is a glorious emulation
 Of the blissful state above.

WERE I as poor as wretch can be,
 As great as any monarch, he,
 Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,
 I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye pow'rs, (I ask not wealth),
 Grant me but innocence and health;
 Ah! what is grandeur, link'd to vice?
 'Tis only virtue gives it price.

'TIS a twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps
 they are twain,
 Since Thyrsis neglected the nymphs of the plain
 And wou'd tempt me to walk the gay meadows along,

To hear a soft tale, or to sing him a song.
 To hear a soft tale, or to sing him a song.

What at first was but friendship soon grew to
 a flame;

In my heart it was love, in the youth 'twas
 the same:

From each other our passion we fought not
 to hide;

But who shou'd love most was our contest
 and pride.

But who, &c.

But Prudence soon wisper'd us, "Love not
 too well,

For Envy has eyes, and a tongue that will
 tell;

And a flame, without fortune's rich gifts on
 its side,

The grave ones will scorn, and a mother
 must chide."

The grave, &c.

Afraid of rebukes, he his visits forbore,
 And we promis'd to think of each other no
 more,

Or to tarry with patience, a season more kind;
 So I put the dear shepherd quite out of my
 mind.

So I put, &c.

But love breaks the fences I vainly had made,
 Grows deaf to all censure, and will be re-
 paid:

If we sigh for each other, ah! quit not your
 care:

Condemn the god Cupid; but bless the fond
 pair.

Condemn the god Cupid; but bless the fond
 pair.

YOUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of
 the hill,

And whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does
 fill,

Of beauty is bless'd with so ample a share,
 That men call her the lass with the delicate
 air.

One ev'ning, last May, when I travers'd the
 grove,

In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of
 love,

C

I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare ;
And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, by a green mossy bed,
A chaplet composing, the fair one was laid :
Surpriz'd and transported, I could not forbear,
With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.

That moment young Cupid selected a dart,
And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent heart :
And from thence, how to win the dear maid
was my care,

For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When she saw me, she blush'd, and complain'd I was rude,
And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude :

I answer'd, I cou'd not tell how I came there ;
But laid all the blame on her delicate air :

Said her heart was the prize which I fought to obtain,

And hop'd she wou'd grant it to ease my fond pain.

She neither reject'd, nor granted my pray'r,
But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times o'er I've repeated my suit ;
But still the tormentor affects to be mute :
Then tell me, ye swains, who have conquer'd the fair,

How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheek of morn,
And dew-drops glisten'd on the thorn ;
When sky-larks tun'd their carols sweet,
To hail the god of light and heat ;
Philander, from his downy bed,
To fair Lisetta's chamber sped,
Crying--Awake, sweet love of mine,
I'm come to be thy Valentine !

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,
Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,
Which (that a kiss she might obtain)
She artfully had clos'd again :
He sunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,
Like Phœbus into Thetis' lap,
And near forgot that his design,
Was but to be her Valentine.

She, starting, cry'd---I am undone !
Philander, charming youth, be gone !
For this time, to your vows sincere,
Make virtue, not your love, appear :
No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes ;
(Forgive the simple fond disguise ;)
To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,
And be my faithful Valentine,

The brutal passion sudden fled,
Fair honour govern'd in its stead,
And both agreed, ere setting sun,
To join two virtuous hearts in one :
Their beauteous offspring soon did prove
The sweet effects of mutual love ;
And, from that hour to life's decline,
She bless'd the day of Valentine.

'TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son ;
Aloft, in awful state,
The godlike hero sate,
On his imperial throne ;
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound ;
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his side,
Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Alc

AIR.

Happy, happy, happy pair;
None but the brave deserves the fair.

THUS I stand, like a Turk, with my
doxies around;
From all sides their glances his passion confound;
For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns,
And the different beauties subdue him by turns:
Each calls forth her charms to provoke his desires:
Though willing to all, with but one he retires.
But think of this maxim, and put off all sorrow,
The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.
But think of this maxim, &c.

YOUNG Phillis one morning a maying
would go;
When saunt'ring among the sweet meads to
and fro,
In vain did the cowslips her fair hand invite,
Nor daisies nor daffodils gave her delight:
Her heart with the throbbings of passion did move:
Each bird on the spray could have told her 'twas love.
At length she grew weary, and sat by a brook,
Where Strephon, the shepherd, was baiting his hook:
Unnotic'd he saw her, and heard her complain;
His heart was inflam'd to allay her soft pain;

The swain had led many a lass to the grove,
And he (wicked rogue!) thought that Phillis
wou'd love.

Howe'er, as her mind was by innocence dress'd,
'Twas plain that fair virtue was lodg'd in her
breast:

Her beauty was much, but her modesty more,
Which Strephon perceiv'd, and began to adore;

He knelt at her feet with a garland he wove,
And Phillis consented to make him her love.

CORYDON AND PHOEBE.

CORYDON.

WELL met, dearest Phœbe, ah! why in
such haste?

The woods and the meadows all day have I
trac'd,

In search of my fair one; then nothing re-
mains,

But she to reward me for all my past pains.

PHOEBE.

Why how now, bold Corydon, what do you
mean?

Should a damsel like me, just turn'd of nine-
teen,

Be seen all alone with a man? I'm afraid,
The world would soon think me no longer a
maid.

CORYDON.

Let 'em think as they please, 'twill prove all
a lie,

You are not alone, for chaste Cynthia is by;
She'll judge of our actions, then drive away
care,

No harm is intended to Phœbe, I swear.

C 2

PHOEBE

PHOEBE.

No, no, subtle swain, you may say what you will,
Kneel, lie, swear, and flatter, and try all your skill;
Before I'll be cozen'd, I'd have you to know,
I'll die first a virgin, so pray let me go.

CORYDON.

Why Phœbe, such thoughts I ne'er had in my head,
I meant but to know if to-morrow you'd wed;
But since you won't hear me I bid you adieu,
And find out some other that's kinder than you.

PHOEBE.

Return, gentle shepherd, a few moments stay,
I'll venture to yield, if you mean as you say;
Let to-morrow then come, at church you shall find,
That she you think cruel, yet still may be kind.

BOTH.

Oh Phœbus! vouchsafe to accept of our boon,
Make haste to expel the pale glimmering moon;
And when thy bright face shall appear in the sky,
With rapture we'll hasten the dear nuptial tie.

THERE's grinders enough, Sirs, of ev'ry degree,
From jewel-deck'd great to low poverty;
Whatever the station, it sharpens the sense,
And the wheel goes round, to wind in the pence.

Master-grinders enough at the helm you may find,
Tho' I'm but a journeyman---Knives to grind.

Whatever the statesman may think of himself,
He turns fortune's wheel in pursuit of the pelf;
He grinds back and edge, Sirs, his ends to obtain,
And his country may starve so he pockets the gain.

Master-grinders, &c.

The rich grind the poor, is a saying of old;
The merchant the tradesman, we need not be told:

Whether Pagan, Mahometan, Christian you be,

There's grinders of all sorts, of ev'ry degree.
Master-grinders, &c.

The patriot, with zeal animated, declares
The curtain he'll draw, and display the state-players;

He is a staunch grinder, to some 'tis well known,

And they're mightily gall'd by the grit of his stone.

Master-grinders, &c.

I too am a grinder: what, what, Sirs, of that?

I am but in taste since I copy the great:
To be, Sirs, ingenuous, I'll tell you my mind,

'Tis for what I can get, makes me willing to grind.

Master-grinders enough at the helm you will find,

Tho' I'm but a journeyman---Knives to grind,
WHEN

WHEN late a simple rustic last,
I rov'd without constraint,
A stream was all my looking-glass,
And health my only paint.

The charms I boast, alas! how few,
I gave to nature's care;
As vice ne'er spoil'd their native hue,
They could not want repair.

TH O' still so young, and scarce fifteen,
Yet sweethearts I have plenty;
And if more forward I had been,
Ere this they had been twenty.
Like buzzing flies or wasps with stings,
In swarms they hover round me;
I brush away those humming things,
They have no pow'r to wound me.

I surely am not much to blame,
To sport with one and t'other;
My lovers raise no redd'ning shame,
'Tis playing with one's brother.
I like to hear what each can say,
To see what they'd be doing;
And when they think me most their prey,
I'm farthest off from ruin.

What tho' in crowds I pass the day,
And all my joy is teasing;
To one alone I'd not be gay,
Least one shou'd be too pleasing.
They fondly flutter here and there,
And take their idle station;
They only catch my eye and ear,
but raise no palpitation.

Then welcome Harry, Tom and Phill,
Your numbers wont alarm me;
For trust me, I'm in safety still;
'Tis only one can harm me.

Then to this folly, nymphs, be kind;
Coquetting's but a season;
When older grown, to one resign'd,
I'll yield to love and reason.

A DAWN of hope my soul revives,
And banishes despair;
If yet my dearest Damon lives,
Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night;
My tender grief remove:
Oh! send some chearing ray of light,
And guide me to my love.

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,
The pensive Coelia mourn'd,
While courteous echo lent her aid,
And sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden, Damon's well known face
Each rising fear disarms,
He eager springs to her embrace,
She sinks into his arms.

BALMY sweetness ever flowing,
From her dropping lip distills;
Flowers on her cheeks are blowing;
And her voice with music thrills.

Zephyrs o'er the spices flying,
Wafting sweets from ev'ry tree,
Sick'ning sense with odours cloying,
Breathe not half so sweet as she.

I SEEK my shepherd gone astray;
He left our cot the other day:
Tell me, ye gentle nymphs and swains,
Pass'd the dear rebel through your plains?
Oh! whither, whither must I roam,
To find and charm the wand'rer home?

Sports he upon the shaven green ?
 Or joys he in the mountain scene ?
 Leads he his flocks along the mead ?
 Or does he seek the cooler shade ?
 Oh ! teach a wretched nymph the way,
 To find her lover gone astray.

To paint, ye maids, my truant swain----
 A manly softness crowns his mein ;
 Adonis was not half so fair ;
 And when he talks, 'tis heav'n to hear !
 But oh ! the soothing poison shun :
 To listen, is to be undone.

He'll swear no time shall quench his flame ;
 To me the perjur'd swore the same ;
 Too fondly loving to be wife,
 Who gave my heart an easy prize ;
 And when he tun'd his syren voice,
 Listen'd, and was undone by choice.

But fated now, he shuns the kiss
 He counted once his greatest bliss ;
 Whilst I with fiercer passions burn,
 And pant and die for his return.
 Oh ! whither, whither shall I rove,
 Again to find my straying love.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
 Oh ! where shall I my true-love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew.
 William, who, high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below ;
 The cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan ! Susan ! lovely dear ;
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me wipe off that falling tear ;
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find :
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell the so,
 For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright ;
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale ;
 Thy skin is ivory so white :
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return :
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.
 The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;
 No longer must she stay on board ;
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head :
 Her lefs'ning boat unwilling rows to land ;
 Adieu ! she cry'd, and wav'd her lilly hand.

DAMON

DAMON AND FLORELLA.

DAMON.

CAST, my love, thine eyes around,
 See the sportive lambkins play;
 Nature gaily decks the ground,
 All in honour of the May:
 Like the sparrow and the dove,
 Listen to the voice of love.

FLORELLA.

Damon, thou hast found me long,
 List'ning to the soothing tale;
 And thy soft, persuasive song,
 Often held me in the dale:
 Take, O Damon, while I live,
 All that virtue ought to give,

DAMON.

Not the verdure of the grove;
 Not the garden's fairest flow'r;
 Nor the meads where lovers rove,
 Tempted by the vernal hour;
 Can delight thy Damon's eye,
 If Florella is not by.

FLORELLA.

Not the water's gentle fall,
 By the bank with poplars crown'd;
 Not the feather'd songsters all,
 Nor the flute's melodious sound,
 Can delight Florella's ear,
 If her Damon is not near.

BOTH.

Let us love, and let us live,
 Like the chearful season gay:
 Banish-care, and let us give
 Tribute to the fragrant May:
 Like the sparrow and the dove,
 Listen to the voice of love.

RESOLV'D, as her poet, of Celia to sing,
 For emblems of beauty I search'd thro'
 the spring;
 To flowers soft blooming compar'd the sweet
 maid;
 But flowers, tho' blooming, at ev'ning may
 fade.
 Of sunshine and breezes I next thought to
 write,
 Of breezes so calm, and of sunshine so bright;
 But these with my fair no resemblance will
 hold,
 For the sun sets at night, and the breezes
 grow cold.
 The clouds of mild evening array'd in pale
 blue,
 While the sun-beams behind them peep'd
 glittering through,
 Tho' to rival her charms they can never arise,
 Yet methought they look'd something like
 Celia's sweet eyes.
 These beauties are transient; but Celia's will
 last,
 When spring, and when summer, and au-
 tumn are past;
 For sense and good-humour no season disengage,
 And the soul of my Celia enlivens her charms.
 At length on a fruit-tree a blossom I found,
 Which beauty display'd, and shed fragrance
 around:
 I then thought the muses had smil'd on my
 pray'r:
 This blossom, I cry'd, will resemble my fair;
 These colours so gay, and united so well,
 This delicate texture, and ravishing smell,
 Be her person's dear emblem: but where shall
 I find,
 In nature, a beauty that equals her mind?

This blossom, now pleasing, at summer's gay
call,
Must languish at first, and must afterwards
fall;
But behind it the fruit, its successor, shall
rise,
By nature disrob'd of its beauteous disguise:
So Celia, when youth, that gay blossom, is
o'er,
By her virtues improv'd, shall engage me the
more;
Shall recall ev'ry beauty that brighten'd her
prime,
When her merit is ripen'd by love and by time.

BEHOLD, from many a hostile shore,
And all the dangers of the main,
Where billows mount, and tempests roar,
Your faithful Tom's return'd again:
Returns, and with him brings a heart,
That ne'er from Sally shall depart.
After long toils and troubles past,
How sweet to tread our native soil!
With conquests to return at last,
And deck our sweethearts with the spoil!
No one to beauty should pretend,
But such as dare its rights defend.

HOW hard is my fate,
How desp'rate my state,
When honour and virtue excite;
To suffer distress,
Contented to bless
The object in whom I delight.
Yet amidst all the woes
My soul undergoes,
Thro' virtue's too rigid decree;

I'll scorn to complain,
If the force of my pain
Awaken his pity for me.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our
flocks we must shear;
In your holiday suits with your lasses appear:
The happiest of folks are the guileless and
free;
And who are so guileless, so happy as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught;
We practice no arts with hypocrisy fraught;
What we think in our hearts you may read in
our eyes,
For, knowing no falsehood, we need no dis-
guise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led;
But we all the children of nature are bred;
By her hands alone we are painted and dress'd,
For the roses will bloom when there's peace
in the breast.

The giant, ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door;
We smile with the simple, and feed with the
poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we re-
veal;
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions
we feel;
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

TOO long a giddy wand'ring youth,
 From fair to fair I rov'd;
 To ev'ry nymph I vow'd my truth,
 Tho' all alike I lov'd:
 Yet, when the joy I wish'd was past,
 My truth appear'd a jest:
 But, trust me, I'm convinc'd at last
 That constancy is best.
 That constancy is best.

Like other fools, at female wiles
 'Twas my delight to rail;
 Their sighs, their vows, their tears, their
 finiles,
 Were false, I thought, and frail;
 But by reflection's bright'ning power,
 I see their worth confes'd;
 That man cannot enough adore,
 That constancy is best.
 That, &c.

The roving heart at beauty's sight,
 May glow with fond desire;
 Yet, tho' possession yield delight,
 It damps the lawless fire:
 But love's celestial faithful flames,
 Still catch from breast to breast,
 While ev'ry home-felt joy proclaims
 That constancy is best.
 That, &c.

No solid bliss from change results,
 No real raptures flow;
 But, fix'd to one, the soul exults,
 And tastes of heav'n below.
 With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,
 Is truth's fair form impress'd;
 And reason dictates to mankind
 That constancy is best.
 That constancy is best.

HOW shall the raptur'd heart, ye fair,
 Declare the bliss it feels?
 The balm to soften ev'ry care,
 Which mutual love reveals?
 When prudence joins the gentle tie,
 In vain will sorrows prove;
 And ev'ry spark of grief will fly
 Before the breath of love.
 Before the breath of love.

The rake, with fancied wit, may rail
 At joys he cannot taste;
 But mutual love can never fail;
 With life its bliss doth last:
 Then e'er the hours of fondness close,
 Your gen'rous partner find,
 And seek (though worldly views oppose)
 The union of the mind.

MY banks are all furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep:
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains are border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
 But let me that plunder forbear;
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed;
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
 I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.
 Such tenderness, &c.

But

But where does my Phyllida stray?
 And where are her grots and her bowr's?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine;
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.
 But their love is not equal to mine.

SAVE women and wine, there is nothing
 in life,
 That bribe honest souls to endure it;
 When the heart is perplex'd, and surrounded
 with care,
 Dear women and wine only cure it.
 Come on, then, my boys, we'll have women
 and wine,
 And wisely to purpose employ them;
 He's a fool that refuses such blessings divine,
 Whilst vigour and health can enjoy them.
 Our wine shall be old, bright, and sound, my
 dear Jack,
 To heighten our am'rous fires;
 Our girls young and sound, and shall kiss
 with a smack,
 And gratify all our desires.

JOCKEY AND JENNY.

JENNY.

STERN winter has left us, the trees are
 in bloom,
 And cowslips and violets the meadows perfume,
 While kids are disporting, and birds fill the
 spray,
 I wait for my Jockey to hail the new May.
 I wait for my Jockey to hail the new May.

JOCKEY.

Among the young lilies, my Jenny, I've
 stray'd;
 Pinks, daisies, and woodbines, I bring to
 my maid;
 Here's thyme sweetly smelling, and lavender
 gay,
 A posy to form for my queen of the May;
 A posy to form, &c.

JENNY.

Ah! Jockey, I fear you intend to beguile:
 When feated with Molly last night on a stile,
 You swore that you'd love her forever and ay,
 Forgetting poor Jenny, your queen of the May.
 Forgetting poor Jenny, &c.

Young Willy is handsome, in shepherds green
 drefs'd;

He gave you those ribbands that hang at your
 breast,

Besides three sweet kisses upon the new hay:
 Was that done like Jenny, my queen of the
 May?

Was that done like Jenny, &c.

JENNY.

This garland of roses no longer I prize,
 Since Jockey, false-hearted, his passion denies:
 Ye flowers so blooming, this instant decay,
 For Jenny's no longer the queen of the May.
 For Jenny's no longer, &c.

JOCKEY.

Believe me dear maiden your lover you wrong;
 Your name is for ever the theme of my song:
 From the dews of pale eve to the dawning of
 day,

I sing but of Jenny, my queen of the May.

I sing but of Jenny, &c.

JENNY

JENNY.

Again balmy comfort with transport I view;
My fears are all vanish'd, since Jockey is
true :

Then to our blithe shepherds the news I'll
convey,

That Jenny alone you've crown'd queen of
the May.

That Jenny, &c.

JOCKEY.

Of ev'ry degree, ye young lovers, draw near;
Avoid all suspicion, whate'er may appear:
Believe not your eyes, if your peace they'd
betray:

Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the
new May.

Ten come, my dear, &c.

BOTH.

Of ev'ry degree, ye young lovers, draw near;
Avoid all suspicion, whate'er may appear:
Believe not your eyes, if your peace they'd
betray:

Then come, my dear Jockey, and hail the
new May.

Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the
new May.

THE bird that hears her nestlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient through the sky,
To nurse the callow brood:

The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thousand harms,
And sickens for the darling boy,
While absent from her arms.

Such fondness, with impatience join'd,
My faithful bosom fires;

Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
The queen of my desires.
The powers of verse too languid prove,
All similes are vain,
To shew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The saint with fervent zeal inspir'd,
For heav'n and joys divine,
The saint is not with rapture fir'd,
More pure, more warm than mine.
I take what liberty I dare,
'Twere impious to say more;
Convey my longings to the fair,
The goddess I adore.

WHAT sadness reigns over the plain!
How droop the sweet flow'rets around!
How pensive each nymph and each swain!
How silent each musical sound!
No more the soft lute in the bow'r's,
Beguiles the cool ev'nings away;
Sad sighs measure out the long hours,
Since Damon has wander'd away.

Oh! he was our village's pride,
This change from his absence is seen;
'Twas he that our music supply'd,
When gayly we danc'd on the green:
At shearing, at wake, and at fair,
How jovial and frolic were we!
But now ev'ry feast in the year,
Is joyless as joyless can be.

Ah! why did he venture from home,
To mix among hostile alarms?
No justice oblig'd him to roam,
Or take up those terrible arms.

Let those who are cruel and rough,
 Be heedless of life, and of limb;
 The country had soldiers enough,
 Nor needed one gentle like him.
 Where'er the adventurer goes,
 On land or the dangerous main,
 Kind heaven protect him from woes,
 And give him to Celia again.
 Oh! give him to Celia again;
 My true love in safety restore;
 I'll cease on his breast to complain;
 From my arms he shall wander no more.

SAYS Plato, Why should man be vain?
 Since bounteous heav'n has made him great;
 Why looketh he with insolent disdain,
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
 Can splendid robes, or beds of down,
 Or costly gems that deck the fair,
 Can all the glories of a crown,
 Give health or ease the brow of care?
 The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
 The humble, and the haughty, die;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction, lie!
 Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles bore;
 The wealth and glory they possess'd,
 And all their honours, are no more.
 So glides the meteor through the sky,
 And spreads along a gilded train;
 But, when its short-liv'd beauties die,
 Dissolves to common air again.
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls:----
 Let friendship reign while here we stay:
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls-----
 When Jove us calls we must away.

YE fair married dames, who so often de-
 plore,
 That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more;
 No more, no more, is a lover no more;
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That prudence must cherish what beauty has
 caught.
 Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite
 guitar;
 Though there's music in both, they are both
 apt to jar;
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch!
 Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too
 much.
 The linnet and sparrow will feed from your
 hand,
 Grow fond by your kindness, and come at
 command;
 Exert with your husband the same happy skill;
 For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to
 your will.
 Be gay and good-humoured, complying and
 kind;
 Turn the chief of your care from your face to
 your mind;
 'Tis there that the wife may her conquest im-
 prove,
 And Hymen will rivet the fetters of love.
WINE, wine is alone the brisk fountain of
 of mirth,
 Whence jollity springs, and contentment has
 birth:
 What mortal's so happy as we who combine,
 And fix our delight in the juice of the vine?
 No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.
 Our

Our laws are our own, not enforc'd by the
crown,
And we stand to them fair, till we fairly fall
down;
At acts of repeal we disdain to repine,
Nor grudge any tax but the tax on our wine.
To Cæsar, to Bacchus, our tribute is due,
Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

His worship, so grave, here may revel and
roar;
The lawyer speak truth who ne'er spoke so
before;
The parson here strip off his priesthood's disguise,
And Chloe's scorn'd lover get drunk and
grow wise;
The husband may learn here to combat the
shrew;
So glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

A D I E U ye groves, adieu ye plains,
All nature mourning lies;
See gloomy clouds, and thickening rains,
Obscure the lab'ring skies:
See from afar th' impending storm
With sullen haste appear;
See winter comes, a dreary form,
To rule the falling year.

No more the lambs with gamesome bound,
Rejoice the gladden'd light;
No more the gay enamell'd ground,
Or sylvan scenes delight:
Thus ZEPHALINDA, much lov'd maid,
Thy early charms shall fail;
The rose must droop, the lilly fade,
And winter soon prevail.

Again the lark, sweet bird of *May*,
May rise on active wing;
Again the sportive herds may play,
And hail reviving spring:
But youth, my fair, sees no return;
The pleasing bubble's o'er;
In vain its fleeting joys you mourn,
They fall to bloom no more.

Haste then, dear girl, that time improve,
Which art can ne'er regain,
In blissful scenes of mutual love,
With some distinguish'd swain:
So shall life's spring, like jocund *May*,
Pass smiling and serene;
Tho' Summer, Autumn, glide away,
And Winter close the scene.

Y O U say, at your feet that I wept in
despair,
And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair:
How could you believe all the nonsense I
spoke?
What know we of angels?--I meant it in
joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
And nothing but death should my passion remove:
I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar-
year;
And not yet contented!--Have conscience,
my dear.

T H E women all tell me I'm false to my
lass,
That I quit my poor Chloc, and stick to my
glass;
But to you men of reason my reason's I'll own;
And if you don't like them, why--let them
alone.

D

Altho'

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare:
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was
fair:

But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That make it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles I must own:
But tho' she could smile, yet in truth she
could frown:

But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime;
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time:

But in wine, from its age such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have
been cloy'd,

And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis en-
joy'd:

But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy;
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove,
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love:
But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival con-
tends;

For the more we love liquor, the more we
are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life,
With nurses, and babies, and squalling, and
strife:

But my wine neither nurses nor babies can
bring;

And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good
thing.

We shorten our days when with love we en-
gage;

It brings on diseases, and hastens old age:

But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
And keep out t'other leg, when there's one
in the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
She has left me, to get an estate, or a lord:
But my bumper (regarding not title or pelf,)
Will stand by me when I can't stand by my-
self.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain;
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain:
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I
spy:

Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper
and try.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does
adorn,

How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn!
When the antling stag is rous'd with the sound,
Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the
ground,

And thinks he has left us behind on the plain:
But still we pursue, and now come in view of
the glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,
And winged with fear, he redoubles his speed:
But, oh! 'tis in vain that he flies,

That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears
lose the cries:

For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
And he pants till with well-scented hounds
surrounded he dies.

THIS cold flinty heart it is you who have
warm'd;

You waken'd my passions, my senses have
charm'd;

You

You waken'd my passions, my senses have
charm'd ;

In vain against merit and Cymon I strove ;
What's life without passion, sweet passion of
love ?

Sweet passion, sweet passion, sweet passion of
love ?

The frost nips the buds, and the rose cannot
blow ;

From the youth that is frost-nip'd no rapture
can flow :

Elysium to him but a desert will prove :
What's life without passion, sweet passion of
love ?

Sweet passion, &c.

The spring should be warm, the young season
be gay,

Her birds and her flow'rets make blithesome
sweet May.

Love blesses the cottage, and sings through
the grove,

What's life without passion, sweet passion of
love.

Sweet passion, &c.

T'OTHER day as I sat in the sycamore
shade,

Young Damon came whistling along,
I trembled--I blush'd--a poor innocent maid !

And my heart caper'd up to my tongue.
Silly heart, I cry'd fie ! What a flutter is here !

Young Damon designs you no ill ;
The shepherd's so civil you've nothing to fear,

Then pr'ythee, fond urchin, lie still.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my
feet,

One kiss he demanded----No more !

But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so
sweet,

I could not begrudge him a score.
My lambkins I've kiss'd and no change ever
found,

Many times as we play'd on the hill :
But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop
round,

Nor would the fond urchin lie still.
When the sun blazes fierce, to the sycamore
shade,

For shelter, I'm sure to repair ;
And, virgins, in faith I'm no longer afraid,
Altho' the dear shepherd be there.

At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
My heart may rebound if it will ;
There's something so sweet in the bustle it
makes,

I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design,
To 'scape from her charms, and to drown
'em in wine ;

I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, and still love in my
heart.

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,
Who paus'd on my case, and each circum-
stance weigh'd ;

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my
prayer,
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be
taught ;

I came for your counsel, to find out a fault :
If that's all, quoth reason, return as you came ;
To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas ! of relief from my pain,
While, like light'ning, she darts thro' each
throbbing vein ?

My senses surpriz'd, in her favour took arms,
And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen a-
broad ;

To horse, my brave boys, and away !
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox !
O'er hills, and o'er valleys, he flies :
Then follow--we'll soon overtake him--huzza !
The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals shouting and gay ;
How sweet with a bottle and lads to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day !
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune
defy ;

Dull wisdom all happiness sours :
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs,

CUPID, god of soft persuasion,
Take the helpless lover's part ;
Seize, oh seize some kind occasion,
To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthrall ;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Those who would enslave the mind.
Cupid, god of, &c.

What is grandeur ? foe to rest ;
Childish mummery at best.
Happy I in humble state !
Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.
Cupid, god of, &c.

IF love's a sweet passion how can it torment ?
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my con-
tent !

Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I
complain ?

Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in
vain ?

Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles
my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing
down,

And by passionate silence I make my love
known :

But, oh ! how I'm blest'd when so kind she
does prove,

By some willing mistake to discover her love !
When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her
flame,

And our eyes tell each other what neither
dare name !

How pleasing is beauty ! how sweet are the
charms !

How delightful embraces ! how peaceful her
arms !

Suré there's nothing so easy as learning to
love ;

'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things
above :

And to beauty's bright standard all heroes
must yield ;

For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the
fair field.

COME rouse, brother sportsmen, the hun-
ters all cry,

We've got a good scent and a fav'ring sky ;
The

The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's
early song,

Will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so
long.

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of
his face,

Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the
chace;

He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields blush with the beams
of his ray.

Sweet Molly may teaze you, perhaps, to lie
down;

And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown:
But tell her, that love must to hunting give
place;

For, as well as her charms, there are charms
in the chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I
spy;

At his brush nimbly follows brisk Chanter and
Fly;

They seize on their prey; see his eye-balls
they roll:

We're in at the death---now let's home to
bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to
the king:

From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring:
To George, peace and glory, may Heaven
dispenſe,

And foxhunters flourish a thousand years
hence.

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently
neat,

With a mill and some meadows--(a freehold
estate)

A well meaning miller by labour supplies,
Those blessings that Nature to grand ones de-
nies.

No passions to plague him, no cares to tor-
ment;

His constant companions are health and con-
tent:

Their lordships, in lace, may take note, if
they will,

For he's honest---tho' daub'd with the dust
of his mill.

Ere the lark's early carol salutes the new day,
He springs from his cottage as jocund as May,
He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair:
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of
state,

Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great;
No fraud, nor ambition, his bosom does fill,
Contented he works if there's grist for his mill.

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his home-spun array,
At church he's the loudest to chant, or to
pray;

Sits down to a dinner of plain English food;
And, tho' simple the pudding, his appetite's
good:

At night, when the priest and exciseman are
gone,

He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John;
Then returns to his pillow, and dreams of no
ill;

---No monarch's more blest'd than the man
of the mill.

LOVELY nymph, assuage my anguish:

At your feet a tender swain

Prays you will not let him languish;

One kind look would ease his pain.

Did you know the lad who courts you, —
 He no longer need sue in vain;
 Prince of song, of dance and sports---you
 Scarce will meet his like again.

THE glitt'ring sun begins to rise
 On yonder hill, and paints the skies;
 The lark his warbling matin sings;
 Each flow'r in all its beauty springs;
 The village up, the shepherd tries
 His pipe, and to the woodland hies.

Oh! that on the enamell'd green,
 My Delia, lovely maid, were seen,
 Fresher than the roses bloom,
 Sweeter than the meads perfume.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away,
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey:
 As some lone turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with shrillechoes fills the sounding shores,
 So I, like him, abandon'd and forlorn,
 With ceaseless plaints my absent Delia mourn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along:
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
 The winds to blow, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love:
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Nor balmy sleep to lab'ers spent with pain,
 Nor show'rs to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
 Are half so pleasing as thy sight to me.

IN pursuit of some lambs from my flocks
 that had stray'd,

One morning I rang'd o'er the plain;
 But, alas! after all my researches were made,
 I perceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length growing hopeless my lambs to re-
 store,

I resolv'd to return back again;

It was useless, I thought, to seek after them
 more,

Since I found that my labour was vain.

On this my return, pretty Phœbe I saw,
 And to love her I could not refrain;
 To solicit a kiss, I approach'd her with awe,
 But she told me my labour was vain.

But, Phœbe, I cried, to my suit lend an ear,
 And let me no longer complain:

She reply'd, with a frown, and an aspect se-
 vere,

Young Colin, your labour's in vain.

Then I eagerly clasp'd her quite close to my
 breast,

And kiss'd her, and kiss'd her again:

O Colin, she cry'd, if you're rude, I protest
 That your labour shall still be in vain.

At length, by entreaties, by kisses and vows,
 Compassion she took on my pain;

She now has consented to make me her spouse,
 So no longer I labour in vain.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll en-
 twine,

And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
 In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
 But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
 'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
 For what mighty charms can be found in a
 glass,

If not fill'd to the health of some favourite
 lass?

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture im-
 part,

And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart:
 The

The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.
At the sound of her voice, Sorrow lifts up her
head,
And Poverty listens well pleas'd from her
shed;
While Age, in an extacy, hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her
song.
Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest and deepest that stands on the
board;
I'll fill up a brimmer and drink to the fair;
'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who
dare.

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,
Betsey is my charming bride!
Ring the bells, and fill the bowl;
Revel all without controul;
Revel all without controul;
Who so fair as lovely Bet?
Who so blest as Colinet?
Who so, &c.

Now adieu to maiden arts,
Angling for unguarded hearts;
Welcome Hymen's lasting joys,
Lisping wanton girls and boys;
Girls, as fair as lovely Bet,
Boys, as sweet as Colinet.
Though ripe sheaves of yellow corn,
Now my plenteous barn adorn;
Though I've deck'd my myrtle bowr's,
With the fairest, sweetest flow'rs;
Riper, fairer, sweeter yet,
Are the charms of lovely Bet!

Though on Sundays I was seen,
Dress'd like any May-day queen;
Though six sweethearts daily strove,
To deserve thy Betsy's love;
Them I quit without regret;
All my joy's in Colinet.

Strike up then the rustic lay;
Crown with sports our bridal day:
May each lad a mistress find,
Like my Betsy, fair and kind;
And each lass a husband get,
Fond and true as Colinet.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul;
May the sun ne'er rise or set,
But with joy to happy Bet,
And her faithful Colinet.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks at ambrosial
feast,

Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;
Merry Momus among them was sat as a guest;
Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing,
On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,
So none could his jokes disapprove;
He sang, reparteed, and some smart stories
told,

And at last thus began upon Jove.

"Sire! Atlas, who long has the universe
bore,

Grows grievously tir'd of late;
He says that mankind are much worse than
than before,

So he begs to be eas'd of their weight."
Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was
hurl'd,

From his shoulders commanded the ball;

Gave

Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of
the world,

And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the
globe round,

To see what each climate was worth ;
Like a di'mond, the whole with an atmosphere
bound,

And she variously planted the earth.
With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd ;
France and Spain she taught vineyards to
rear ;

What suited each clime, on each clime she be-
stow'd,

And Freedom she found flourish'd here.

Four Cardinal Virtues she left in this isle,
As guardians to cherish the root :

The blossoms of liberty 'gan for to smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so
rare,

O preserve it as free as 'twas giv'n !
We will while we've breath,---nay, we'll
grasp it in death,

Then return it untainted to Heav'n.

DEAREST Kitty, kind and fair,
Tell me when, and tell me where,

Tell thy fond and faithful swain,
When we thus shall meet again ?

When shall Strephon fondly see,
Beauties only found in thee ?

Kiss thee, press thee, toy and play,
All the happy live long day ?

Dearest Kitty ! kind and fair,
Tell me when, and tell me where ?

All the happy day, 'tis true,
Bless'd, but only when with you ;

Nightly Strephon sings alone,
Sighs till Hymen makes us one.
Tell me then, and ease my pain,
Tell thy fond and faithful swain,
When the priest shall kindly join
Kitty's trembling hand to mine ?
Dearest Kitty ! kind and fair,
Tell me when-----I care not where.

BY my sighs you may discover,
What soft wishes touch my heart ;
Eyes can speak, and tell the lover
What the tongue must not impart.
Blushing shame forbids revealing,
Thoughts your breast may disapprove ;
But 'tis hard, and past concealing,
When we truly, fondly love.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant, love,
A conquest I believ'd ;
The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
O ! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did first create ;
What was my pride is now my shame,
And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakness of my heart,
Which, ah ! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a traitor's part.

MY former time, how brisk and gay !
So blithe was I as blithe could be ;
But now I'm sad, ah ! well-a-day ;
For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun ;
Their wheedling arts are lost on me ;

For

For I, to death, shall love but one,
And he, alas! is gone to sea.
As droop the flow'rs till light return,
As mourns the dove its absent she;
So will I droop, so will I mourn,
Till my true love returns from sea.

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove :
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.
Each ungentle thought suspending,
Judge of mine by thy soft breast;
Nor, with rancour never ending,
Heap fresh sorrow's on th' oppress'd.

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove :
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
For'd by duty, rack'd by love.
Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
Ne'er my wretched state can mend;
I, alas! at once have lost
Father, brother, lover, friend.

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove :
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

FOR various purpose serves the fan!
As thus---a decent blind,
Between the sticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.
Each action has a meaning plain,
Resentment's in the snap;
A flirt expresses strong disdain,
Consent a gentle tap.

All passions will the fan disclose,
All modes of female art,
And to advantage sweetly shews
The hand, if not the heart.
'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

THE lark's shrill note awakes the morn,
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;
The yellow harvest, free from spoil,
Rewards the happy farmer's toil;
The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

WITH Delia ever could I stay;
Admire, adore her all the stay;
In the same field our flocks we'll feed,
To the same spring our heifers lead.
What joy where peace and love combine,
To make our days unclouded shine!
Teach me, ye muses, ev'ry art,
More deeply to engage her heart;
I strive not to resist my flame;
I glory in a captive's name;
Nor would I, if I could, be free,
But boast my loss of liberty.

'TIS woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheed-
ling arts:
Her very eyes can cheat; when most she's
kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.

For

For her, like wolves, by night we roam for
prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

I am a young maid,
That's sorely afraid
I shall die one, tho' now woman grown;
Take pity, ye swains,
On one who complains
She is weary of lying alone.
When scarce ten years old,
I oft have been told
By my playmates, in strange dismal tone,
Of terrible sprites,
That haunt the dark nights,
Makes me fearful of lying alone.
Then here I now stand,
And ready my hand
To bestow on the youth who shall own
He's willing for life,
To make me his wife,
That I may not lie longer alone.
But let it suffice,
I somewhat am nice,
Then the marks of my choice I'll make
known:
Unless I can find
The lad to my mind,
I had rather by half lie alone.
The haughty and vain,
Alike I disdain,
The pert fool and insensible drone;
The brave and the wise,
Are virtues I prize,
And shall tempt me from lying alone.

And when once possess'd
Of him I like best,
I'd not envy Queen Charlotte her throne;
But cheerfully join,
At love's purple shrine
Make amends for my lying alone.

SURE Sally is the loveliest lass
That e'er gave shepherd glee;
Not May-day, in its morning dress,
Is half so fair as she:
Let poets paint the Paphian queen,
And fancy'd forms adore;
Ye bards, had ye my Sally seen,
You'd think on those no more.
No more ye'd prate of Hybla's hill,
Where bees their honey sip,
Did ye but know the sweets that dwell
On Sally's love-taught lip:
But, ah! take heed, ye tuneful swains,
The ripe temptation shun;
Or else like me you'll wear her chains,
Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my cot secure I slept,
And lark-like hail'd the morn;
More sportive than the kid I kept,
I wanton'd o'er the lawn:
To ev'ry maid love-tales I told,
And did my truth aver;
Yet ere the parting kiss was cold,
I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I seek,
Where love-lorn shepherds stray;
There to the winds my grief I speak,
And sigh my soul away:
Nought but despair my fancy paints,
No dawn of hope I see;

For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,
And laughs at love and me.

Since these my poor neglected lambs,
So late my only care,
Have lost their tender fleecy dams,
And stray'd I know not where:
Alas! my ewes, in vain ye bleat;
My lambkins lost, adieu!
No more we on the plains shall meet,
For lost's your shepherd too.

WITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,
For life without these is a bubble of air;
For life without these, &c.
Each helping the other in pleasure I roll,
And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul.
Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
I never shall alter my conduct for them;
I care not how much they my measures decline;
Let 'em have their own humour, and I will
have mine.

Wine, prudently us'd, will our senses im-
prove;
'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of
love;
And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
As when Mars bound his head with a branch
from the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph
half divine,
First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me
with wine;
Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disap-
prove,
My bumper I'll quit to be blest'd with thy love;
For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blush-
ing dawn,
The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,
Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding
groves,
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

AIR.

Away, to the copse lead away;
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds;
I'll warrant he shews us some play:
See yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.
Then spur your brisk coursers, and smoke
'em, my bloods,
'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn:
What concert is equal to those of the woods,
Betwixt echo, the hounds and the horn?
Each earth see he tries at in vain,
In cover no safety can find;
So he breaks it, and scours amain,
And leaves us at a distance behind.
O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
All hazard and danger we scorn;
Stout reynard we'll follow until that he die;
Chear up the good dogs with the horn.
And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his
tongue;
His speed can no longer avail,
Nor his cunning his life can prolong.

From

From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain
 that he fled,
 See his brush falls bemir'd folorn;
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie
 dead,
 And shout to the sound of the horn.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring,
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd;
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wishful look;
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook.

AIR.

Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days;
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,
 And let my lover rest;
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
 To that within my breast?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
 Views tempests with despair;
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To the losing of my dear?
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and di'monds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain?
 Why then, beneath the water,
 Do hideous rocks remain?

No eyes those rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

Thus melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear:
 When o'er the white waves stooping,
 His floating corpse she 'spy'd,
 Then like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head---and dy'd.

YE chearful virgins, have ye seen,
 My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
 To rose or jess'mine bow'r?
 Where does she seek the woodbine shade?
 For sure ye know the blooming maid,
 Sweet as the May-born flow'r.

Her cheeks are like the maiden rose,
 Join'd with the lilly as it blows,
 Where each in sweetness vie:
 Like dew-drops glist'ning in the morn,
 When Phoebus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
 Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,
 That warbles chearful on the spray,
 To hail the vernal beam:
 Her heart is blyther than her song,
 Her passions gently move along,
 Like the smooth gliding stream.

WHAT beauteous scenes enchant my sight!
 How closely yonder vine
 Does round that elm's supporting height
 Her wanton ringlets twine!

That

That elm (no more a barren shade)
Is with her clusters crown'd;
And that fair vine, without his aid,
Had crept along the ground.

Let this, my fair one, move thy heart
Connubial joys to prove;
Yet mark what age and care impart,
Nor thoughtless rush on love:
Know thy own blifs, and joy to hear
Vertumnus loves thy charms,
The youthful god that rules the year,
And keeps thy groves from harms.

While some with short-liv'd passion glow,
His love remains the same;
On him alone thy heart heftow,
And crown his constant flame:
So shall no frost's untimely pow'r
Deform the blooming spring;
So shall thy trees, from blasts secure,
Their wonted tribute bring.

VAIN is beauty's gaudy flow'r,
Pageant of an idle hour;
Born just to bloom and fade:
Nor less weak, less vain than it,
Is the pride of human wit;
The shadow of a shade.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep em-
bow'ring shade,
Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
A chrystal stream with gentle murmur flows,
Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft re-
pose;
Thither retir'd, from Phœbus's sultry ray,
And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.

Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring
grove;

He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought:
But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
He gap'd--he star'd--her lovely form survey'd;
And while inspiring love inform'd his tongue,
Thus he awoke her, as he softly sung:

AIR.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
Completes the rural scene;
But in thy bosom, charming maid,
All Heav'n, itself, is sure display'd;
Too lovely Iphigene!

RECITATIVE.

She wakes, and starts--poor Cymon trem-
bling stands,
Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands:
Bright excellence! said he, dispel all fear;
Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
Half-rais'd, with gentle accent, she replies,
Oh, Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not rise;
Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain;
Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
The clown, transported, was not silent long,
But thus, with extacy, pursu'd his song:

AIR.

Thy jetty locks, that, careless, break
In wanton ringlets, down thy neck;
Thy love-inspiring mein;
Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
And taper shape, enchant me so,
I die for Iphigene.

E

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense :
 She gazes -- finds him comely, tall, and strait,
 And thinks he might improve his auk'ard gait ;
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.
 Thus, mighty love cou'd teach a clown to
 plead ;
 And Nature's language surest will succeed.

AIR.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire ;
 Love can rage itself controul,
 And elevate the human soul :
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state,
 Had made our lives of too much date :
 But blest'd with beauty, and with love,
 We taste what angels do above.

MY Dolly was the fairest thing,
 Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring ;
 And if for summer you would seek,
 'Twas painted in her eye and cheek :
 Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
 Of fruitful autumn was the type ;
 But when my tender tale I told,
 I found he heart, like winter, cold.

AS I went o'er the meadows, no matter the
 day,
 A shepherd I met, who came tripping that
 way ;

I was going to fair all so bonny and gay.
 He ask'd me to let him go with me there ;
 No harm shall come to you, young damsel, I
 swear ;

I'll buy you a fairing to put in your hair.

You've a good way to go, it is more than a
 mile ;

We'll rest, if you please, when we get to yon
 stile :

I've a story to tell, that will charm you the
 while.

To go with him farther I did not much care ;
 But still I went on, not suspecting a snare ;
 For I dream'd of a fairing to come from the
 fair.

To make me more easy, he said all he could :
 I threaten'd to leave him, unless he'd be good ;
 For I'd not for the world, he should dare to
 be rude

Young Roger had promis'd, and baulk'd me
 last year ;

If he should do so, I would go no more there,
 Tho' I long'd e'er so much for a gift from
 the fair.

When we got to the stile, he would scarce be
 said no ;

He press'd my soft lips, as if there he wou'd
 grow ;

(Take care how that way with a shepherd
 you go.)

Confounded I ran, when I found out his
 snare ;

No ribbon, I cry'd, from such hands will I
 wear,

Nor go, while I live, for a gift to the fair.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam,
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light :

To

To courts be gone ! heart-soothing sleep,
Where you've so seldom been,
Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
In primrose chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May.
The nymphs and swains shall all declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouse yon nodding grove,
Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
And hail the maid I love :
At her approach the lark mistakes,
And quits the new-dress'd green :
Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithsome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves disportive play,
The festal dance young shepherds lead,
Or sing their love-tun'd lay,
Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
And claims a virgin queen ;
The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
" Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

COME, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave ;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Dost ask me how many I'd have ?
I am not to be stinted in pleasure ;
Then, pr'ythee, dear Chloe, be kind ;
For, since I love thee beyond measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing ;
Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields ;
Count the flocks that in Tempe are straying,
And the grain that rich Sicily yields ;
Count how many stars are in heaven ;
Go number the sands on the shore ;
And when so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine ;
In my arms let me ever infold thee,
And circle the round like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is ?
My life on your lips shall be spent :
The wretch that can number his kisses,
Will always with few be content.

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few
While fault'ring accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold,
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear ;
And was not Flavia then sincere.

How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind ;
She hear'd, and shed a gen'rous tear ;
And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress :
This too she hear'd, and sin'd to hear ;
And Flavia shure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains ;
Go reap the plenty of your plains :
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love's sincere.

A C A N T A T A.

RECITATIVE.

AS tink'ring Tom thro' streets his trade did
cry,
He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by;
In dust-cart high advanc'd, the nymph was
plac'd,
With the rich cinders round her lovely waist:
Tom with uplifted hands th' occasion blest'd,
And thus, in soothing strains, the maid ad-
dress'd.

AIR.

O Sylvia, while you drive your cart,
To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
You take up dust, and steal our hearts:
That mine is gone, alas! is true,
And dwells among the dust with you,
And dwells among the dust with you:
Ah! lovely Sylvia, ease my pain;
Give me my heart, you stole, again;
Give me my heart, out of your cart;
Give me my heart, you stole, again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting roll'd her sparkling eyes about;
She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as floe,
And look'd disdain on little folks below:
To Tom she nodded, as the cart drew on,
And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, Stop,
John.

AIR.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
Be by a paltry crowd oppress'd?
Ambition now my soul does fire;
The youths shall languish and admire;

And ev'ry girl with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and
Bell,

Each lad with his lass hither come,
With singing and dancing, in pleasure ad-
vancing,

To celebrate harvest home:

'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,
To celebrate harvest home.

Our labour is o'er, our barns in full store
Now swell with rich gifts of the land;
Let each man then take, for his prong and his
rake,

His cann and his lass in his hand.
For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be so happy as we,
In innocence, pastime, and mirth,
While thus we carouse with our sweetheart or
spouse,

And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth,
When Ceres bids play and keep holiday,
To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,
To celebrate harvest home.

MORE bright the sun began to dawn,
The merry birds to sing,
And flow'rets dappled o'er the lawn,
In all the pride of spring,
When for a wreath young Damon stray'd,
And smiling to me brought it;
Take this, he cry'd, my dearest maid,
And who, who, aye, aye, who'd have
thought it? **I**

I blush'd, the present to receive,
 And thank'd him o'er and o'er ;
 When soft he sigh'd, bright fair, forgive,
 I must have something more :
 One kind sweet kiss will pay me best :
 So earnestly he sought it,
 I let him take it I protest,
 And who----, aye, who'd have thought it ?

A swain that woo'd with so much art,
 No nymph could long disdain ;
 A secret flame soon touch'd my heart,
 And flush'd thro' ev'ry vein :
 'Twas love inspir'd the pleasing change ;
 From his my bosom caught it ;
 'Twas strange indeed, 'twas passing strange,
 And who----, aye, who'd have thought it ?

Hark ! Hyman calls, the shepherd cry'd ;
 Let us, my dear, comply :
 We instant went, with Love our guide,
 And bound the nuptial tie :
 And ever since that happy day,
 As mutual warmth has taught it,
 We fondly kiss, and sport, and play,
 And who, who, aye, aye, who'd have
 thought it ?

LET me wander not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms on hillocks green ;
 There the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land ;
 And the milk maid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe ;
 And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Or let the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks found
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

THE lawland-lads think they are fine,
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy !
 How much unlike that graceful mein
 And manly looks of my highland laddie !
 O my bonny bonny highland laddie,
 My handsome, charming highland laddie !
 May heaven still guard, and Love reward,
 Our lawland lads, and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
 I'd take young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
 O the bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in Borrows-town,
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,
 Compar'd to him, he's but a clown :
 He's finer far in's Tartan plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er Benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my lawland kin and dady ;
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's fun,
 He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and filken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady :
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
 O the bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass ;
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie ;
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

THE new-flown birds the shepherds sing,
 And welcome in the May ;
 Come, Pastorella, now the spring
 Makes ev'ry landscape gay :
 Wide-spreading trees their leafy shade
 O'er half the plain extend,
 Or, in reflecting fountains play'd,
 Their quiv'ring branches bend.
 Or, in reflecting fountains play'd,
 Their quiv'ring branches bend.
 Come, taste the season in its prime,
 And bless the rising year !
 Oh ! how my soul grows sick of time,
 Till thou, my love, appear !
 Then shall I pass the glad some day,
 Warm in thy beauty's shine,
 When thy dear flock shall feed and play,
 And intermix with mine.
 When thy dear flock, &c.
 For thee, of doves a milk-white pair
 In filken bands I hold ;
 For thee, a firstling lambkin fair
 I keep within the fold :
 If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
 Or tender lambkins please,
 My spotless heart, without deceit,
 Be offer'd up with these.
 My spotless heart, without deceit,
 Be offer'd up with these.

WHEN Fanny to woman is growing apace,
 The rose-bud beginning to blow in her
 face,
 For mamma's wife precepts she cares not a
 jot,
 Her heart pants for something---she cannot
 tell what.

No sooner the wanton her freedom obtains,
 Than among the gay youths a tyrant she
 reigns ;

And finding her beauty such power has got,
 Her heart pants for something---she cannot
 tell what.

Tho' all day in splendor she flaunts it about,
 At court, park and play, the ridotto and rout ;
 Tho' flatter'd and envy'd, she pines at her lot,
 Her heart pants for something---she cannot
 tell what.

A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye
 From him she likes best, makes her ready to
 die ;

Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has shot,
 Her heart pants for something---she cannot
 tell what.

Ye fair take advice, and be bless'd while you
 may ;

Each look, word, and action, your wishes
 betray :

Give ease to your hearts by the conjugal knot,
 Tho' they pant ere so much---you will soon
 know for what.

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air,
 To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
 Where, woven with the poplar bough,
 The mantling vine will shelter you,
 The mantling vine will shelter you :
 Down each side a fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round

Round the languid herds, and sheep,
Stretch'd o'er funny hillocks, sleep;
While on the hyacinth and rose,
The fair does all alone repose,
The fair does all alone repose:
All alone; yet in her arms
Your breast shall beat to love's alarms,
Till, blest'd and blessing, you shall own,
The joys of love are joys alone,
The joys of love are joys alone.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
And friendship's a jewel we seldom can
meet:

How strange does it seem, that in searching
around,

This source of content is so rare to be found!
O, friendship! thou balm, and rich sweetner
of life;

Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
But empty delusion, the joys of an hour?

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with safety depend!
Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into
peace.

When fortune is smiling, what crouds will
appear,

Their kindness to offer, and friendship sin-
cere!

Yet change but the prospect, and point out
distress,

No longer to court you they eagerly press.

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
From fraud, disguise, and guile,
Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave,
Is but an empty thing:
What more than mirth would mortals have?
The chearful man's a king!

A C A N T A T A.

RECITATIVE.

THE kind appointment Cælia made,
And nam'd the myrtle bow'r;
There, fretting, long poor Damon stay'd
Beyond the promis'd hour:
No longer able to contain
This anxious expectation,
With rage he fought to allay his pain,
And vented thus his passion.

AIR.

To all the sex deceitful,
A long and last adieu,
Since women prove ungrateful
As long as men prove true.
The pains they give are many,
And, oh! too hard to bear;
The joys they give---if any,
Few, short, and insincere.

RECITATIVE.

Now Cælia from Mamma got loose,
Had reach'd the calm retreat;
With modest blush she begg'd excuse,
And chid her tardy feet.
The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd,
His joy could not restrain,
But, as each tender thought increas'd,
Thus chang'd his railing strain.

AIR.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!

And

And what joy the nymph's appearing
 After absence or despair!
 Women wise increase desiring,
 By contriving kind delays;
 And, advancing or retiring,
 All they mean is---more to please.

SURE a lass in her bloom at the age of
 nineteen,

Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been;
 I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,
 But mother oft tells me she'll have me a nun.

Dont you think it a pity a girl such as I,
 Shou'd be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and
 to cry?

With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
 And my heart it loves frolic too well for a
 nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and
 swear,

Is a thousand times better, to me, I declare;
 I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be un-
 done;

Nay besides I'm too handsome, I think, for
 a nun.

Not to love, nor be lov'd, oh I never can bear!
 Nor yield to be sent to---one cannot tell where;
 To live or to die, in this case were all one;
 Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a
 nun.

Perhaps but to tease me, she threatens me so;
 I'm sure were she me, she wou'd stoutly say no;
 But if she's in earnest, I from her will run,
 And be marry'd in spite, that I mayn't be a
 nun.

YE fair, who shine thro' Britain's isle,
 And triumph o'er the heart,
 For once attentive be a while,
 To what I now impart.
 Would you obtain the youth you love,
 The precept of a friend approve,
 And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as nature has decreed
 The bloom of eighteen years,
 And Isabel from school is freed,
 Then beauty's force appears:
 The wanton blood begins to flow;
 She sighs for man, and longs to know
 The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt,
 Within the lover's breast,
 And you by strong persuasion melt,
 Each wishing to be blest'd:
 Be not too bold, nor yet too coy,
 With prudence lure the happy boy,
 And that's the way to keep him.

At court or ball, at park or play,
 Assume a modest pride;
 And lest your tongue your mind betray,
 In fewer words confide.
 The maid who thinks to gain a mate
 By giddy chat, will find too late,
 That's not the way to keep him.

In dressing ne'er the hours kill,
 That bane to all the sex;
 Nor let the arts of dear Spadille,
 Your innocence perplex.
 Be always decent as a bride,
 By virtuous rules your reason guide,
 And that's the way to keep him.

But

But when the nuptial knot is fast,
 And both its blessings share;
 To make those joys for ever last,
 Of jealousy beware.
 His love with kind compliance meet,
 Let constancy the work compleat,
 And that's the way to keep him.

WATER, parted from the sea,
 May increase the river's tide,
 To the bubbling fount may flee,
 Or through fertile valleys glide.
 Though, in search of soft repose,
 Thro' the land 'tis free to roam,
 Still it murmurs as it flows,
 Till it reach its native home.

YOUNG Strephon, a shepherd, the pride
 of the plain,
 Each day is attempting by kindness to gain :
 He takes all occasions his flame to renew :
 I always reply that is courting won't do.
 He spares no rich presents to make me more
 kind,
 And exhausts in my praise all the wit of his
 mind :
 I say I'm engag'd, and I wish him to go ;
 He asks me so oft, till I rudely say No.
 To Thyrsis, last Valentine's day, the dear
 youth,
 I tell him I plighted my faith and my truth ;
 That wealth cannot peace and contentment
 bestow,
 And my heart is another's--so beg he will go :
 That love is not purchas'd with titles and gold,
 And the heart that is honest can never be
 fold ;

That I sigh not for grandeur, but look down
 on show ;
 And to Thyrsis must hasten, nor answer him
 No.

He hears me, and, trembling all over, replies,
 If his suit I prefer not, he instantly dies :
 He gives me his hand, and would force me to
 go ;

I pity his sufferings, but boldly say No.

I try to avoid him, in hopes of sweet peace ;
 He haunts me each moment to make me say
 Yes :

But to-morrow, ye fair ones, with Thyrsis I
 go ;

And trust me, at church, that I will not
 No.

TO sigh and complain,
 Alike I disdain,
 Contented my wish to enjoy :
 I scorn to reflect
 On a lady's neglect,
 Or barter my peace for a toy.

In love, as in war,
 I laugh at a scar,
 And if my proud enemy yield,
 The joy that remains,
 Is to lead her in chains,
 And glean the rich spoils of the field.

WHEN tutor'd under mamma's care,
 Such charms I did inherit ;
 She gave strict charge, that none should dare,
 To curb my growing spirit.
 My neck and breasts were never hid ;
 Romances ever reading ;
 To hold my head up, I was bid,
 That I might shew my breeding.

By turns I play'd the flirt and prude,
 Affected joy and sorrow;
 And what to-day was monstrous rude,
 I thought polite to-morrow.
 By earls and dukes I was address'd,
 Each fop sure of succeeding;
 Of ev'ry one I made a jest,
 That I might shew my breeding.
 Young Damon too confess'd a flame,
 And rivals I had many;
 What though I us'd him just the same,
 I lik'd him best of any.
 With sighs and tears he often swore,
 For me his heart was bleeding:
 I only plagu'd him still the more,
 That I might shew my breeding.
 Enrag'd, he vow'd to break his chain,
 And fly to smiling Kitty;
 I could not bear to meet disdain,
 For one not half so pretty.
 With gentler words I bid him stay,
 For pardon fell to pleading:
 To church we went, and from that day,
 I shew'd him better breeding.

WHAT means that tender sigh, my dear?
 Why silent drops that crystal tear?
 What jealous fears disturb thy breast,
 Where love and peace delight to rest?
 What tho' thy Jockey has been seen
 With Molly, sporting on the green,
 'Twas but an artful trick to prove
 The matchless force of Jenny's love.
 'Tis true, a nosegay I had dress'd,
 To grace the witty Daphne's breast;
 But 'twas at her desire, to try
 If Damon cast a jealous eye:

These flow'rs will fade by morning dawn,
 Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn;
 But in thy fragrant bosom lies
 A sweet perfume that never dies.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest'd,
 Their fair nymphs were so happy and
 gay,
 That each night they went safely to rest,
 And they merrily sung thro' the day:
 But, ah! what a scene must appear!
 Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er?
 Shall the tabor no more strike the ear?
 Shall the dance on the green be no more?
 Must the flocks from their pastors be led?
 Must the herds go wild straying abroad?
 Shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed,
 And the ships be all moor'd in each road?
 Must the arts be all scatter'd abroad,
 And shall commerce grow sick of the tide?
 Must Religion expire on the ground,
 And shall virtue sink down by her side?

GAY Damon long study'd my heart to ob-
 tain;
 The prettiest young shepherd that pipes on
 the plain?
 I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss,
 And I'd often say no, often say no, when I
 long'd to say yes.
 And I'd often, &c.
 Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
 And brought me two lambkins to witness his
 flame:
 Oh! take these, he cry'd, thou, more fair
 than their fleece;
 I could hardly say no, tho' ashamed to say yes.
 I could hardly, &c.

Soon

Soon after, one morning, we sat in the grove;
He press'd my hand hard, and in sighs breath'd
his love;

Then tenderly ask'd, if I'd grant him a kiss?
I design'd to've said no, but mistook, and said
yes.

I design'd, &c.

At this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his
breast;

Ye Gods, he cry'd, Chloe will now make me
blest'd :

Come, let's to the church, and share conjugal
bliss :

To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to say
yes.

To prevent, &c.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life;
I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife :

Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in
this,

You must all die old maids, all die old maids,
if you will not say yes.

You must all, &c.

H O P E! thou nurse of young desire,
Fairy promiser of joy,
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet that ne'er can cloy :

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find :

Kind deceiver, flatter still;
Deal out pleasures unpossess'd;
With thy dreams my fancy fill;
And in wishes make me blest'd.

O H! how shall I, in language weak,
My ardent passion tell,
Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak
That cruel word, farewell!
Farewel---but know, tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never stray:
Go where I will, my constant heart
Must with my charmer stay.

H O W blithe was I each morn to see
My swain come o'er the hill!
He leap'd the brook, and flew to me;
I met him with good-will:
I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
When his flocks near me lay;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And chear'd me all the day.
Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,
Where lost was my repose;
I wish I was with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;
The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody:
While thus we spent our time, by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' e'er so rich and gay.
Oh! the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
Cou'd I but faithful be?
He stole my heart; cou'd I refuse
What e'er he ask'd of me?
Hard fate! that I must banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.

Oh!

Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,
Where lost was my repose;
I wish I was with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

IN infancy our hopes and fears
Were to each other known;
And friendship, in our riper years,
Has twin'd our hearts in one:
O! clear him then from this offence;
Thy love, thy duty prove;
Restore him with that innocence
Which first inspir'd my love.

AH! why did Jockey gang away,
And leave his love behind him,
So far in distant climes to stray,
Where Jane could never find him?
Where thund'ring cannons they do roar,
And drums so loudly rattle;
Where verdant fields are all in gore,
By some most furious battle,
By some most furious battle.

Ye guardian pow'rs, my Jockey save,
When danger's fix'd around him;
For oh! in arms, 'tis known how brave
His lairds have always found him.
There's ne'er a lad in au the town,
Can boast his equal merit;
He'll ever fight for England's crown,
With loyalty and spirit.

Oh! had I known the cruel war
So long had kept my laddy,
I'd gang with him, though e'er so far,
In au my best of pladdy:
But, hark! I hear the fifes, the drums,
Oh! joy beyond expressing;
My lovely soldier, see! he comes;
I'll fly for to caress him.

THOMAS AND SALLY.

THOMAS.

COME, come, my dear girl, I must not
be deny'd;
Fine cloaths you shall flash in, and rant it
away;
I'll give you this purse, and, hark you, beside
We'll kiss, and we'll toy, all the long
summer's day.

SALLY.

Of kissing and toying you soon will be tir'd,
Should poor hapless Sally consent to be
naught;
Besides, Sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd;
The heart's not worth gaining which is to
be bought.

THOMAS.

Fear not, my dear Sally, the world's busy
tongue;
Soon above scandal my girl shall be put;
Then laugh, as you roll in your chariot along,
At draggle-tail Chastity walking on foot.

SALLY.

If only the fear of the world made me shy,
My coyness and modesty were but ill shown;
Their pardon 'twere easy with money to buy;
But how, tell me how, I could purchase my
own.

THOMAS.

Leave morals to grey beards; those lips were
design'd
For better employment-----

SALLY.

-----I'll not be a whore!

THOMAS.

O fie, child! -love bids you be rich and be kind;
SALLY.

But virtue commands me, Be honest and poor.

ATTEND all ye shepherds and nymphs
to my lay-----

You may learn from my tale, and go wiser
away.

A Damsel once dwelt at the foot of a hill,
Well known by the name of the Maid of the
Mill.

In her all the graces had jointly combin'd,
Her face to improve, and embellish her mind;
Nor pride or deceit e'er her bosom did fill;
'Twas nature alone in the Maid of the Mill.

The lord of the village beheld the sweet maid:
Each art to subdue her was presently laid:
With gold he endeavour'd to tempt her to ill;
But nought could prevail with the Maid of the
Mill.

Her virtue she priz'd beyond splendor and
state;

Tho' poor, yet she never repin'd at her fate;
His proffers she slighted---in vain all his skill,
To ruin the fame of the Maid of the Mill.

Young Colin address'd her with hope and with
fear;

His heart was right honest, his love was sin-
cere;

With rapture his bosom each moment would
thrill,

Whene'er he beheld his dear Maid of the Mill.

His passion was founded in honour and truth---
The nymph read his heart, and of course
lov'd the youth:

At church little Patty soon answer'd "I will."
His Lordship was balk'd of the Maid of the
Mill.

What happiness waits on the chaste nuptial
pair!

Content, they are strangers to sorrow and care!
The flame they first rais'd in each other, burns
still;

And Colin is blest'd with the Maid of the Mill.

HOW blest'd the maid whose bosom
No headstrong passion knows!
Her days in joy she passes,

Her nights in sweet repose:

Where'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear, invades her;

But pleasure,
Without measure,

From ev'ry object flows.

MY Jockey is the blithest lad
That e'er young maid did woo;
When he appears my heart is glad,
For he is kind and true.

He talks of love whene'er we meet,
His words in rapture flow;
Then tunes his pipe, and sings so sweet,
I have not pow'r to go.

All other lasses he forsakes,
And flies to me alone;

At ev'ry fair, or other wakes,
I hear the maidens moan.

He buys me toys and sweetmeats too,
And ribbands for my hair:---

What swain was ever half so true,
Or half so kind and fair?

Where'er I go I nothing fear,
If Jockey is but by;

For I alone am all his care,
Whenever danger's nigh.

He vows to wed next Whitsunday,
And make me blest'd for life :
Should I refuse, ye maidens, say,
To be young Jockey's wife ?

GENTEEL is my Damon, engaging his air,
His face, like the morn, is both ruddy
and fair,
His face, like the morn, is both ruddy and
fair ;
Soft love sits enthron'd in the beam of his eyes ;
He's manly, yet tender ; he's fond, and yet
wife.
He's manly, yet tender ; he's fond, and yet
wife.—
He's ever good-humour'd, he's gen'rous and
gay ;
His presence can always drive sorrow away :
No vanity sways him, no folly is seen ;
But open his temper, and noble his mein.
By virtue illumin'd his actions appear ;
His passions are calm, and his reason is clear :
An affable sweetness attends on his speech ;
He's willing to learn, though he's able to
teach.

He has promis'd to love me ; ---his word I'll
believe ;
For his heart is too honest to let him deceive.
Then blame me, ye fair ones, if justly you
can,
* Since the picture I've drawn is exactly the
man.

OH ! had I been by Fate decreed
Some humble cottage swain,
In fair Rosetta's sight to feed
My flocks upon the plain,

What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er must know !
Ye envious pow'rs ! why have ye plac'd
My fair one's lot so low ?

WHEN you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
Full of kindness and good-nature ;
Prove as kind again to she.
Happy mortal ! to possess her,
In your bosom warm and press her,
Morning, noon, and night, caress her,
And be fond as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's froward,
Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
Should you act the whining coward,
'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit.
Nothing's tough enough to bind her ;
Then agog when once you find her,
Let her go, and never mind her ;
Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

A C A N T A T A.

RECITATIVE.

THE festive board was met ; the social band
Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent
stand :
My sons, (began the sage,) be this the rule,
No brow austere must dare approach my school,
Where love and Bacchus jointly reign within ;
Old Care, be gone ! -- here sadness were a sin.

AIR.

Tell not me the joys that wait
On him that's learn'd, or him that's great ;
Wealth and wisdom I despise,
Cares surround the rich and wise :

The

The queen that gives soft wishes birth,
And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,
Me their friend and fav'rite own,
And I was born for them alone.

Bus'ness, title, pomp, and state,
Give them to the fools I hate :
But let love, let life be mine,
Bring me women, bring me wine ;
Speed the dancing hours away,
Mind not what the grave ones say.

Gaily let the minutes fly,
In love, in freedom, wit and joy :
So shall love and life be mine ;
Bring me women, bring me wine ;
Speed the dancing hours away,
Mind not what the grave ones say.

YE woods and ye mountains unknown,
Beneath whose pale shadows I stray,
To the breast of my charmer alone,
These sighs bid sweet echo convey :
Wherever he pensively leans,
By fountain, or hill, or in grove,
His heart will explain what he means,
Who sings both from sorrow and love.

What sadness reigns over the plains !
How droops the sweet flow'rets around !
How pensive each nymph and each swain !
How silent each musical sound !
No more the soft lute in the bow'rs,
Beguiles the cool ev'nings away ;
Sad sighs measure out the long hours,
Since Nancy, dear Nancy's away.

More soft than the nightingale's song,
Oh waft the sad sound in her ear,
Or say (though divided so long)
The friend of her bosom is near :

Then tell her, what years of delight,
Then tell her, what ages of pain,
I felt, while I liv'd in her sight,
I feel, till I see her again.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken
the day,
And hie to my woodland walks away ;
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
And tie to my forehead a waxing moon ;
I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
And chase the wild goats o'er summits of
rocks :
With shouting and hooting, we pierce thro'
the sky,
And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

YOUNG Colin was the bonniest swain,
That ever pip'd on flow'ry plain,
Or danc'd upon the lee :
The wanton kid, in gamefome round,
That frolics o'er the flow'ry ground,
Was not so blythe as he.

Beneath the oak, in yonder vale,
You'd think you heard the nightingale,
Whene'er he rais'd his voice :
But, ah ! the youth was all deceit ;
His vows, his oaths, were all a cheat,
And choice succeeded choice.

The maidens sung, in willow groves,
Of Colin's false and perjur'd loves ;
Here Jenny told her woes ;
And Moggy's tears increas'd the brook,
Whose cheeks like dying lilies look,
That once out-blush'd the rose.

Unhappy fair, my words believe,
 So shall no swain your hopes deceive,
 And leave you to despair :
 Ere he disclose his fickle mind,
 Change first yourselves, for, ah ! you'll find
 False Colins every where.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
 To resist the tender dart ;
 For examples move us never ;
 We must feel, to know the smart.
 When the shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our beauties sets to view,
 Vanity, her aid supplying,
 Bids us think 'tis all our due,
 Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes,
 Is the mild, deceitful strain ;
 Frowning truth our sex displeases ;
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain :
 But, too soon, the happy lover
 Does our tend'rest hopes deceive :
 Man was form'd to be a rover,
 Foolish woman to believe,
 Foolish woman to believe.

FAREWELL, ye green fields and sweet
 groves,
 Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart ;
 Where nightingales warble their loves,
 And nature is dress'd without art :
 No pleasure ye now can afford,
 Nor music can lull me to rest ;
 For Phillis proves false to her word,
 And Strephon can never be blest'd.
 Oft times, by the side of a spring,
 Where roses and lilies appear,
 Gay Phillis of Strephon would sing,
 For Strephon was all she held dear :

But as soon as she found, by my eyes,
 The passion that glow'd in my breast,
 She then, to my grief and surprize,
 Prov'd all she had said was a jest.
 Too late, to my sorrow, I find,
 The beauties alone that will last,
 Are those that are fix'd in the mind,
 Which envy or time cannot blast :
 Beware then, beware how ye trust
 Coquettes, who to love make pretence ;
 For Phillis to me had been just,
 If nature had blest'd her with sense.

'TWAS at the silent midnight hour,
 When all were fast asleep,
 In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
 Clad in a wintry cloud ;
 And clay-cold was her lily hand,
 That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
 When youth and years are flown ;
 Such is the robe that kings must wear,
 When Death has 'rest their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
 That sips the silver dew ;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 Just op'ning to the view.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
 Consum'd her early prime :
 The rose grew pale and left her cheek :
 She dy'd before her time.

Awake, she cry'd, thy true love calls,
 Come from her midnight grave :
 Now let thy pity hear the maid
 Thy love refus'd to save.

This

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain;
Now yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless man:

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;
These lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence!
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd,
And rais'd her glitt'ring head:
Pale William quak'd in ev'ry limb,
And, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Marg'ret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf
That wrap'd her breathless clay:
And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to the cold grave,
And word spake never more.

THAT May-day of life is for pleasure,
For singing, for dancing, and show;
Then why will you waste such a treasure,
In sighing, and crying---Heigho?

Let's copy the bird in the meadows;
By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low:
Fly round, and coquette it as she does;
And never sit crying---Heigho!

Though, when in the arms of a lover,
It sometimes may happen, I know,
That, ere all our toying is over,
We cannot help crying---Heigho!

In age ev'ry one a new part takes;
I find, to my sorrow, 'tis so:
When old, you may cry till your heart aches
And no one will mind you---Heigho!

YE fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm
To captivate the will,
Whose smiles can rage-itself disarm,
Whose frowns at once can kill;
Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
Where flatt'ry bears no part;
An honest verse, that flows sincere
And candid from the heart.

Great is your pow'r; but greater yet,
Mankind it might engage;

If, as ye all can make a net,
 Ye all could make a cage:
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take;
 For who's to beauty blind?
 But to what end a pris'ner make,
 Unless we've strength to bind?
 Attend the counsel often told,
 Too often told in vain;
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the lover's chain.
 Gamblers to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast:
 Tho' beauty make the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

A C A N T A T A.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
 Where sad despair and famine always
 dwells,
 A meagre Frenchman, madame Grandfire's
 cook,
 As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took;
 Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir Loin,
 On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine:
 Good father Dominic by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd:
 And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
 He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight
 address'd.

AIR.

Tune, A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.

Oh rare roast beef! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,

When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's force combin'd,
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir-loin, oft times decreed
 The theme of English ballad,
 On thee e'en Kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate;
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed,
 Soup-meagre, frogs, and fallad!

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping food,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food:
 His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole:
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

AIR.

Tune, Foote's Minuet.

Ah, sacre Dieu! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite?
 Begar it is the roast beef from Londre;
 Oh! grant to me von letel bite.
 But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies;
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 Whose brazen front his country did betray,
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread:

Soon

Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd.

AIR.

Tune, Ellen a Roon.

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,

So taking thy sight is,

My joy that so light is,

To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.

While here I remain, my life's not worth a
farthing,

While here I remain, my life's not worth a
farthing.

Ah! hard-hearted Loui!

Why did I come to you?

The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd
me from starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fate,
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy
pate;

But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside;
With lifted hands he bless'd his native place,
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his
case.

AIR.

Tune, The Broom of Cowdenknows.

How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot,

Who was so blithe of late,

To see such meat as can't be got,

When hunger is so great!

O the beef! the bonny beef,

When roasted nice and brown;

I wish I had a slice of thee,

How sweet it would gang down!

Ah, Charley! hadst thou not been seen,

This ne'er had happ'd to me;

I would the de'el had pick'd mine ey'n,

Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.

O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, see! my muse to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty socially unite;

Where smiling freedom guards great George's
throne,

And whips, and chains, and tortures are not
known.

Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should
ring,

In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

AIR.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted his size he could quickly attain.

O the roast beef of Old England,

And O the Old English roast beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old
dame,

Cry'd, "Son, to attempt it you're surely to
blame"

O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst;
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first;
Till swelling and straining too hard made him
burst.

O the roast beef, &c.

Then Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear;
The ox is Old England, the frog is Monsieur,
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are
able,

To see the Sir-loin smoking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burst like the frog in the
fable.

O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.

IT is I believe,
Next Hollandtide eve,
A twelvemonth since first I began
To hold up my head,
In love to be read,
And to construe the looks of a man.

Young Damon I saw ;
He kiss'd me, oh la !
I vow thro' my bosom it ran ;
My lips he so press'd,
'Tis true I protest,
I thought him a duce of a man.

Philander the gay,
I met at the play ;
My heart beat a furious ratan ;
Because you must know,
I some time ago,
Had hopes of his being the man.

Brisk Strephon came next,
But then I was vex'd,
He play'd with Miss Phillis's fan ;
I own to be sure,
I could not endure,
To see myself robb'd of a man.

My mother and aunts,
Still watching my haunts,
Obstruct me as much as they can ;
But what do I care,
I vow and declare,
I'll fit myself soon with a man.

A C A N T A T A.

RECITATIVE.

AS in a pensive form Myrtilla sat,
Revolving on the will of fate,
A sprightly youth, devoid of care,
Advanc'd, and thus address'd the fair.

AIR.

Thou vernal bloom of beauty's tree,
I'm come to buy a heart of thee :
With transport I receiv'd the tale,
That such a gem was up for sale.
Could I command the starry train,
For thee I'd give it back again ;
And if I could, to make thee mine,
The universe should all be thine.
Go hence, the maid with softness cries ;
Merit the best deserves the prize :
The tale you've heard was falsely told ;
Myrtilla's heart can ne'er be sold.

IN love should there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by passion or art,
Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
Whose words are th' excess of the heart :
If aught of substantial delight,
On this side the stars can be found ;
'Tis sure, when that couple unite,
And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph, I strove in vain,
My wild desires to rally :
But now they're of themselves come home,
And, strange ! no longer seek to roam ;
They center all in Sally.

Yet

Yet she, unkind one! damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to destroy:

Can love with ruin tally?

By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, oh come! thou sweeter far
Than jessamine and roses are,

Or lilies of the valley:

O follow love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me blest in Sally.

AS Jamie gay, gang'd blithe his way,
Along the banks of tweed,

A bonny lass, as ever was,
Came tripping o'er the mead:

The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
The buxom nymph survey'd;
And full of glee, as lad could be,
Bespoke the pretty maid.

Dear lass, tell, why by thine self
Thou hast'ly wand'rest here?

My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide;
Can't tell me, laddy, where?

To town is he, he made reply,
Some muckle sport to see;

But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
I seek the ewes with thee.

She gin her hand, nor made a stand,
But lik'd the youth's intent;

O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
Right merrily they went:

The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
And flowers bloom'd around;

And has they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,

(The zenith of his pow'r,)

When to a shade their steps they made,

To pass the mid-day hour:

The bonny lad saw'd, in his plaid,

The lass who scorn'd to fawn;

She soon forgot the ewes she sought,

And he to gang to town.

EVERY mortal some favourite pleasure pur-
sues,

Some to White's run for play, some to Bat-
son's for news;

To Shuter's droll phiz others thunder applause,
And some triflers delight to hear Nichols's
noise:

But such idle amusements I'll carefully shun,
And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my
gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finish'd his summer's ca-
reer,

And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's
care;

When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harvest-
home,

And, their labour being o'er, are at leisure
to roam;

From the noise of the town and its follies I run,
And I range o'er the fields with my dogs and
my gun.

When my pointers around me all carefully
stand,

And none dares to stir, but the dog I command,
When the covey he springs, and I bring down
my bird,

I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford.

No

No pastime nor pleasure that's under the sun,
Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my
gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd, to the woods
I repair,

And I brush thro' the thickets, devoid of all
fear;

There I exercise freely my levelling skill,
And with pheasants and woodcocks my bags
often fill :

For death (where I find them) they seldom
can shun,

My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under com-
mand ;

Some range at a distance, and some hunt at
hand :

When a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant
they spring,

With heart-cheering notes, how they make
the woods ring !

Then for music let fribbles to Ranelagh run,
My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the sport of the
day,

And spread o'er the table my conquer'd spoils
lay ;

Then I think of my friends, and to each send
a part,

For my friends to oblige is the pride of my
heart :

Thus the vices of town, and its follies I shun,
And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my
gun.

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
O'er fields or gardens ranging,
Sips sweets from each, and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects sway,
By various charms delighted ;
While she who pleases most to day,
To-morrow shall be slighted.

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare
The merits of wine with the charms of
the fair ;

I appeal to the men to determine between
A tun-belly'd Bacchus, and Beauty's fair
queen.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign ;
For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness
in wine :

Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile ;
'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass
smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,
And, the more I behold her, the more I ad-
mire !

But the charms of her temper and mind I a-
dore ;

These virtues shall bless me when beauty's no
more.

How happy our days when with love we en-
gage !

'Tis the transport of youth ; 'tis the comfort
of age :

But what are the joys of the bottle or bowl ?
Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the
soul !

A sot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,
 The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.
 From this fair confession, 'tis plain, my good
 friend,
 You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.
 Your big-belly'd bottle may ravish your eye;
 But how foolish you look when your bottle is
 dry!
 From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasure
 must spring;
 Nay, the Stoics must own it, she is the best
 thing.
 Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford;
 For a time it will make one as great as a lord:
 But woman, for ever, gives transport to man;
 And I'll love the dear sex---aye, as long as I
 can.

I MADE love to Kate,
 Long I sigh'd for she,
 Till I heard of late,
 She had a mind to me:
 I met her on the green,
 In her best array;
 So pretty she did seem,
 She stole my heart away.

Oh! then we kiss'd and press'd; were we
 much to blame?

Had you been in my place, you'd have done
 the same.

As I fonder grew,
 She began to prate:
 Quoth she----I'll marry you,
 And you shall marry Kate:
 But then I laugh'd, and swore
 I lov'd her more than so;
 Ty'd each to a rope's end,
 Is tugging to and fro.

Again we kiss'd and press'd; were we much
 to blame?

Had you been in my place, you'd have done
 the same.

Then she sigh'd, and said,
 She was wond'rous sick;
 Dicky Katy led,
 Katy she led Dick:
 Long we toy'd and play'd,
 Under yonder oak:
 Katy lost the game,
 Tho' she play'd in joke.

For there we did, alas! what I dare not name;
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done
 the same.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet,
 That scents the ambient air,
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
 If dear Susannah's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
 And warble thro' the grove?
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray;
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
 Let pride in splendor shine;
 Ye bards, unenvy'd, laurels wear,
 Be fair Susannah mine.

DEAR Molly, I love you, I hope there's
 no harm in that;
 For you are so sprightly, and witty, and
 charming, that
 Whenever I see you my heart it goes pit-a-
 pat,
 And I'm grown lean and dry, who was once
 sleek and fat.

Save

Save me, save me, dear Molly save me,
Or I will hang myself, if you will not have me.

I'm grown a mere sloven, who once was a
flirting fop;

My fine coal black hair is chang'd to a dirty
mop;

My face is grown parch'd, like an over-done
mutton chop,

That can of gravy not yield you a single drop.

Gravy, gravy, one drop of gravy,
E'en just as brown and dry looks your poor
Davy.

When first I was ask'd to drink tea with my
Molly dear,

I put on my Kerry-stone buckles and solitaire,
I sent for the barber, and cry'd Shave me,
do you hear,

And I'll give you sixpence to drink out in ale
and beer.

Shave me, shave me, powder and shave me;
Make me look spruce and fine, then Molly'll
have me.

Then strait to the place of appointment I
hurried me,

Where her bright eyes and sweet looks they
so worried me,

That from that moment I thought of no other
she,

And now most humbly I crave you my bride to
be.

Crave you, crave you--Oh how I crave you!
For my bride, from this hour, dear Molly, I
crave you.

Then if you'll consent, you sweet little knave
you,

I will your husband be, and never leave you;

My surname is Drope, and my christian name's
Davy,

And when we are married we'll go to Glenavy;
'Navy, 'Navy, go to Glenavy,

Then who'll be so happy as Molly and Davy.

VAINLY now ye strive to charm me,

All ye sweets of blooming May;

How should empty sunshine warm me,

While Lotharia keeps away?

Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me;

Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky;

Sweeter notes her voice can give me,

Softer sunshine fills her eye.

AS t'other day milking I sat in the vale,
Young Damon came up, to address his
soft tale,

So sudden, I started, and gave him a frown;
For he frightened my cow, and my milk was
kick'd down.

Lord bless me! says I, what a-deuce can you
mean,

To come thus upon me, unthought-of, un-
seen?

I ne'er will approve of the love you pretend;
For, as mischief began, perhaps mischief may
end.

I little thought now, he'd his passion advance;
But pretty excuses made up the mischance;
He begg'd a kind kiss, which I gave him, I
vow;

And I laid, my own self, all the fault on my
cow.

How many ways love can the bosom invade!
His bait prov'd too strong, alas! for a maid;

He

He hinted that wedlock was what he'd be at,
 But I thought it was best to say nothing of that,
 I flutter all over whene'er he comes nigh;
 For, if he should press, I should surely comply,
 And ne'er shall be angry, my heart itself tells,
 Tho' he flings down my milk, or does any
 thing else.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That hills and vallies, dales and fields,
 And all the craggy mountain yields:
 There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks
 Near shallow rivers, by whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, with a girdle
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
 A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull.
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Come, live with me, and be my love.

Fair lined slipper for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold;
 A belt of straw with ivy buds,
 And coral clasps, and silver studs;
 The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight, each May morning.
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

O SANDY, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to
 ourn?

Thy presence cou'd ease me,
 When nothing can please me
 Now dowje I sigh on the banks of the burn.

Or throw the wood, Laddie, until thou return,
 Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings
 are clear,

While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing,
 Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
 When throw the wood, Laddie, ye dinna appear

That I am forsaken some spare not to tell,
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith ev'ning and morning,

Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When throw the wood Laddie, I wander myself

Then stay, my dear Sandy, no longer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,

Wha's living in langour till that happy day.
 When throw the wood Laddie, we'll dance sing
 and play.

A C A N T A T A.

AIR.

WHO'LL buy a heart? Myrilla cries,
 And throws around her wanton eyes;
 An easy shape, a graceful air.
 A face like lovely Hebe's fair;
 A pair of eyes, that wound at sight,
 And soil the di'mond's piercing light.

RECITATIVE

Come hither, ye that long to prove
 The soul-enchanting joys of love;
 Quickly, quickly come! for he
 Buys, that bids the most for me-

AIR.

But let no fordid wretch presume,
 With even Cæsus' wealth to come;
 Nor vainly hope' for gums or gold

G

Such

Such charms as these can e'er be fold.
So vile a change I scorn to make,
For love's the only coin I take.

THE shepherd's plain life,
Without guilt, without strife,
Can only true blessings impart :
As nature directs,
That bliss he expects
From health, and from quiet of heart.

Vain grandeur and pow'r,
Those joys of an hour,
Tho' mortals are toiling to find ;
Can titles or show,
Contentment bestow ?
All happiness dwells in the mind.
Behold the gay rose,
How lovely it grows,
Secure in the depth of the vale !
Yon oak, that on high
Aspires to the sky,
Both light'ning and tempests assail.

DUETTO.

Then let us the snare
Of ambition beware,
That source of vexation and smart ;
And sport on the glade,
Or repose in the shade,
With health and with quiet of heart.

YE verdant woods, ye chrystal streams,
On whose enamell'd side
I shar'd the sun's refreshing beams, &
While Jockey was my guide.
No more your shades or murmurs please
Poor Sylvia's love-sick mind ;
No rural scenes can give me ease,

Since Jockey proves unkind.
Come gloomy eve, and veil the sky
With clouds of darkest hue :
Wither, ye plants ; ye flow'rets die,
Unhear'd with balmy dew.
Ye wildly warbling birds, no more
Your songs can sooth my mind ;
My hours of joy, alas ! are o'er'
Since Jockey proves unkind.
I'll hie me to some dreary grove,
For sighing sorrow made,
Where nought but plaintive strains of love
Resound thro' ev'ry shade.
Where the sad turtle's melting grief,
With Philomela's join'd,
Alone shall yield my heart relief,
Since Jockey proves unkind.
Be warn'd by Sylvia's fate, ye maids,
And shun the soft deceit ;
Tho' love's own eloquence persuades,
'Tis all a dangerous cheat.
Fly, quickly fly, the faithless swain,
His baffled arts despise ;
So shall you live exempt from pain,
While hapless Sylvia dies.

THE sun in virgin lustre shone,
May morning puts its beauties on,
The warblers sung in livelier strain,
And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plain,
And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plain,
When love, a soft intruding guest,
That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,
Now whisper'd to the nymph, away.
For this is Nature's holiday,
For this is Nature's holiday.

The tender impulse wing'd his haste, :
 The painted mead he instant pass'd
 And soon the happy cot he gain'd,
 Where Beauty slept, and silence reign'd,
 Where Beauty, &c.

Awake, my fair, the shepherd cries,
 To new-born pleasure ope thine eyes :
 Arise, my Sylvia, hail the May :
 For this is Nature's holiday,
 For this, &c.

Forth came the maid, in beauty bright,
 As Phœbus in meridian light :
 Entranc'd in rapture' all confess'd,
 The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast,
 The shepherd, &c.

Then, gazing, with a speaking eye,
 He snatch'd a kiss, and heav'd a sigh,
 A melting sigh, that seem'd to say,
 Consider, youth's our holiday,
 Consider, &c.

Ah! soft, she said, for pity's sake ;
 What! kiss me ere I'm well awake!
 For this so early came you here ?
 And hail you thus the rising year ?
 And hail, &c.

Sweet innocence, oh, cease to chide!
 We'll haste to joy, the swain reply'd ;
 In pleasure's flow'ry fields we'll stray,
 And this shall be Love's holiday,
 And this, &c.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek ;
 She look'd the thing she dar'd not speak :
 Consent own'd Nature's soft command,
 And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand,
 And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand.
 His dancing heart in transport play'd ;
 To church he led the blushing maid
 Then bless'd the happy morn of May ;

And now their life's all holiday,
 And now their life's all holiday.

WHAT shepherd, or nymph of the grove,
 Can blame me for dropping a tear,
 Or lamenting aloud as I rove ?

Since Phœbe no longer is here ?

My flock, if at random they stray,

What wonder, if she's from the plains ?

Her hand they were wont to obey ;

She rul'd both the sheep and the swains.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd

To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,

To the bow'r we had built in the shade,

Or the river that runs by the mill ?

There, sweet, by my side as she lay.

And heard the fond stories I told,

How sweet was the thrush from the spray,

Or the bleating of lambs from the fold !

How oft wou'd I spy out a charm,

Which, before, had been hid from my view !

And, while arm was enfolded in arm,

My lips to her lips, how they grew !

How long the sweet contest would last !

Till the hours of retirement and rest,

What pleasures and pain each had past,

Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No changes of place, or of time.

I felt when my fair one was near ;

Alike was each weather, and clime,

Each season that checquer'd the year ;

In winter's rude lap did we freeze,

Did we melt on the bosom of May ;

Each morn brought contentment and ease,

If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask ;

She had all the kind gods could impart,

She was Nature's most beautiful task,
 The despair, and the envy of art :
 There all, that is worthy to prize,
 In all that was lovely was dress'd ;
 For the Graces were thron'd on her eyes,
 And the Virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice ;
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 Till first he's made my choice
 Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
 And children still obey :
 And is there then no saving clause
 Against tyrannic sway ?

NO nymph that trips the verdant plains
 With Sally can compare :
 She wins the hearts of all the swains,
 And rivals all the fair.
 The beams of Sol delight and cheer,
 While summer seasons roll,
 But Sally's smiles can all the year
 Give pleasure to the soul.
 When from the East the morning ray,
 Illumes the world below,
 Her presence bids the God of day
 With emulation glow.
 Fresh beauties deck the painted ground ?
 Birds sweeter notes prepare ;
 The playful lambkins skip around,
 And hail the sister fair.
 The lark-but strains his liquid throat
 To bid the maid rejoice,
 And mimicks, while he swells his note,
 The sweetness of her voice.
 The fanning zephyrs round her play,
 While ed perfume,

And every flow'ret seems to say,
 I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim ;
 From morn to eve their tale ;
 Her beauty and unspotted fame
 Make vocal every vale.
 The stream, meand'ring through the mead,
 Her eccho'd name conveys,
 And every voice, and every reed,
 Is turn'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithesome lads and swain
 To mirthful wake resort,
 Nor every May-morn on the plain
 Advance in rural sport ;
 No more shall gush the purling rill,
 Nor music wake the grove,
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

GO, seek some nymph of humbler lot,
 To share thy board and deck thy cot ;
 With joy I fly the simple youth,
 Who holds me light, or doubts my truth,
 Thy breast, for love too wanton grown,
 Shall mourn its peace and pleasure flown ;
 Nor shall my faith reward a swain'
 Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

RECITATIVE.

HARK, the horn calls away ;
 Come the grave, come the gay :
 Wake the music that wakens the skies,
 Quit the bondage of sloth' and arise.

AIR.

From the east breaks the morn,
 See the sun beams adorn
 The wide heath, and the mountains so high ;

The wild heath, and the mountains so high ;
 Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
 The steed neighs to the found,
 And the floods and the vallies reply.
 And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers so good,
 Prov'd their greatness of blood,
 By encount'ring the hart and the boar ;
 By encount'ring, &c.

Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
 Age and youth urg'd the chase,
 And taught woodlands and forests to roar.
 And taught, &c.

Hence, of noble descent,
 Hills and wilds we frequent,
 Where the bosom of nature, reveal'd ;
 Where the, &c.

Tho' in life's busy day,
 Man of man makes a prey,
 Still let our's be the prey of the field,
 Still let our's, &c.

With the chase in full sight,
 Gods ! how great the delight !
 How our mortal sensations refine !
 How our, &c.

Where is care, where is fear ?
 Like the winds, in the rear :
 And the man's lost in something divine,
 And the man's, &c.

Now to horse, my brave boys :
 Lo ! each pants for the joys
 That anon shall enliven the whole,
 That anon shall enliven the whole ;
 Then at eve we'll dismount,
 Toils and pleasures recount,
 And renew the chase over the bowl,
 And renew the chase over the bowl.

NYMPHS and shepherds, come away ;
 Wanton in the sweets of May ;
 Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,
 Wanton as the bounding fawns :
 Frolic, buxom, blithe, and gay,
 Nymphs and shepherds, come away.

IF ever a fond inclination
 Rose in your bosom, to rob you of rest ;
 Reflect, with a little compassion,
 On the soft pangs which prevail'd in my breast
 Oh ! where, where would you fly me ?
 Can you deny me, thus torn, and distress'd ?
 Think, when my lover was by me,
 Would I, how could I, refuse his request ;

Kneeling before you,
 Let me implore you :

Look on me, sighing, crying, dying,
 Ah ! is there no language can move ?
 If I have been too complying,
 Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

DAMON AND LAURA.

DAMON.

CONTETED all day I will sit at your side,
 Where poplars far stretching o'erarch the
 cool tide ;
 And, while the clear river runs purling along,
 The thrush and the linnet contend in their song,
 The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

LAURA.

While you are but by me, no danger I fear ;
 Ye lambs, rest in safety, my Damon is near ;
 Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols
 may please,
 For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease.

For

For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease

DAMON.

Ye virgins of Britain, brig'nt rivals of day,
The wish of each heart, and the theme of each
lay;

Ne'er yeild to the swain till he make you a wife,
For he who loves truly will take you for life,
For he who, &c.

LAURA.

Ye youth, who fear nought but the frowns of
the fair,

'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care;
Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to
defend,
Nor betray, &c.

DUETTO.

For their honour and faith be our virgins re-
nown'd;
Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be
found:
Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
To preserve in their age what they gain'd in
their youth,
To preserve in their age what they gain'd in
their youth.

COLIN AND PHILLIS.

COLIN.

HARK! hark! o'er the plains what glad tu-
mults we hear!

How gay all the nymys and the shepherds ap-
pear!

With myrtles and roses new deck'd are the
bow'rs,

And every bush bears a garland of flow'rs.

I can't, for my life, what it means understand;
There's some rural festival surely at hand;

Nor harvest, nor sheep-shearing, now can take
place;

[Phillis enters.]

But Phillis will tell me the truth of the case.

PHILLIS.

The truth, honest lad?--why surely you know
What rites are prepar'd in the village below,
Where gallant young Thyrsis, so fam'd and
ador'd,

Weds Daphne, the sister of Corin our lord;
That Daphne, whose beauty, good-nature, and
ease,

All fancies can strike, and all judgments can
plesse;

That Corin-but praise must the matter give o'er;
You know what he is--and I need so no more,

COLIN.

Young Thyrsis too claims all that honour can
lend,

His countrymen's glory, their champion and
friend;

Tho' such slight memorials scarce speak his de-
serts;

And, trust me, his name is engrav'd on their
hearts.

PHILLIS.

But hence, to the brides, behold how they throng
Each shepherd conducting his sweetheart along:
The joyous occasion all nature inspires
With tender affections and chearful desires.

DUETTO.

Ye pow'rs, that o'er conjugal union preside,
All-gracious look down on the bridegroom and
bride,

That beauty, and virtue, and valour, may shine
In a race like themselves, with no end to the line:
Let honour and glory, and riches and praise,
Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days;

G 3

And

And, while in a palace fate fixes their lot,
Oh ! may they live easy as those in a cot !

THE gaudy tulip swells with pride,
And rears its beauties to the sun,
With heav'n-born tints of Iris's bow ;
While low the vi'let springs beside,
As in the shade it strives to shun
The hand of some rapacious foe.

Of worth Intrinsic, small the store
That from the tulip can arise,
When parted from its glowing bed :
While hid, the vi'let charms the more,
Like incense in its native skies,
When crop'd to grace the virgin head.

Then think, ye fair ones, how these flow'rs
Are wrought in nature's various robe :
Where pride declines, and merit thrives,
Your virgin dignity o'er pow'rs
The heroes of the conquer'd globe :
But sweet compliance makes ye wives.

WHERE's my swain so blythe and clever ?
Why d'v'e leave me all in sorrow ?
Three whole days are gone for ever,
Since you said you'd come to-morrow.
If you lov'd but half as I do,
You'd been here with looks so bonny :
Love has flying wings, I well knew
Not for ling'ring, lazy Johnny.

What can he now be a-doing ?
Is he with the lasses maying ?
He had better here be wooing,
Than with others fondly playing.
Tell me truly where he's roving,
That I may no longer sorrow ;
If he's weary grown of loving,
Let him tell me so to-morrow,

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee,
Let her be the happy creature,
I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
Nor dispute with her a feature.
But I can't, nor will not tarry,
Nor will hurt myself with sorrow ;
I may lose the time to marry,
If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not, shepherd thus to brave me ;
If I'm yours, away no longer ;
If you won't, another'll have me ;
I may cool, but not grow fonder.
If your lovers, girls, forsake ye,
Whine not in despair and sorrow ;
Bless'd another lad may make ye ;
Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

FAIR is the swan, the ermine white,
And fair the lily of the vale !
The moon, resplendent queen of night,
And snows that drive before the gale ;
In fairness these the east excel,
But fairer is my Isabel.

Sweet is the vi'let, sweet the rose,
And sweet the morning breath of May ;
Carnations rich their sweets disclose,
And sweet the winding woodbines stray :
In sweetness these the east excel,
But sweeter is my Isabel.

Constant the poets call the dove,
And am'rous they the sparrow call ;
Fond is the sky-lark of his love,
And fond the feather'd lovers all :
In fondness these the east excel,
But fonder I of Isabel.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren
and bare, As

As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess fees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home ;
Yellow sheaves, from rich Ceres her cottage had
crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on the floor ;
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly
round,

And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best ;
Whilst thrown from my guard, by some glances
she cast,

Love sly stole into my breast,
I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
I've rich ones rejected, and great one's deny'd,
Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms ;
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms,
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if on the banks, by the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
Her Image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the flow-rising hills ;
Delighted with pastoral views ;
Or rest on the rock where the streamlet distils,
And mark out new themes for my muse.
Topomp, or proud titles, she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent ;
The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,
And shepherds have nam'd her content.

HASTE, haste, Amelia, gentle fair,
To soft Elysian gales ;

From smoke to smiling skies repair,
And sun-illumin'd vales :
No sighs no murmurs, haunt the grove,
But blessings crown the plains ;
Here calm contentment, heav'n-born maid
And Peace, the cherub, reigns.

O come ! for thee the roses bloom,
The deep carnation grows ;
For thee sweet vi'lets breathe perfume,
The white-rob'd lilly blows ;
For thee their streams the Naiads roll'
The daisied hills are gay,
Where (emblems of Amelia's soul)
The spotless lambkins play.

From vale to vale the Zephyrs rove,
To rob th' unfolding flow'rs ;
And music melts in ev'ry grove,
To charm thy rural hours ;
The warbling lark, high-poiz'd in air,
Exerting all his pride,
Will strive to please Amelia fair,
Who pleases all beside.

YOUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight
He's ever unhappy when I'm from his sight !
He wants to be with me wherever I go ;
The deuce sure his in him for plaguing me so.
The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.
His pleasure all day is to sit by my side ;
He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide :
I bid him depart ; but he, smiling says No ;
The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.
The deuce, &c.

He often requests me his flame to relieve ;
I ask him what favour he hopes to receive ?
His answer's a sigh, while in blushes I glow ?
What mortal beside him would plague a maid so :
What

What mortal beside him would plague a maid so.
 This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the
 wake,
 And softly entreated I'd wear for his sake.
 Such trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow;
 I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so,
 I sure, &c.

He hands me each eve from the cot to the plain,
 And meets me each morn. to conduct me again
 But what's his intention I wish I could know,
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him
 so,
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him
 so,

HOW happy were my days till now!
 I ne'er did sorrow feel;

With joy I rose to milk my cow,
 Or take my spinning-wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
 Like any bird I sung,
 Till he pretended love, and I
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O the fool! the silly, silly fool,
 That trusts what man may be!
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.

ALL you who would wish to succeed with a
 lafs,

Learn how the affair's to be done;
 For, if you stand fooling, and shy like an ass,
 You'll lose her, as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all
 that,

As far as you please you may run;
 She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,

But jilt you, as sure as a gun.
 To worship, and call her bright goddesses, is fine;
 But, mark you the consequence, mun;
 The baggage will think herself really divine,
 And scorn you, as sure as a gun,
 Then be with a maiden bold, frolic, and stout,
 And no opportunity shun;
 She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll
 cry out,
 But mum-- she's as sure as a gun.

AT TEND, ye nymphs, while I impart
 The secret wishes of my heart,
 And tell what swain, if one there be,
 Whom fate designs for love and me.

Let reason o'er his thoughts preside,
 Let honour all his actions guide;
 Stedfast in virtue let him be,
 The swain design'd for love and me.

Let solid sense inform his mind,
 With pure good-nature sweetly join'd;
 Sure friend to modest merit be
 The swain design'd for love and me.

Where sorrow prompts the pensive sigh,
 Where grief bedews the drooping eye,
 Melting in sympathy I see
 The swain design'd for love and me,

Let fordid av'rice claim no part
 Within his tender, gen'rous heart;
 Oh! be that heart' from falsehood free,
 Devoted all to love and me,

AMORET AND PHILLIS.

AMORET.

SWEET Phillis, well met,
 The sun is just set,

To

To von myrtle's grove let's repair ;
 All nature's at rest,
 And none to molest,
 I've something to say to my fair.

PHILLIS.

No, no, subtle swain,
 Entreaties are vain,
 Persuade me to go you ne'er shall ;
 Night draws on a-pace,
 I must quit the place,
 The dew is beginning to fall.

AMORET,

Belive me, coy maid,
 By honour I'm sway'd,
 No fears need your bosom alarm ;
 The oak and the pine
 Their leaves kindly join,
 To shelter love's vot'ries from harm.

PHILLIS.

Your arts I despise ;
 My virtue I prize ;
 Though poor, I am richer than those
 Who, lost to all shame,
 Will barter their fame,
 For purchase of gold and fine cloaths.

AMORET.

You do me much wrong ;
 Such thoughts ne'er belong
 To the noble and generous breast ;
 I meant but to know
 If Phillis would go
 And let Hyman make Amoret blest'd,

PHILLIS.

If what you now say
 Your heart don't betray,
 It gives me much pleasure to find

My Amoret still
 A stranger to ill,
 And for wedlock's soft bondage inclin'd.

AMORET.

With joy I comply.

PHILLIS.

The dear nuptial tye

BOTH.

To-morrow two hearts shall unite.
 Ye lovers so true,
 Let virtue in you
 The same inclination excite.

WHEN I awake, with painful brow,
 Ere the cock begins to crow ;
 Tossing, tumbling, in my bed,
 Aching heart and aching head ;
 Pond'ring over human ills,
 Cruel bailiffs. taylor's bills ;
 Flush and Pam thrown up at Loo :
 When these sorrows strike my view,
 I cry——

And, to stop the gushing tear,
 Wipe it with the pillow-bier.

But when sportive ev'ning comes,
 Routs, ridottos, balls, and drums ;
 Casinos here, Festinos there,
 Mirth and pastime ev'ry where ;
 Seated by a sprightly lass,
 Smiling with the smiling glass :
 When these pleasures are my lot,
 Taylors, bailiffs, all forgot,

I laugh——

Careless' then, what may befall,
 Thus I shake my sides at all,
 Then, again, when I peruse,

O'er my tea, the morning news ;
 Disfmal tales of plunder'd houses'
 Wanton wives, and cuckold spouses ;
 When I read of money lent,
 At sixteen and a half per cent.

I cry——

But if, ere the muffin's gone,
 Simp'ring enters honest John ;
 " Sir Miss Lucy's at the door,
 " Waiting in a chaise and four, "
 Instant vanish all my cares,
 Swift I scamper down the stairs
 And laugh——

So may this indulgent throng,
 Who now, smiling, grace my song,
 Never more cry, oh ! oh ! oh !
 But join with me in ha ! ha ! ha !

TO thee, O ! gentle sleep: alone,
 Is owing all our peace ;
 By thee our joys are heighten'd shewn,
 By thee our sorrows cease.

The nymph, whose hand by fraud or force
 Some tyrant has possess'd,
 By thee obtaining a divorce,
 In her own choice is bless'd.

Oh ! stay, Arpasia bids the stay ;
 The sadly weeping fair
 Conjures thee not to lose, in day,
 The object of her care.

To grasp whose pleasing form she sought
 That motion chaf'd her sleep :
 Thus by ourselves are often wrought
 The griefs for which we weep.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close to a
 grove,
 To hide from the heat of the day ;

And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,
 Among the sweet violets lay :
 A young lambkin' it seems, had been stole from
 it's dam,

('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot)
 That Corydon might, as he search'd for his
 lamb,

Arrive at the critical spot.

As thro' the green hedge for his lambkin he
 peeps,

He saw the fair nymph with surprise ;
 Ye gods, if so killing, he cry'd, while she sleeps,
 I'm lost if she opens her eyes ;

To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
 I'll homeward my lambkin to trace.

But in vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
 For love held him fast to the place.

Cease, cease, pretty birds, what a chirping you
 keep,

I think you too loud on the spray ;
 Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's
 asleep,

You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day.
 How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet
 maid !

Her cheeks he mistakes for the rose :
 I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid
 My boldness would break her repose.

Then Phillis look'd up with a languishing
 smile,

Kind shepherd, said she, you mistake ;
 I laid myself down for to rest me awhile,
 But trust me I was not asleep

The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a
 bow,

He plac'd himself down by her side ;
 And manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,
 But yesterday made her his bride.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,

Who at Black-friars Bridge us'd for to ply?
He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,

Winning each heart, and delighting each eye:
He look'd so neat, and row'd so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily;
And heey'd the young rogues with so charming an air,

That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,

'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted withal!

He was always first oars, when the fine city ladies,

In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes wou'd they be gigling and leering,

But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering;

For loving, or liking, he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen;

As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,

He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,

That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall.

And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow.

He'd wed her to-night, before it was morrow:
And how should this waterman ever know care,

When he's marry'd, and never in want of a fare?

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you:

For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong:

But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong:

For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

YE sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too,

Who delights in the joys of the field;
Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
And no one the contest will yield.

His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace,
A hunting continually go;
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chase;
Hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,
To hunt for a mortgage or deed;

The husband gets up, at the sound of the horn
And rides to the commons full speed:

The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game;
The poet, too, often lays low,

Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

While, fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands,
we sweep,

Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,
How

How oft do they decency's bounds over-leap,
 And the fences of virtue break down.
 Thus, public or private, for pension, for place,
 For amusement, for passion, for shew,
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

THO' man has long boasted an absolute sway,
 While woman's hard fate was love, honour, obey;
 At length over wedlock fair liberty dawns,
 And the lords of creation must pull in their horns;
 For Hymen among ye proclaims his decree,
 When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

Away with your doubts, your surmises, and fears,
 'Tis Venus beats up for her gay volunteers;
 Enlist at her banner, you'll vanquish with ease,
 And make of your husbands what creatures you please;
 To arms then, ye fair ones, and let the world see,
 When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

The rights of your sex, wou'd you e'er see restor'd,
 Your tongues shou'd be us'd as a two-edged sword;
 That ear-piercing weapon each husband must dread,
 Who thinks of the marks you may place on his head:
 Then wisely unite, till the men all agree,
 That woman, dear woman, shall ever be free.
 No more shall the wife, all meek as a lamb,
 Be subject to, Zounds! do you know who I am?

Domestic politeness shall flourish again,
 When women take courage to govern the men;
 Then stand to your charter, and let the world see,
 Tho' husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

TO heal the smart a bee had made
 Upon my Chloë's face,
 Honey upon her cheek she laid,
 And bid me kiss the place.
 Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart;
 The honey on my lips I found,
 The sting within my heart.

HOW harmless and sweet are the joys of the plain,
 When, quitting the village, each nymph and her swain
 The piper's loud summons obey;
 While shines the bright moon, radiant queen
 of the night,
 And silv'ring the meadows, looks down with delight,
 To see jolly mortals so gay.

AURELIA.
 Come, Julia, add one to the throng
 That trip it the valley along:
 The sound of our feet,
 Pleas'd echo shall beat,
 And mimic each clofe of our song.

DAMON.
 Aurelia, my charmer, away!
 For once, turn the night into day;
 The joys of the wake,
 Ale, cyder, and cake,
 Forbid any longer delay.

H

MORSUS.

MOPSUS.

Bold youth, your addressee decline;
 The choice of these damsels resign:
 Tho' grey are my locks,
 The herds and the flocks
 That graze round the village are mine.

DAMON.

Permit me to ask, as a friend,
 To which of these girls you pretend?
 Your plea shall be try'd,
 The fair-one decide,
 And contest in union shall end.

DELIA.

Tho', Mopsus, your riches I know,
 That plea I shall never allow;
 For while a full bowl
 My thirst can controul,
 Unheeded a river may flow.

PHILLIS.

Good farmer! since female decree
 All parties must bring to agree;
 Let Colin be mine,
 Thy self I decline;
 Content and a cottage for me.

JULIA.

To end fruitless cavils and noise,
 Take, Stephon, my hand and my voice:
 Away age and crosses,
 A coach and six horses
 Shan't draw me away from my choice.

TO make the most of fleeting time,
 Shou'd be our great endeavour:
 For love we both are in our prime,
 The time is now or never.

A thousand charms around you play;
 No girl more bright or clever,
 Then let us both agree to-day,
 To-morrow will be never.

I ne'er shall be a better man,
 I burn with love's high fever;
 Pray now be kind, I know you can,
 You must not answer never.

Whilst you, thus, Chloe, turn aside,
 You frustrate my endeavour;
 That face will fade, come down that pride,
 Your time is now or never.

Ere for yourself or me too late,
 Say now, you're mine for ever;
 I may be snatch'd by care or fate,
 My time is now or never.

I Do as I will with my swain,
 He never once thinks I am wrong;
 He likes none so well on the plain,
 I please him so well with my song.
 A song is the shepherd's delight;
 He hears me with joy all the day;
 He's sorry when comes the dull night,
 That hastens the end of my lay.

With spleen and with care once oppress'd,
 He ask'd me to sooth him the while;
 My voice set his mind all to rest,
 And the shepherd would instantly smile.
 Since when, or in mead, or in grove,
 By his flocks or the clear river-side,
 I sing my best songs to my love,
 And to charm him is grown all my pride.

No beauty had I to endear,
 No treasure of nature, or art;
 But my voice, which had gain'd on his ear,
 Soon found out the way to his heart:

To try if that voice would not please,
He took me to join the gay throng;
I won the rich prize with much ease,
And my fame's gone abroad with my song.

But let me not jealousy raise,
I wish to enchant but my swain;
Enough then for me is his praise,
I sing but for him the lov'd strain.
When youth, wealth and beauty may fail,
And your shepherds elude all your skill,
Your sweetness of song may prevail,
And gain all your swains to your will.

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends and
ye neighbours,

The lovers their bliss can no longer delay;
Forget all your sorrows, your care, and your
labours,

And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to-day:
Ye vot'ries all, attend to my call,

Come revel in pleasures that never can cloy.
Come, see rural felicity,

Which love and innocence ever enjoy.
Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,

Still croud to, and beat at the breast of the
great;

To such wretched passions we give no admission,
But leave them alone to the wise-ones of
state;

We boast of no wealth, but contentment and
health,

In mirth and in friendship our moments em-
ploy.

Come, see rural felicity, &c.

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring
pleasure,

With reason we drink of the full-flowing
bowl;

Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,
For fatal excess will enslave the free soul.
Then come at our bidding to this happy wed-
ding,

No care shall intrude, here, our bliss to annoy.
Come, see rural felicity, &c.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,

Young Willy won my heart,
A blyther swain you could na see

All beauty without art,
Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wond'rous bonny;

And Willy says he'll marry me
Gin e'er he'll marry ony.

O came you by yon water-side
Pull'd you the rose or lily,

Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willy.

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.

Syne now the trees are in their bloom

And flow'rs spread o'er ika field,

I'll meet my lad among the broom

And lead him to my summer's shield.

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd, one
evening in May,

The little birds, in blitheest notes, made vo-
cal ev'ry lay:

They sung their little tales of love, they sung
them o'er and o'er.

Ah! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma Molly
ahtore!

The daisy py'd, and all the sweets, the down
of nature yields,

The primrose pale, and violet blue, lay scatter'd
o'er the fields;

Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom
I adore.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my
sad fate,

That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and
cruel Molly's hate;

How can she break the honest heart that wears
her in it's core?

Ah! gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear: Ah! why
did I believe?

Yet who could think such tender words were
meant but to deceive?

That love was all I ask'd on earth, nay, Heav'n
could give no more.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

O! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder
yellow hill,

Or low'd for me the num'rous herds that yon
green pasture fill;

With her I love, I'd gladly share my kine and
fleece store.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

Two turtle-doves, above my head, sat courting
on a bough,

I envy'd them their happiness, to see them bill
and cop;

Such fondness once for me she shew'd, but
now, alas! 'tis o'er.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear, thy loss
I e'er shall mourn;

While life remains in Strephon's heart, 'twill
beat for thee alone;

Tho' thou art false, may Heav'n on thee it's
choicest blessings pour.

Ah! gramachree, &c.

WHEN primrose sweet bedecks the year,

And sportive lambkins play,

When lilies in each vale appear,

And music wakes the day:

With joy I meet my shepherd swain

Come tripping o'er the lawn;

Then hand in hand we range the plain,

To hail the rosy dawn.

Well pleas'd I hear his artless tale,

While rural scenes delight;

Beneath the beach in yonder dale,

His music charms the night.

When morn returns, I meet my swain

Come tripping o'er the lawn;

Then hand in hand we range the plain,

To hail the rosy dawn.

Without a blush to church I'll haste

With him who has my heart;

While love invites, no time I'll waste,

No more we'll ever part:

And when returning with my swain,

We trip it o'er the lawn;

While hand in hand we range the plain,

We'll hail the rosy dawn.

WHILST a captive to your charms,

I enfold you in my arms;

When I sigh and swear I'm true,

Think I love no girl but you;

But when I say your face is fair,

And all of you beyond compare,

Praise your mind and temper too,

Love but him who loves but you.

Whilst I doat upon you more

Than shepherd did on nymph before,

Can you bid the world adieu.

Can you love, as I love you?

O'er lands and waves with you I'll fly,

With you I'll live, with you I'll die;

Whate'er you'll have of me I'll do;
 Then think I none can love but you.
 Whilst I breath my ardent flame,
 Has your bosom caught the same?
 Let me have, dear girl, my due;
 Love him, then, who loves but you.
 Sweet your look, and fond your sigh,
 To my wishes now comply:
 Hymen claims, to-day, his due;
 Love me, then, as I love you.

GUARDIAN Angels, now protect me,
 Send, ah! send the youth I love;
 Deign O Cupid, to direct me,
 Lead me through the myrtle grove.
 Bear my sighs, soft floating air,
 Say I love him to despair;
 Tell him 'tis for him I grieve,
 For him alone I wish to live.
 'Mid secluded dells I'll wander,
 Silent as the shades of night,
 Near some bubbling rill's meander
 Where he erst has blest my sight;
 There to weep the night away,
 There to waste in sighs the day.
 Think, fond youth, what vows you swore,
 And must I never see thee more?
 Then recluse shall be my dwelling,
 Deep in some sequester'd vale,
 There with mournful accents swelling
 Oft repeat my love-sick tale;
 And the lark and Philomel
 Oft shall hear a virgin tell
 What the pain to bid adieu
 To joy, to happiness, and you.

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
 The live-long summer's day,

Till we were almost spoil'd,
 At making of the hay.
 Her kerchy was of Holland clear,
 Ty'd to her bonny brow;
 I whisper'd something in her ear;
 But what is that to you?
 Her stockings were of kersy green,
 And tight as ony silk;
 O, sic a leg was never seen!
 Her skin was white as milk.
 Her hair was black as ane could wish,
 And sweet, sweet was her mou!
 Ah! Jeany daintily can kiss;
 But what is that to you?

The rose and lily baith combine
 To make my Jeany fair:
 There is nae benison like mine,
 I have amais't nae care.
 But when another swain, my fair,
 Shall say you're fair to view;
 Let Jeanny whisper in his ear,
 Pray what is that to you?

O The days when I was young!
 When I laugh'd in fortune's spight,
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crown'd the night.

Then it was, old father care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown;
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.
 O the days, &c.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
 Why, I vow. I ne'er could see;
 Let the water-drinkers tell,
 There it always lay for me;

For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I fall ^{ood's} mark;
 Put still honest truth I found,
 In the bottom of each flask!
 O the days, &c.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey!
 Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire,
 Still, beneath thy age's frost,
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.
 O the days, &c.

BY mossy brook and flow'ry plain,
 I fondly seek my shepherd swain;
 Tell me, sweet maidens, have ye seen
 The gentle Damon on the green:
 Avoid the danger while you may,
 He'll steal your tender hearts away.

Persuasion smiles whenever he speaks,
 And rosy dimples deck his cheeks,
 Blooming as health, as Hebe fair,
 The graces twine his auburn hair;
 Loves in his sunny eye-beams play,
 That stole my tender heart away.

Sweet wreaths of flow'rs he wove for me,
 Last night beneath the hawthorn-tree;
 Bewitching are his tales of love,
 Propitious may they ever prove:
 For Damon, gentle, kind, and gay,
 Has stole my tender heart away.

AS Hebe was tending her sheep to other day,
 Where the warblers whistle and sing,
 A rural young swain came tripping that way,
 As brisk and as blithe as a king.

The youth was a stranger to trouble and care,
 Contentment e'er guided his will,
 Yet ever regarded the smiles of the fair,
 Though always bred up in a mill.

Love stole in his breast at the sight of the maid,
 For he could not her charms but adore;
 "And if thou art cruel, dear Hebe," he said,
 "I surely shall love you the more."
 Such tenderness melted her into surprize,
 (For Hebe was never unkind)
 And all of a sudden love glow'd in her eyes,
 Which spoke the dictates of her mind.

They sat themselves down at the foot of a hill,
 And chatted together so free,
 Till Ralph, the young swain, made signs to
 the mill,
 Whilst clasping the nymph on his knee;
 And thus, in a transport, the miller reply'd,
 "Thy charms, dearest girl, are divine!"
 Then press'd her sweet lips, and with rapture
 he cry'd,
 "O Hebe consent to be mine."

She listen'd attentive to all his request,
 And freely comply'd to his will;
 And now, to her solace, she's married, and blest
 With honest young Ralph of the mill.
 Peace follows their footsteps wherever they go,
 In bliss all their hours are spent;
 But, leaders of fashion, I'd have you to know,
 Their "happiness flows from content."

SWEET thrush, that makes the vernal year
 Sweeter than Flora can appear,
 As Philomel attends thy lay,
 She envies the return of day.
 The tuneful lyre, and swelling flute,
 At thy rich warbling shall be mute.

Vocal minstrel, thy soft lay
Treasures up and ends the May.

Hark ! how the black-bird wooes his love,
The skill'd musician of the grove ;
On thorn, as perch'd, he nobly sings,
A cadence for the ear of kings ;
Sublime and soft, gay and serene,
A virginal to hail a queen.
Nature's music thus improves
All the graces and the loves.

PALEMON, seated by his fav'rite maid,
The sylvan scenes with extasy survey'd ;
Nothing could make the fond Alexis gay,
For Daphne had been absent half the day ;
Dar'd by Palemon for a pastoral prize,
Reluctant (in his turn) Alexis tries.

PALEMON.

This breeze by the river how charming and
soft !

How smooth the grass carpet ! how green !
Sweet, sweet sings the lark, as he carols
aloft ;

His music enlivens the scene.
A thousand fresh flow'rets unusually gay,
The fields and the forests adorn ;
I pluck'd me some roses--the children of May !
And could not find one with a thorn.

ALEXIS.

The skies are quite clouded — too bold is the
breeze !

Dull vapours descend on the plain ;
The verdure's all blasted that cover'd yon trees
The birds' cannot compass a strain !
In search for a chaplet my temples to bind,
All day as I silently rove,
I can't find a flow'ret, not one to my mind,
In meadow, in garden, or grove.

PALEMON.

I ne'er saw the hedge in such excellent bloom,
The lambkins more wantonly gay !
My cows seem to breathe a more pleasing per-
fume,
And brighter than common the day !
If any dull shepherd should foolishly ask,
So rich why the landscapes appear ?
To give a right answer, how easy my task !
Because my sweet Phillida's here.

ALEXIS.

The stream that so muddy move slowly along,
Once roll'd in a beautiful tide ;
It seem'd o'er the pebbles to murmur a song,
But Daphne sat then by my side :
See---see---the sweet maid o'er the meadow she
hies !

Quite alter'd already the scene !
How limpid the stream is ! how gay the blue
skies !
The hills and the hedges how green !

I N a sweet healthy air, on a farm of my own,
Half a mile from the church, and just two
from a town,
Diversions and business I vary for ease,
But your fine folks of London may do as they
please.

By my freehold, 'tis true, I'm entitled to vote ;
But, because I will never be wrong, if I know't,
I'll adhere to no one, till each party agrees ;
But your fine folks at London, &c.

Tho' sixty, and upwards, I never knew pain,
My Goody's as ancient, yet does not complain ;
From the flocks of my own I wear coats of
warm frize ;
But your fine folks of London, &c.

I ne'er was at law in the course of my life,
Nor injur'd a neighbour in daughter or wife;
To the poor have lent money, but never took
fees,

But your fine folks at London, &c.

I ne'er had ambition to visit the great,
Yet honour my king, and will stand by the state,
By the church, and dear freedom, in all it's
degrees;

But your fine folks at London may do as they
please.

AS thro' the grove I chanc'd to stray,
I met young Phillis on her way;
I flew like lightning to her arms,
And gaz'd in rapture on her charms;
Her looks reveal'd a modest flame,
But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

With eager haste I stole a kiss,
Which blushing Phillis took amiss;
She push'd me from her with a frown,
And call'd me bold presuming clown;
While I confess'd myself to blame,
But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

In tender sighs I told my love,
And pledg'd my faith on things above;
But she, like all her sex, was coy,
And, tho' I swore, would not comply;
Yet I perceiv'd she met my flame,
But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

When this I saw, I quickly cry'd,
Will lovely Phillis be my bride;
For hark, I hear the tinkling-bell;
To church let's go? it pleas'd her well;
And soon a kind compliance came,
But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

Now Hymen's bands have made us one,
The joys we taste to few are known,

No jealous fears our bosoms move.
For constant each, we truly love;
She now declares I'm not to blame,
Nor longer cries, O fye for shame.

DAMON.

HASTE, haste, Phillis, haste! 'tis the first
of the May;
Hark, the goldfinches sing, to the woods let's
away:
We'll pluck the pale primrose; nay, start not
my dear,
I've something to whisper alone in your ear.

PHILLIS.

Excuse me, fond swain; it has often been said
The wood is unsafe for a maiden to tread;
And a wither'd old gipsy, one day I espy'd,
Bade me shun the thick wood, and said some-
thing beside.

DAMON.

'Tis all a mere fable, there's nothing to fright,
There's music all day, and no spectres at night;
No creature but Cupid, believe me, is there;
And Cupid's an urchin you surely can't fear.

PHILLIS.

For all I could say, when arriv'd at the wood,
Who knows your designs; you might dare to
be rude!
So I bid you farewell, and confess I'm afraid,
Lest Cupid and you are too hard for a maid.

DAMON.

His dictates you wisely at once shou'd approve;
For, pray what is life? 'tis a pain without love:
Think how youth, like the rose, tho' unga-
ther'd, will fade;
Then quickly comply, lest you die an old maid.

PHILLIS.

By language as artful poor Daphne was won ;
Thus courted, she yielded, was trick'd and
undone :

And rather than trust the fine things you have
said,

Let my beauty decay, and I die an old maid.

DAMON.

Believe not I'm faithless and false as the wind,
I'll be true as the turtle, as fond and as kind ;
Will lead you to pleasures untasted before,
And make you my bride: can a mortal do more?

PHILLIS.

Then at once I comply, for I cannot say, no ;
To-morrow to church with my shepherd I'll go ;
To the wood next tho' Cupid so talk'd of be
there,

With joy I'll away, and adieu to all fear.

PHILLIS.

Ye nymphs to the wood never venture to go ;
Till the priest joins your hand, you must an-
swer, no, no.

DAMON.

Ye swains, should your fair ones be deaf to
you still,

You must wear the soft chain, then they'll go
where you will.

I Met young Damon, t'other day,
And near me as he drew,
No swain, methought, e'er look'd so gay ;
Upon my word 'tis true.

With ardent bliss, my lips he prest ;
Pray, what could Phillis do?

I frown'd, but faith I frown'd in jest ;
Upon my word 'tis true.

The shepherd sigh'd, and talk'd of love ;

(A theme to me quite new)

Of angels — Heav'n — and pow'rs above ;

And vow'd that all was true.

My bosom throb'd, I knew not why,

As still more fond he grew —

I listen'd to his tale with joy ;

Upon my word 'tis true.

Let Damon now be blest, he cry'd,

And fondly to me flew ;

His freedom vain I strove to chide ;

Upon my word 'tis true.

With blushes spread I look'd consent,

Felt joys but known to few ;

For then I found what Damon meant,

And all he said was true.

WAS Nanny but a rural maid,

And I her only swain,

To tend her flocks in verdant mead,

And on the verdant plain ;

Oh ! how I'd pipe upon my reed,

To please my lovely maid ;

While of all sense of care we're freed,

Beneath an oaken shade.

When lambkins under hedges bleat,

And rain seems in the sky ;

Then to our oaken safe retreat,

We'd both together hie !

There I'd repeat my vows of love

Unto my charming fair,

Whilst her dear flutt'ring heart would prove

A mind like mine sincere.

Let others fancy courtly joys,

I'd live in rural ease ;

Then grandeur, bustle, pride, and noise,

Could ne'er my fancy please.

In

In Nanny ev'ry joy combines,
 With grace and blooming youth,
 Sincerity and virtue shines,
 With modesty and truth.

WAFT, O Cupid! to Leander
 Sighs that rend my tender breast;
 Whilst I stray in groves meander,
 Bid him fly to make me blest.

Purling rills be gently flowing,
 Op'ning glades your sweets distill;
 Sooth a heart's incessant glowing,
 With content my fancy fill.

Haste, ah, haste! my lover to me,
 Fear not, now, my cold disdain:
 While, sweet shepherd, you pursue me,
 To keep my heart I strive in vain.

OH, Damon, believe not your Jenny's untrue
 Nor think that she's false and inconstant
 to you;

Think you tow'ring mount of itself shall remove
 Ere, Damon, you doubt of the truth of my love.

You clear crystal stream shall the mountains
 o'erflow,

And on the hard rock the pale primrose shall
 blow;

In quest of the lion the lambkin shall range,
 Ere Jenny's fix'd passion shall lessen or change

Upon the smooth green, when the shepherds
 advance,

To hail May's return, with the tabor and
 dance,

If Damon is absent, I quit the glad throng,
 And join my complaints to the nightingale's
 song.

The pain which I suffer my flock seems to know
 And frolick and play as to lessen my woe;

I cry, Cease, dear lambkins, you sporting and
 play,

You cannot delight while my Damon's away.

No toil shall discomfort while Damon's in sight,
 The sun's piercing rays can in summer delight;
 And winter's rude tempests shall still find me
 gay,

For, blest with my shepherd, each month will
 be May.

AS I went to the wake that is held on the
 green,

I met with young Phebe, as blithe as a queen;
 A form so divine might an anchoret move,
 And I found (tho' a clown) I was smitten
 with love:

So I ask'd for a kiss, but she, blushing reply'd
 Indeed, gentle shepherd, you must be deny'd.

Lovely Phebe, I cry'd, don't affect to be shy;
 I vow I will kiss you--here's nobody by;

No matter for that, she reply'd, 'tis the same;
 For know, silly shepherd, I value my fame:

So pray let me go, I shall surely be miss'd;
 Besides, I'm resolv'd that I will not be kiss'd.

Lord bless me! I cry'd, I'm surpriz'd you re-
 fuse;

A few harmless kisses but serve to amuse:
 The month it is May, and the season for love,

So come my dear girl, to the wake let us rove.
 No, Damon, she cry'd, I must first be your wife

You then shall be welcome to kiss me for life.

Well, come then, I cry'd, to the church let
 us go,

But after dear Phebe must never say no.
 Do you prove but true, (she reply'd) you shall
 find

I'll ever be constant, good-humour'd and kind
 So

So I kiss when I please, for she ne'er says she
won't,

And I kiss her so much, that I wonder she don't

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from
the tree,

Which, oh! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted
by thee;

As a relick I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine;

What comes from thy hand must be ever
divine.

All shall yield to the mulberry-tree;

Bend to thee

Bless'd mulberry;

Matchless was he

That planted thee,

And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,

Who spread round your branches, whose heads
sweep the sky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought
here,

To root out the natives at prices so dear:

All shall, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our
coast:

Of the fir we make ships: there are thousands
that fight;

But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can
write.

All shall, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flow'rs;
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest
of fruit.

All shall, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-let-
ter'd birch

Supplies law and physic, and grace for the
church;

But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
He gives the best physic for body and mind.

All shall, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;
From him and his merits this takes it's degree:

Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and
vine,

The tree of our Shakespeare is still more
divine.

All shall, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the
bright day,

More rapture than wine to the heart can
convey;

So the tree which he planted, by making his
own,

Has the laurel and bays, and the vine, all in one
All shall, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hollow tree,

From folly and fashion a charm let it be;

Let's fill to the planter the cup to the brim,

To honour your country, do honour to him.

All shall, &c.

THE smiling morn, the blooming spring,

Invite the chearful birds to sing;

And, while they warble on each spray,

Love melts the universal lay:

Let us, Amanda, timely wife,

Like them improve the hour that flies,

And in soft raptures waste the day

Among the birks of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,

And age, life's winter, will appear:

At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade :
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more ;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Endermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
Gambol and dance about their dams ;
The busy bee, with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice :
Let us, like them, then, sing and play,
About the birks of Endermay.

A Jolly brisk tar, but a little time since,
As bold as a beggar, as drunk as a prince
Fell foul of an ale-house, and thinking it fin
To pass without calling, reel'd jovially in.

Derry down, &c.

Scarce seated was he, when the landlord pass'd
by,
With pudding and beef, which attracted Jack's
eye ;

By the main-mast, a sail, boys ! then he leapt
from his place,
And grasping his bludgeon, gave orders for
chase.

Derry down, &c.

Now it happened together some Frenchmen
were met,

Resolving soup-meagre and frogs to forget,
Convinc'd of their error, commanded this
feast,

To be dress'd and serv'd up in the old English
taste.

Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord the sailor appears,
And makes the room ring with three British
cheers ;

Then he sits himself down without further
debate,

And claps an old quid in his next neighbour's
plate.

Derry down, &c.

Sure nothing could equal the Frenchmen's
surprize,

When they shrugg'd up their shoulders, and
turn'd up their eyes ;

From one dropt a ha, and the other a hem,
All gap'd at the landlord, the landlord at them.

Derry down, &c.

One, more bold than the rest, by his brethren's
advice,

Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice ;
Jack, cutting his hand, quickly gave him a
check,

Cry'd, Down with your arms, or I'll soon
sweep the deck.

Derry down, &c.

The landlord enrag'd, now approach'd from
afar,

And sneaking behind, seiz'd the arms of the
tar ;

I have him, says he, but he cou'd say no more,
Ere he found his dull pate where his heels
stood before.

Derry down, &c.

The landlord thus sprawling, the Frenchmen
unite,

Each takes up his knife and prepares for the
fight,

Of

Of quarters, cries Jack, I wou'd not have you think ;

Strike, strike, you frog-eaters, strike, strike, or you sink.

Derry down, &c.

So saying, he handled his trusty oak stick,
And pour'd in his broad-side so stout and so thick ;

So well play'd his part, in a minute, that four
Were decently laid with their host on the floor.

Derry down, &c.

The rest all dismay'd at their countrymen's fate
For fear that Jack's stick should alight on their pate,

Acknowledg'd him victor, and lord of the main
Withal humbly intreating to bury their slain.

Derry down, &c.

Three cheers then he gave, but insisted that they,

For the beef, for the pudding and porter should pay :

They agreed ; so the sailor reel'd off with his wench,

And sung as he reel'd, Down, down with the French.

Derry down, &c.

BY the side of the sweet River Tay,
Or else on the banks of the Tweed,

Young Colin he whistles all day,

Or merrily pipes on his reed.

His mind is a stranger to care,

For he is blithe, bonny, and free ;

At harvest, at wake, and at fair,

No swain is so chearful as he.

At eve, when we dance on the green,

How sprightly he joins in the throng ;

So pleasing his air and his mein,

So gaily he trips it along !

The lasses his manners adore,

And strive his affections to gain ;

When absent, for him they deplore,

All sigh for the smiles of the swain.

But I am the girl to his mind,

He chose me above all the rest,

And vows that to me he'll be kind,

With me he will ever be blest.

The maidens all envy my bliss,

And tell me I'm simple and vain ;

Yet I'm not displeased at this,

Nor heed their contempt and disdain.

TOO long the rhimesters of the age,

Those scribbling sons of strife,
Have dar'd a crow-quill war to wage

With dames of higher life,

I am the sex's championess,

And now stand forth alone,

Prepar'd to rescue and redress

The ladies of the Ton.

Ye fair who taste and fashion love,

I summon to my song,

To all the world I'll plainly prove,

We never can do wrong.

Tho' trifling duties we neglect,

To modish life unknown,

'Tis sense and reason still direct

The ladies of the Ton.

If glad we seek the midnight hour,

Which others snore away,

'Tis but to reconsider more

The labours of the day.

If all the night we pass at whist,
'Tis for reflection done,
In hopes our mem'ries to assist,
And fit us for the Ton.

If, dreading pointed ridicule,
To husbands we seem loth,
And with our lovers play the fool,
'Tis tenderness for both,
For kind to these the world derides,
And harsh to those they moan,
So pure compassion only guides
The ladies of the Ton.

If in our coaches bent in two,
We're tortur'd every day,
It proves how much we can go through.
When fashion leads the way.
Then mark it's pow'r, ye belles and finarts,
For fashion, have I shewn,
May break the necks, if not the hearts,
Of ladies of the Ton.

WHERE new-mown hay, on winding Tay,
The sweets of spring discloses,
As I one morning singing lay
Upon a bank of roses,
Young Jamie, whisking o'er the mead,
By good luck chanc'd to spy me,
He took his bonnet off his head,
And gently sat down by me.
O my bonny Jamie, O!
I care not tho' the world should know
How dearly I love Jamie, O!

The swain, tho' I right mickle prize,
Yet now I wad na ken him,
But with a frown my heart disguis'd,
And strave away to send him;

But fondly he still nearer press'd,
And, at my feet down lying,
His beating heart it thump'd so fast,
I thought the lad was dying.
O my bonny Jamie, &c.

But still resolving to deny,
And angry accents feigning,
I often roughly shot him by,
With words fu' of disdain;
He seiz'd my hand, and nearer drew,
And gently chiding a' my pride,
So sweetly did the shepherd woo,
I, blushing, vow'd to be his bride.
O my bonny Jamie, O!
I care not tho' the world should know
How dearly I love Jamie, O!

WHEN Jove was resolv'd to create the
round earth,
He suborn'd the virtues divine;
Young Bacchus he sat præcedent of mirth;
And the toast was, wit, women, and wine.
The sentiment tickled the ear of each god;
Apollo he wink'd to the nine;
And Venus gave Mars, too, a sly wanton nod,
When she drank to wit, women, and wine.
Old Jove shook his sides, and the cup put
around,
While Juno, for once, look'd divine;
These blessings, says he, shall on earth now
abound,
And the toast is, wit, women, and wine.
These are joys worthy gods, which to mortals
are giv'n,
Says Momus: who will not repine?

For

For what's worth our notice, pray tell me, in
heav'n,

If men have wit, women, and wine.

This joke you'll repent, I'll lay fifty to seven ;
Such attractions no pow'r can decline ;
Old Jove, by yourself you'll soon keep house
in heav'n,

For we follow wit, women, and wine.

Thou'rt right, says old Jove, let us hence to
the earth,

Men and gods think variety fine ;

Who'd stay in the clouds, when good-nature
and mirth

Are below, with wit, women, and wine ?

WHILE the lads of the village shall mer-
rily, ah !

Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along ;
And I say unto thee, that verily, ah !

Thou and I will be first in the throng.
While the lads, &c.

Just then, when the swain who last year won
the dow'r,

With his mates shall the sports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladness resounds from
each bow'r,

And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.
While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless, what mortal
can blame ?

'Tis my maxim, that youth should be free ;
And to prove that my words and my deeds are
the same,

Believe me, thou'lt presently see.

While the lads, &c.

COME, ye lads who wish to shine,
Bright in future story !

Haste to arms, and form the line

That leads to martial glory !

Charge the musquet, point the lance,

Brave the worst of dangers ;

Tell the blust'ring sons of France

That we to fear are strangers.

Britain, when the lion's rous'd,

And her flag is rearing,

Always finds her sons dispos'd

To drub the foe that's daring.

Charge the musquet, &c.

Hearts of oak, with speed advance

Pour your naval thunder

On the trembling shores of France,

And strike the world with wonder.

Charge the musquet, &c.

Honour for the brave to share

Is the noblest booty ;

Guard your coast, protect the fair,

For that's a Briton's duty.

What if Spain, to take their parts,

Form a base alliance ;

All unite, and English hearts

May bid the world defiance.

Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,

Manly and united ;

Danger face, maintain your ground,

And see your country righted !

SOUND the fife---beat the drum----to my
standard repair,

All ye lads who will conquer or die ;

At request of my sex, as a captain I'm here,

I 2

The

The men's courage and valour to try :
'Tis your king and your country now call for
your aid,

And the ladies command you to go ;
By me they announce it, and you, who're afraid
Or refuse, our vengeance shall know.

Then first to the single--these things I declare,
(So each maiden most firmly decrees,)

Not a kiss will be granted, by black, brown,
or fair ;

Not an ogle, a sigh, or a squeeze.

To the married---if they but look glum, or
fay, No,

Should the monsieur dare bluster or huff,
We've determined, nem. con. that their fore-
heads shall shew----

A word to the wife is enough.

These punishments we've in terrorem pro-
claim'd ;

But still, should your courage be lacking,
As our dernier resort. this resolve shall be
nam'd,

Which, egad ! will soon send you all packing
We'll the breeches assume---'pon my honour
'tis true !---

So determine, maids, widows, and wives ;
First we'll march----beat the French---then
march back, and beat you---

Aye, and wear 'em the rest of our lives.

MY time, O ye muses ! was happily spent,
When Phebe went with me wherever I
went ;

Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast ;
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest !
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find !

When things were as fine as could possibly be ;
I thought 'twas the spring, but, alas ! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep ;
I was so good-humour'd, so chearful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known ;
My fair-one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd
And my heart, I am sure, weighs more than
a pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear :
But now she is absent, I walk by it's side,
And still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide ;
Must you be so chearful, while I go in pain !
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me
complain !

When my lambkins around me would often-
times play,
And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their sporting, how happy the
time,

When spring, love, and beauty, were all in
their prime !

But now in their frolicks when by me they
pass,

I fling at their fleeces an handful of grass :
Be still, then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see,
Come wagging his tail to my fair-one and me ;
And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
Come hither, poor fellow ; and patted his head.

But

But now, when he's fawning, I with a frow look
Cry, Sirrah ! and gave him a blow with my
crook :

And I'll give him another ; for why should
not Tray

Be as dull as his master, when Phebe's away.

When walking with Phebe, what sights have
I seen !

How fair was the flower, how fresh was the
green !

What a lovely appearance the trees and the
shade,

The corn-fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing
made !

But since she has left me, though all are still
there,

They none of them now so delightful appear ;
'Twas nought but the magick, I find, of her
eyes,

Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood
thro',

The lark, linnet, thristle, and nightingale too ;

Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,

And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet :

But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,

The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone ;

Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,

Gave ev'ry thing else it's agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue ?

And where is the violet's beautiful blue ?

Does aught of it's sweetness the blossoms be-
guile ?

That meadow, those daisies, why do they not
smile ?

Ah ! rivals ! I see what it was that you drest

And made yourselves fine for ; a place in her
breast :

You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die :

How slowly time creeps, till my Phebe return ;
While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool breezes I

burn ;

Methinks, if I knew whereabout he would
tread,

I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould
melt down the lead.

Fly swifter ye minutes, bring hither my dear ;

And rest so much longer for't, when she is
here.

Ah ! Colin ! old time is so full of delay,

Nor will budge one foot faster, for all thou
canst say.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain ;
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain ?

To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion
remove :

But what swain is so silly to live without love ?

No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,

For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.

Ah ! what shall I do ! I shall die with despair !

Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so
fair :

TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,

And guide my lonely way,

To where yon taper cheers the vale

With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,

With fainting steps and slow :

Where wilds, immeasurably spread,

Seem lengthening as I go.

Forbear, my son, (the hermit cries,)
 To tempt the dangerous gloom;
 For yonder phantom only flies
 To lure thee to thy doom.
 Here to the houseless child of want,
 My door is open still;
 And tho' my portion is but scant,
 I give it with good will.
 Then turn to-night, and freely share
 Whate'er my cell bestows;
 My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
 My blessing and repose.
 No flocks that range the valley free,
 To slaughter I condemn:
 Taught by that Power that pities me,
 I learn to pity them.
 But from the mountain's grassy side,
 A guiltless feast I bring;
 A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
 And water from the spring.
 Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,
 For earth-born cares are wrong:
 Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long.
 Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
 His gentle accents fell:
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.
 Far in a wilderness obscure,
 The lonely mansion lay;
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
 And stranger led astray.
 No stores beneath it's humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care;

The wicket opening with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.
 And now when busy crowds retire
 To revels or to rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest:
 And spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily prest, and smil'd;
 And skill'd in legendary lore,
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.
 Around in sympathetic mirth
 It's tricks the kitten tries;
 The cricket chirrups on the hearth;
 The crackling faggot flies.
 But nothing could a charm impart
 To soothe the stranger's woe;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.
 His rising cares the hermit 'spy'd,
 With answering cares oppress'd:
 And whence, unhappy youth, (he cry'd,)
 The sorrows of thy breast?
 From better habitations spurn'd,
 Reluctant dost thou rove;
 Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 Or unregarded love?
 Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
 Are trifling, and decay;
 And those that prize the paltry things,
 More trifling still than they.
 And what is friendship but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep;
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 But leaves the wretch to weep?

And

And love is still an emptier sound,
 The modern fair-one's jest :
 On earth unseen, or only found
 To warm the turtle's nest.
 For shame, fond youth ; thy sorrows hush,
 And spurn the sex, (he said)
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray'd.
 Surpriz'd ! he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view ;
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.
 The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms :
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.
 And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
 A wretch forlorn, (she cry'd ;)
 Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
 Where heaven and you reside.
 But let a maid thy pity share,
 Whom love has taught to stray ;
 Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 Companion of her way.
 My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
 A wealthy lord was he ;
 And all his wealth was mark'd for mine,
 He had but only me.
 To win me from his tender arms
 Unnumber'd suitors came :
 Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
 And felt or feign'd a flame.
 Each hour the mercenary crowd,
 With richest presents strove :

Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 But never talk'd of love.
 In humble, simplest habit clad,
 No wealth nor power had he ;
 Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 But these were all to me.
 The blossom opening to the day,
 The dews of heav'n refin'd,
 Could nought of purity display,
 To emulate his mind.
 The dew, the blossom on the tree,
 With charms inconstant shine ;
 Their charms were his, but woe is me,
 Their constancy was mine !
 For still I try'd each fickle art,
 Importunate and vain ;
 And while his passion touch'd my heart,
 I triumph'd in his pain.
 Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 He left me to my pride ;
 And fought a solitude forlorn,
 In secret, where he died.
 But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 And well my life shall pay ;
 I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 And stretch me where he lay.
 And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
 I'll lay me down and die ;
 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 And so for him will I.
 Forbid it, Heaven ! the hermit cry'd,
 And clasp'd her to his breast :
 The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide ;
 'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

Turn

Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 My charmer, turn so see,
 Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 Restor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart ;
 And ev'ry care resign :
 And shall we never, never part,
 My life---my all that's mine.

No, never from this hour to part ;
 We'll live and love so true,
 The sigh that rends thy constant heart
 Shall break thy Edwin's too.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair ?
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are ?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flow'ry meads in May ;
 Yet if she think not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's goodness move
 Me to perish for her love ;
 Or, her worthy merits known,
 Make me quite forget my own ;
 Be she with that goodness blest,
 As may merit name the best ;
 Yet if she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
 I will never more despair ;
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die ere she shall grieve ;
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I will scorn, and let her go :
 So if she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be ?

AS I saw fair Chloe walk alone,
 The feather'd snow came softly down,
 Like Jove descending from his tower,
 To court her in a silver shower :
 The wanton flakes flew to her breasts,
 As little birds into their nests ;
 But being overcome with whiteness there,
 For grief dissolv'd into a tear ;
 Thence flowing down her garments hem,
 To deck her, froze into a gem.

FULL of dreams of bright beauties, and
 fond to explore
 A new world of such charms as I'd ne'er seen
 before,
 I travell'd all nations, and wak'd from my
 dreams,
 And found that no nymphs were like those of
 the Thames.
 On the banks of the Seine I was pleas'd to
 survey
 Such crowds of fair nymphs all so merry and
 gay ;
 But then they were merry and gay to extremes,
 And no nymphs cou'd I find like the nymphs
 of the Thames.

Then I travers'd each mountain, each river
 and plain,
 But my labour, alas ! was all labour in vain.
 O Tyber ! O Po ! why so fam'd are your streams
 Since no nymphs can you boast like the
 nymphs of the Thames.
 But of Italy's merit and fame to say true,
 And give, as 'tis fit, ev'ry nation it's due,
 Each fair, like a Syren, with music inflames :
 But what is a song to the nymphs of the
 Thames ?

As for Germany, there I was struck with surprise:

What the belles want in beauty they make up in size;

And 'tis just with their nymphs as it is with the streams,

You've a tun on the Rhine for a quart on the Thames.

Then ye youths of Great-Britain, on wandering so keen,

To feed your fond fancies with beauties unseen
Go enquire of the sun, and he'll tell you his beams,

Ne'er shone on such nymphs as the nymphs of the Thames.

COME, thou rosy dimpled boy,
Source of every heart-felt joy;

Leave the blissful bow'rs awhile,

Paphos, and the Cyprian isle;

Visit Britain's rocky shore,

Britons, too, thy pow'r adore;

Britons hardy, bold and free,

Own thy laws, and yield to thee:

Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,

Come, thou rosy dimpled boy.

Haste to Sylvia, haste away,

This is thine and Hymen's day;

Bid her thy soft bandage wear,

Bid her for love's rites prepare;

Let the nymphs, with many a flow'r,

Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r,

Thither lead the lovely fair,

And let Hymen, too, be there:

This is thine and Hymen's day;

Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love we live,

Love alone can pleasure give;

Pow'r, and pomp, and tinsel state,

Idle pageants of the great;

Crowns and sceptres, envy'd things,

And the pride of Eastern kings,

Are but childish, empty toys,

When compar'd to love's sweet joys.

Love alone can pleasure give,

Only while we love we live.

ALL on the pleasant banks of Tweed,

Young Jockey won my heart;

None tun'd so sweet his oaten reed,

None sung with so much art:

His skilful tale,

Did soon prevail

To make me fondly love him;

But now he hies,

Nor hears my cries,

I wou'd I ne'er had seen him.

When first we met the bonny swain

Of nought but love could say:

Oh! give (he cry'd) my heart again,

You've stole my heart away;

Or else incline,

To give me thine,

And I'll together join 'em:

My faithful heart

Will never part.

Ah! why did I believe him!

Not now my slighted face he knows,

His soon-forgotten dear;

To a wealthier lass o'erjoy'd he goes,

To breathe his falsehood there:

Mistaken Kate,

The swain's a cheat,

Not for a moment trust him:

For

For shining gold,
He's bought and sold,
I wou'd I ne'er had seen him.

TRUE bliss in retirement can only be found;
In vain we shall seek it in pleasure's dull
round ;

The truth of this maxim Philander could see,
When the vot'ry of Cupid was modishly free.

He often resolv'd to retire from the crowd,
Quite pall'd with it's pleasures, so empty and
loud ;

And oft he relaps'd, thro' a whim to be free,
But at last as was reform'd by the Banks of
the Dee.

From noise and false pleasures, he quickly
withdrew,

To taste of the solid, the lasting, and true :
Grew fond of retirement, nor car'd but for
three ;

A friend, and a book, and the Banks of the
Dee.

His fortune was easy, his manner polite,
He read a great deal, and at times he could
write ;

Unmov'd by ambition, contented and free,
He often sung thus, on the Banks of the Dee.

The monarch, still jealous of plots and designs
Who sighs at his heart while in splendor he
shines,

With pity I trace through the irksome Levee,
And bless my kind stars for the Banks of the
Dee.

The miser, how wretched, amidst all his store!
What he has, he can't taste, yet he sighs to
have more ;

While I with a little am happy and free,
In a pleasing retreat on the Banks of the Dee.

Let Tom, without passion, still sigh for the fair,
Affect their soft manner, and mimick their air,
Supply them with scandal o'er green and bohea,
Give me a retreat on the Banks of the Dee.

No duns to molest me, no cares to harass,
In pleasing succession the moments will pass ;
At peace with the world, contented and free,
I'll live and I'll die on the Banks of the Dee.

WHILE the bee flies from blossom to blos-
som, and sips,

And my Jessy looks buxom and gay ;
Let me hang on her neck, and taste from her
lips,

All the sweets of an April day.

The shepherd his flock, the rustic his plough,
The farmer with joy views his hay,
And Jessy, my charmer, when milking her
cow,

Sings the sweets of an April day.

Like snow-drops with innocent sweetness ar-
ray'd,

As blithsome and chearful as May,

My Jessy, the pride of all the gay mead,
Sung the sweets of an April day.

Remember, dear Jessy, and use well your
pow'r,

Your rose-buds then pluck while you may,
And guileless enjoy all the sweets of this hour,
For youth's but an April day.

ON ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each stream,

Dear

Dear conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,
 Where to my swain I oft have sung,
 Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,
 As o'er the airy steep they hung.
 The mossy cave, the goats remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now thro' the trembling vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well-known shade,
 I weep, and kiss the bended grass,
 Where love and Damon fondly play'd,
 The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.
 From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,
 Each flower in pity droops its head,
 All nature does my loss deplore.
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

RECITATIVE.

THE pendant forest seem'd to nod,
 In drowsy fetters bound;
 And fairy elves in circles trod
 The daisy-painted ground;
 When Daphne fought the conscious grove,
 Of slighted vows to tell;
 And thus, to soothe neglected love,
 Invok'd sad Philomel.

AIR.

Hither, sweet nightingale, in haste,
 Direct thy hovering wing;

The vernal green's dreary waste,
 Till thou vouchsafe to sing.
 So thrilling sweet thy numbers flow,
 Thy warbling song distress,
 The tear that tells the lover's woe
 Falls cold upon my breast.
 To hear sad Philomel complain,
 Will soften my despair;
 Then quickly swell thy melting strain,
 And soothe a lover's care.

DEAR smiling Kitty's to my mind,
 She ev'ry way can please me;
 Good humour'd, faithful, fond, and kind,
 She never tries to tease me.
 At home, abroad, by night or day,
 The same engaging creature;
 She lets me ever have my way,
 With joy I always meet her.
 To vex or harm a girl so good,
 Would be a shame and pity;
 I would not injure, if I could,
 My ever smiling Kitty.
 To rove abroad from fair to fair,
 No longer is my passion;
 One, only one, is all my care,
 Tho' more is now the fashion.
 No art's vermilion has she shewn,
 She is the child of nature;
 Her face, her shape, is all her own,
 And ev'ry other feature.
 From folly, spite, and cunning free,
 She's lively, gay, and witty;
 Her like I ne'er expect to see;
 I'll live and die with Kitty.

WHEN

WHEN Jemmy first began to love,
 He was the gayest swain
 That ever yet a flock had drove,
 Or danc'd upon the plain;
 'Twas then that I, wae's my poor heart,
 My freedom threw away,
 And finding sweets in ev'ry smart,
 I could not say him nay;
 And ever when he talk'd of love,
 He would his eyes decline;
 And every sigh a heart would move,
 Gue'd faith, and why not mine?
 He'd press my hand, and kiss it oft,
 In silence spoke his flame;
 And while he treated me thus soft,
 I thought him not to blame.
 Sometimes to feed my flocks with him,
 My Jemmy would invite me,
 Where he the softest songs wou'd sing,
 On purpose to delight me;
 And Jemmy ev'ry grace display'd,
 Which were enough, I trow,
 To conquer any princely maid,
 So he did me, I vow.
 But now for Jemmy I must mourn,
 Who to the wars must go;
 His sheep-hook to a sword must turn,
 Alack! what shall I do?
 His bag pipe into warlike sounds
 Must now exchanged be;
 Instead of bracelets fearful sounds,
 Then what becomes of me?

YE beaux and ye belles pray attend to my
 song,
 'Tis new, I assure you, and will not be long.
 From the camp I'm arriv'd, that scene of de-
 light,

Where they romp, sing, and dance, all the
 day and the night.

To the camp then all repair,
 Gallant swains, and blooming fair;
 Gaily laughing, let us tramp
 To the merry, merry camp.

Well, who could have thought that war was
 so charming!

Nothing there's in it that can be alarming;
 Nor Margate, nor Bath, nor the fam'd Tun-
 bridge Wells,
 Like the camp all our sorrow so sweetly dispels.
 To the camp, &c.

With parsons, squires, clowns, there is such
 intrusion,

The camp is a type, sure, of Babel's confu-
 sion;

There hautboys and trumpets, brisk fifes and
 bassoons,

Both charm you and stun you with fifty old
 tunes.

To the camp, &c.

E'en Cupid, gay Cupid, to Coxheath is come,
 For love he's recruiting with fife and with
 drum!

A thousand sweet damsels he has in his train,
 A heart he now offers each martial young
 swain.

To the camp then all repair,
 Gallant swains, and blooming fair;
 Gaily laughing, let us tramp
 To the merry, merry camp.

I'LL pass no dull, inglorious life,
 At home I will not tarry;
 I like the drum and martial fife,
 I'll to the camp with Harry.

The peaceful pipe, and rustic play,
 No longer is my passion ;
 If Harry goes, I will not stay,
 For war is now the fashion.
 Your Jean will not be left behind,
 My heart's to fear a stranger ;
 High seas and rocks I'll never mind,
 I laugh at toil and danger.
 I hope he will not tell me, nay,
 Nor fancy I'm unsteady ;
 If glory calls my swain away,
 Love bids me to be ready.
 To other lands, from pleasant Tweed,
 With him I must be flying ;
 For shady grove, and painted mead,
 Your Jenny won't be crying.
 Till tumult's o'er, adieu to all,
 Not long I hope to tarry ;
 I hear the drum's enliv'ning call,
 I must be gone with Harry.

WHERE the jessamine sweetens the bow'r,
 And cowslips adorn the gay green,
 The roses, refresh'd by the show'r,
 Contribute to brighten the scene ;
 In a cottage, retir'd, there live
 Young Colin and Phebe the fair ;
 The blessings each other receive
 In mutual enjoyments they share ;
 And the lads and the lasses, that dwell on the
 plain,
 Sing in praise of fair Phebe and Colin her
 swain.

The sweets of contentment supply
 The splendor and grandeur of pride ;
 No wants can the shepherd annoy,
 While blest with his beautiful bride ;

He wishes no greater delight
 Than to tend on the lambkins by day,
 And return to his Phebe at night,
 His innocent toil to repay ;
 And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to pre-
 vail,
 They're as constant as Colin who lives in the
 dale.

If delighted her lover appears,
 The fair-one partakes of his bliss ;
 If dejected, she soothes all his cares,
 And heals all his pains with a kiss ;
 She despises the artful deceit
 That is practis'd in city and court ;
 Thinks happiness no where compleat,
 But where shepherds and nymphs do resort :
 And the lads tell the lasses they die in despair,
 Unless they are kind as Phebe the fair.
 Ye youths, who're accusom'd to rove,
 And each innocent fair-one betray,
 No longer be faithless in love,
 The dictates of honour obey ;
 Ye nymphs, who with beauty are blest,
 With virtue improve ev'ry grace ;
 The charms of the mind, when possess'd,
 Will dignify those of the face ;
 And ye lads and ye lasses, whom Hymen has
 join'd,
 Like Colin be constant, like Phebe be kind.

WHEN fairies dance round on the grass,
 And revel to night's awful noon ;
 O say, will you meet me, sweet lass,
 All by the pale light of the moon ?
 My passion I seek not to screen,
 Then can I refuse you your boon !

K

I'll

I'll meet you at twelve on the green,
 All by the pale light of the moon.
 The nightingale perch'd on a thorn,
 Then charms all the plains with her tune,
 And glad of the absence of morn
 Salutes the pale light of the moon :
 How sweet is the jessamine grove,
 And sweet are the roses of June !
 But sweeter the language of love,
 Breath'd forth by the light of the moon.
 Too slow rolls the chariot of day,
 Unwilling to grant me my boon :
 Away, envious sunshine, away !
 Give place to the light of the moon.
 But say, will you never deceive,
 The lass whom you conquer'd too soon ;
 And leave a soft maiden to grieve,
 Alone, by the light of the moon ?
 The planets shall start from their spheres,
 Ere I prove so fickle a loon ;
 Believe me I'll banish thy fears,
 Dear maid, by the light of the moon :
 Our loves when the shepherds shall view,
 To us they their pipes shall attune ;
 While we our soft pleasures renew,
 Each night, by the light of the moon.

AS t'other day o'er the green meadow I past,
 A swain overtook me, and held my hand
 fast ;
 Then cry'd, My dear Lucy, thou cause of
 my care,
 How long must thy faithful young Thyrsis
 despair ?
 To crown my soft wishes, no longer be shy !
 But frowning, I answer'd, Oh ! fie, shep-
 herd, fie.

He told me his passion, like time should en-
 dure,
 That beauty, which kindled his flame, would
 secure ;
 That all my sweet charms were for pleasure
 design'd,
 And youth was the season to love and be kind.
 Lord what cou'd I say ! I could hardly deny,
 And faintly I utter'd, Oh ! fie, shepherd ! fie.
 He swore with a kiss that he could not refrain,
 I told him 'twas rude, but he kiss'd me again ;
 My conduct, ye fair ones, in question ne'er
 call,
 Nor think I did wrong, I did nothing at all :
 Resolv'd to resist, yet inclin'd to comply,
 Now guess, if I still said, Oh, fie, Shepherd,
 fie.

AS Strephon was strolling along to the fair,
 So blithesome, so bonny, and quite debon-
 nair,
 Reclin'd in a grove a young shepherdess lay,
 To rest her awhile from the heat of the day.
 Her sheep had been fraying wide over the
 plain,
 And one she had lost, which she sought for
 in vain,
 That drove the dear damsel almost to despair,
 For doleful she seem'd, and dejected her air.
 In silence the swain sat him down on a stile,
 To hear her complainings, then spoke with
 a smile,
 That rous'd all her passions, and thrill'd thro'
 her heart ;
 So keen was his arrow, so piercing his dart :

For she of a sudden forgot all her care,
 And tripp'd it with Strephon away to the fair;
 Where topknots he bought her, the best he
 could find,
 Likewise a straw-hat, for to him she was kind.
 Her looks were delightful, her charms were
 most sweet ;
 Her dress, tho' not gaudy, was cleanly and
 neat ;
 From pride and ambition the maiden was free ;
 Untainted her mind, and so virtuous was she.
 The youth, as he view'd her, the fonder he
 grew,
 And vow'd he would ever be faithful and true:
 He promis'd to banish all sorrow and strife ;
 And made the dear damsel, next morning,
 his wife.

WHEN first I saw the graceful maid,
 Ah ! me, what meant my throbbing breast
 Say, soft confusion, art thou love !
 If love thou art, then farewell rest.
 With gentle smiles assuage the pain
 These gentle smiles did first create ;
 And though you may not love again,
 In pity, ah ! forbear to hate.

NOW summer approaches dull winter re-
 cedes,
 Primroses and violets adorn ev'ry hill,
 The lads and the lasses trip o'er the green
 meads,
 Or sit by meanders slow-murmuring rill.
 While the upland, the lowland, the wood-
 land, the grove,
 And valley, re-echo---sweet carols of love.

While Colin with Phillis repair to the bow'r,
 To exchange a sweet kiss or plight a fond
 vow ;

Gay Florimel gathers each odorous flow'r,
 To deck with a chaplet her swain's youth-
 ful brow.

Fair Daphne at morn bids adieu to her cot,
 And seeks the cool grot or secluded alcove ;
 Her Damon she greets at the critical spot ;
 His heart leaps for joy at the sight of his love.

When Phoebus forsakes this low region of clay,
 And sinks in soft rapture on Thetis' fair
 breast,

For the wearisome labour of rigorous day
 Balmy sleep has an adequate portion of rest.

WHEN larks forsake the flow'ry plain,
 And love's sweet numbers swell ;
 My voice shall join their morning strain,
 In praise of Florizel.

Where woodbines twist their fragrant shade,
 And noontide beams repel ;
 I'll rest me on the tufted mead,
 And sing of Florizel.

When moon-beams dance among the boughs,
 That lodge sweet Philomei,
 I'll pour with her my tuneful vows,
 And sing of Florizel.

Were mine, ye great, your envy'd lot,
 In gilded courts to dwell ;
 I'd leave them for a lonely cot,
 With love and Florizel.

WHEN first you woo'd me to comply,
 And taught my heart to flutter,

You said you ne'er wou'd from me fly,
 As plain as tongue could utter ;
 That you'd be ev'ry thing that's dear,
 Of joy you'd not bereave me ;
 I'd all to hope, and nought to fear,
 Then sure you will not leave me.

Were I so wickedly inclin'd,
 I might abuse the leisure ;
 I know who wou'd be fond and kind,
 And think attendance pleasure :
 But I to honour will be true,
 And never once deceive ye ;
 What's just to plighted love I'll do,
 Then sure you will not leave me.

Say, say the word you will not go,
 Nor cruel let me find ye,
 With you all risk and toil I'll know,
 But cannot stay behind ye.
 Tho' left on Tweed's or Thames' smooth side,
 Your absence sure would grieve me ;
 O what a pain it is to chide !
 Sure, sure you will not leave me.

THE sun just glancing thro' the trees
 Gave light and joy to ilka grove,
 And pleasure in each southern breeze,
 Awaken'd hope and slumb'ring love.
 When Jenny sung with hearty glee
 To charm her winsome marrow,
 My bonny laddie gang with me,
 We'll o'er the braes of Yarrow.

Young Sandy was the blithest swain,
 That ever pip'd on broomy brae :
 No lass cou'd ken him free fra pain,
 So graceful, kind, so fair and gay.
 And Jenny sung, &c.

He kiss'd and lov'd the bonny maid,
 Her sparkling een had won his heart ;
 No lass the youth had e'er betray'd,
 No fears had she, the lad no art.
 And still she sung, &c.

HOW pleas'd within my native bowers
 Erewhile I pass'd the day !
 Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers ?
 Were ever flowers so gay ?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
 And all the landscape round !
 The river gliding down the dale,
 The hill with beeches crown'd !

But now, when urg'd by tender woes
 I speed to meet my dear,
 That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
 And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
 Their wonted charms I see :
 Their verdant hill, and silver stream,
 Divide my love and me.

I Like the man whose soaring soul
 Is gen'rous and refin'd,
 Whose passions act beneath controul,
 With love and honour join'd.
 The oak, by woodbines on the plain,
 Encompass'd and caress'd,
 Is not more steadfast in it's reign,
 Nor is more sweetly dress'd.

The frothy sons of vice and show,
 Like shadows, and like noise,
 Have nothing in themselves, we know,
 That sober sense enjoys ;

But pure and constant love endears,
And feasts both ear and sight,
While ev'ry thing that virtue fears
Can give no true delight.

'TIS the birth-day of Phillis, hark how the
birds sing,
Their notes are remarkably sweet ;
The villagers brought all the honours of spring
And scatter'd their pride at her feet.
With ribbands and roses her lambkins are
crown'd,
Awhile they respectfully stand,
Then o'er the green lawn with a frolic they
bound,
But first take a kiss from her hand.

'Mongst shepherds in all the gay round of the
year,
This, this is their principal day ;
It gave Phillis birth, and pray what can appear
More lovely, more pleasingly gay ?
Hark, hark ! how the tabor enlivens the scene,
Ye lads with your lasses advance ;
'Tis charming to sport on a daisy-dress'd green
And Phillis shall lead up the dance.

The sun, (and he shines in his brightest array,
As if on this festival proud)
In order to give us a beautiful day,
Has banish'd each travelling cloud :
The priest pass'd along, and my shepherds
sigh'd,
Sweet Philis ! I knew what she meant :
We stole from the pastimes, I made her my
bride ;
Her sigh was the sigh of consent.

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meers,
And wither'd heaths I rove ;
Where tree nor spire, nor cot appears,
I pass to meet my love.

But tho' my paths were damask'd o'er
With beauties e'er so fine ;
My busy thoughts would fly before
To fix alone---on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills cou'd give delight,
No palace please mine eye ;
No pyramid's aerial height,
Where mould'ring monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, should eastern kings advance :
Could I the pageant see :
Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
Not steal one thought from thee.

HOW oft, Louisa, hast thou said
(Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
Thou would'st not lose Anthonio's love,
To reign the partner of a throne.

And by those lips that spoke so kind !
And by this hand I press'd to mine !
To gain a subject nation's love,
I swear I would not part with thine.

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms could not buy !
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
And, serving thee, a monarch I.

Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliss,
And rich in love's exhaustless mine,
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown ?
 No longer drest in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind ?
 O can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
 Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! canst thou love so true,
 Thro' perils keen with me to go ;
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe ?
 Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care ;
 Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recal
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath ?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death ?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear ;
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

STREPHON arose at early dawn,
 And sought as wont his fleecy care ;
 His fleecy care, alas ! were gone,
 Nor knew the hapless shepherd where :

In vain each hill, in vain each dale,
 Each dell, each brake he travers'd round ;
 Each pathless wood and flow'ry vale,
 But not one lambkin could be found.

Cælia, he cry'd, my flocks are fled,
 How shall I e'er thy grief assuage ?
 How shall I cheer thy drooping head,
 If poverty should mark my age ?
 Said she, My love, misfortune's dart
 Is pointed, and is spent in vain ;
 While I possess my shepherd's heart,
 I laugh at ills, and smile at pain.

Tho' ev'ry lambkin devious stray,
 And grace our envious neighbours folds,
 Nought can thy Cælia's soul dismay,
 While Strephon to her breast she holds.
 Said he, My warmest thanks, O take !
 Hence shalt thou be my only care ;
 If I thy virtues e'er forsake,
 May Heav'n regardless hear my pray'r.

If from thy lovely form mine eyes
 Should swerve but in the least degree ;
 Thy dear idea will arise,
 And lead the wand'rer back to thee.
 Thus long they liv'd, and long they lov'd,
 As oft I've heard the story told ;
 Kind Heav'n their fortitude approv'd,
 And amply fill'd the shepherd's fold.

YOUNG Jockey fought my heart to win,
 And woo'd as lovers woo ;
 I, vers'd in all our sex's heart,
 Did just as maidens do :
 Whate'er he'd sigh, whate'er he'd vow,
 I'd study to be shy at ;
 And when he press'd his fate to know,
 'Twas, Pr'ythee, fool be quiet.

Month after month, of am'rous pain
 He made a mighty fuss :
 Why if, you know, one loves a swain,
 'Tis wrong to say one does :
 He told me passion could not live
 Without more pleasing diet ;
 And pray what answer could I give,
 But, Pr'ythee, fool, be quiet ?
 At length he made a bold essay,
 And like a man he cry'd,
 Thy hand, my dear, this very day
 Shall Celia be my bride :
 Convinc'd he would have teiz'd me still,
 I could not well deny it ;
 And now, believe me, when I will,
 I make the fool be quiet.

MY shepherd is gone faraway o'er the plain,
 While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to
 remain ;
 Tho' blue-bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,
 Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the
 thorn ;
 No pleasure they give me, in vain they look
 gay,
 There's nothing can please now my Jockey's
 away ;
 Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
 Haste, haste, to my arms my dear Jockey again.
 When lads and their lasses are on the green
 met,
 They dance and they sing, they laugh and
 they chat,
 Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee ;
 I can't without envy their merriment see :
 Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not
 there,

No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share ;
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce re-
 frain,
 And wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.
 But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
 He promis'd he wou'd in a fortnight be here ;
 On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
 For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste :
 Then farewell each care, adieu each vain sigh ;
 Who'll then be so blest, or so happy as I ?
 I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

HOW chearful, along the gay mead,
 The daisy and cowslip appear ?
 The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
 Rejoice in the spring of the year.
 The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs,
 The herbage that springs from the sod,
 Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs
 All rise to the praise of my God.
 Shall man, the great master of all,
 The only insensible prove !
 Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
 Forbid it devotion and love.
 The Lord, who such wonders could raise,
 And still can destroy with a nod,
 My lips shall incessantly praise :
 My soul shall be wrapt in my God.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna ?
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove
 Upon the banks of Banna.
 I for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain ;

Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
Until her returning ;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown ?
Shepherds, tell me whither ?
Ah ! woe for me, perhaps she's gone
For ever, and for ever.

HERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen,
Likewise to the widow of fifty ;
Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
And likewise to her that has none, Sir ;
Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
And here is to her that's but one, Sir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry ;
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young, or ancient, I care not a feather ;
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast them together.

Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

WITH early horn salute the morn
That gilds this charming place ;
With chearful cries bid echo rise,
And join the jovial chace.
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The chrystal floods,
Ah, all return th'enlivening sound.

SWEET Echo ! sweetest nymph, that liv'st
unseen

Within thy airy cell,
By slow meander's margin green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
That likest thy Narcissus are ?
O ! if you have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave ;
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere,
So may 'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's
harmonies !

WHAT a pother is made with all those fine
names,
Of love and of darts, and of fires and flames ;
Will such pretty fancies e'er comfort the cold,
Or set the mill going like sovereign gold.
Derry down, &c.

Has beauty the power to please ev'ry sect,
And in ev'ry station to purchase respect ?
For love was a kingdom or state ever sold,
Indeed for no love but the love of good gold.
Derry down, &c.

'Tis

'Tis this that improves ev'ry virtue and grace,
And gives life and perfection to every face;
Nor was any one yet either ugly or old,
Whose pockets were lined with good sterling
gold.

Without it in wedlock could any be blest,
The young ones are squalling; the wife must
be drest;
But i'faith let them squall, and let madam
scold,
There's music drowns both in the chink of
her gold.

Take your fine wife to market, and swear
you adore her,
There's nought in the world you value be-
fore her;
Yet in buying a dinner, I'll venture to hold,
The king's picture has ten times more charms
in gold.

In love, law and state, if a favour you'd gain,
Without this grand pleader your labour's in
vain;
And since money gains all things, you need
not be told,
That the person gains all things who gains
mighty gold.

IN a sycamore shade as I sat t'other day,
As blithe as the birds in the grove;
It happen'd young Damon was walking that
way,
Who often had hinted his love.
I rose to be gone as I saw him appear,
Then kneeling, he begg'd I'd not fly;
So soft were his accents, they banish'd my
fears,
I cou'd not the shepherd deny.

He begg'd me to stay, whilst his wish he ex-
prest,

And swore that he meant me no harm;
My hand to his bosom he eagerly prest,
Which throbbing confess'd the alarm:
My cheeks he declar'd wore the blush of the
rose,

My hand with the lilly might vie;
That my breath was much sweeter than either
of those,
All this I was forc'd to deny.

He said he should languish and die with des-
pair,

Unless I requited his love;
And pray'd me to end all his sorrow and care,
For truer no swain e'er could prove,
He begg'd that a day I would speedily name,
And waited to hear my reply;
My blushes confess'd that I felt all his flame,
Nor could I the shepherd deny.

Next morn to the church with my Damon I
went,

And gave him my hand and my heart;
E'er since have my days been in happiness
spent,

Which Hymen alone can impart.
Then hear me, ye nymphs, who are youth-
ful and gay,
From the shepherd you love never fly;
The spring of your lives will too soon glide
away,
Beware, lest too oft you deny.

OH! spread thy rich mantle, sweet May
o'er the ground,
Drive the blasts of keen winter away;
Let

Let the birds sweetly carrol, thy flow'rets
 smile around,
 And let us with all nature be gay.

Let spleen, spite, and envy, those clouds of
 the mind,

Be dispers'd by the sunshine of joy ;
 The pleasures of Eden had bless'd human
 kind,

Had no fiend enter'd there to destroy.

As May with her sunshine can warm the cold
 earth,

Let each fair with the season improve ;
 Be widows restor'd from their mourning to
 mirth,

And hard-hearted maids yield to love.

With the treasures of spring, let the village
 be dress'd,

Its joys let the season impart ;
 When rapture swells high, and o'erflows
 from each breast,

'Tis the May of the mind and the heart.

WHAT tho' his guilt my heart hath torn !
 Yet lovely is his mien ;

His eyes mild op'ning as the morn,

Round him each grace is seen :

But oh ! ye nymphs, your loves ne'er let him
 win,

For oh ! deceit and falshood dwell within.

From his red lip his accents stole

Soft as kind vernal snows,

Melting they came, and in the soul

Desire and joy arose :

But oh ! ye nymphs, ne'er listen to his art,
 For oh ! base falshood rankles in his heart.

He left me in this lonely state !

He fled and left me here,

Another Ariadne's fate,

To mourn the live-long year ;

He fled,---but oh ! what pains the heart must
 prove,

When we reveal the crimes of him we love !

A Poet there was, and he liv'd in a garret,
 And he quaff'd poor small beer, tho' he
 sung of good claret ;

A damsel he married both buxom and fair,
 And she sigh'd took on for a chariot and
 chair.

Derry down, &c.

One day as this bardling was scribbling a
 novel,

His fingers in ink and his head in a hovel ;

His spouse in idea was building a palace,

And tripping in fancy from Dover to Calais.

Derry down, &c.

Had I a good fortune ; dear rhyme well said
 she,

I'd skim round the globe in my gilt vis-a-vis,
 I'd have tassels before and gay trimmings be-
 hind,

And I'd move as I sprung on the springs of
 the wind.

Derry down, &c,

Here John bring my carriage and whirl me
 away,

First a stroll in the Park, then a peep at the
 play ;

Now ye gods I'd step out, and now I'd step
 in it,

Change

Change my dress, my diversions, and mind
in a minute.

Derry down, &c.

And would not all this my dear bard be most
charming,

To my pride be most soothing, to passions
alarming;

And then as I sit in my delicate jacket,
How I'd fire all the folks with my rattle and
racket.

Derry down, &c.

All this said the poet is brave and uncommon,
And enough I confess to distract a fine wo-
man;

But while you are thus dressing your heart
and your head,

I am digging away for our butter and bread.

Derry down, &c.

Since such is our fate Dame, I pr'ythee be
quiet,

For how can I write while you make such a
riot;

Consider good woman, we live upon verses,
And must only be poorer while you talk of
purse.

Derry down, &c.

AH what can defend a poor maiden from
love,

Ye prudes your expedient impart;

This pleasing intruder how shall I remove,
And guard the soft pass of my heart.

Of mothers and wives how wretched the lives,

Your's alone is the sensible plan;

They only are blest like you who detest,

That horrible creature, call'd man.

But when at our feet the fond wretches we
view,

How can one refuse 'em,

Or scornfully use 'em?

Ah! was it your case ye coy virgins cou'd
you.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,

Yet, yet, on hope relies;

And the last sigh that rends his heart,

Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring tapers light,

Adorns and cheers our way;

And still as darker grows the night,

Emits a brighter ray.

FINE ladies may tell us

They hate pretty fellows,

Despise little Cupid—his quiver and dart,

But when love's only by,

Not a prude will deny,

That man tho' a tyrant's the lord of her heart.

So bewitching a creature!

So noble each feature!

My bosom commands me to take his dear
part;

Then how can I conceal

What my eyes will reveal? —

That he must, and he will be—the lord of
my heart.

ALL you who set sail for the land of de-
light,

Who in wedlock's soft hammock would swing
ev'ry night:

If you hope that your voyage successful shall
prove,

FIN

Fill your sails with affection, your cabbins
with love.

Fill your sails, &c.

Let your hearts, like your main-mast, be ever
upright,

And the union you boast, like your tackle be
tight;

Of the shoals of indiff'rence be sure to keep
clear,

And the quicksands of jealousy never come
near.

And the quicksands, &c.

If vapours and whims, like sea sickness pre-
vail,

You must spread all your canvas, and catch
the fresh gale;

But if brisk blows the wind, and there comes
a rough sea,

Then lower your topsails, and scud under
lee.

Then lower, &c.

If husbands, you hope to live peaceable lives,
Keep the reckoning yourselves, give the helm
to your wives;

For the eveners we go, boys, the better we
sail,

And on shipboard the head is still rul'd by
the tail.

And on shipboard, &c.

Then listen to capstern, my lads, and be
wise,

If my precepts you scorn and my maxims de-
spise;

A brace of proud antlers your brow may
adorn,

And a hundred to one, but you double Cape
Horn.

GIVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can
boast,

But health, and good humour to make her
his toast;

If straight, I don't mind whether slender or
fat,

And six feet or four—we'll ne'er quarrel
for that.

Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't
care,

If brown it is lasting, more pleasing if fair;
And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples should
see,

Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were
seen,

And her eyes may be e'en any colour but
green;

For in eyes, tho' so various the lustre and
hue,

I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her
back,

And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than
black;

A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only desire she may'nt have a beard.

ADIEU thou dreary pile where never dies
The sullen echo of repentant sighs!

Ye sister mourners of each lonely cell,

Inur'd to hymns and sorrow, fare ye well!

For happier scenes I fly your darksome grove

To saints a prison but a tomb to love.

IN

IN the prattling hours of youth,
 Artleis nature leagues with truth;
 Oft we laugh and oft we cry,
 When perhaps we know not why.

But when varied hopes and fears
 Mark the course of riper years;
 If we smile, or if we sigh,
 Do you think we know not why?
 Question'd then of flames and darts,
 Broken vows, and bleeding hearts;
 If our purpose we deny,
 Don't suppose we know not why.

HOW hard our hapless lot appears,
 As virgin or as wife!
 Refrain'd in all our early years,
 Distress'd in later life!

If fond affection warms our hearts,
 Too oft unfeeling man,
 From faith, from truth, from love departs,
 And triumphs where he can.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain;
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole;
 Tho' deathful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;

In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
 The early scenes of youth renew;

Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast!
 May we when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore.

COME ye venal slaves of war,
 Boast your base alliance;
 Britain's thunder, heard from far,
 Boldly bids defiance.
 Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,
 True to ancient story,
 Freedom's sons, on freedom's ground
 Will find the road to glory.

Whet tho' haughty Spain we find,
 Will no more dissemble,
 All the house of Bourbon join'd,
 Shall not make us tremble.
 Beat the drum, &c.

Justice animates the fight,
 Fame her trump will tender:
 Conquest shall support our right,
 And perfidy surrender.
 Beat the drum, &c.

Let the light-heel'd troops of France
 Come so sleek and taper,
 We can teach them how to dance,
 And make them cut a caper.
 Bring the flutes, the fiddles bring,
 Rear the silken banners,
 Tho' we fight, we'll dance and sing,
 And drub them with good manners.

GO high, go low, in ev'ry state,
 The sailor's heart is true,
 In adverse or in prosp'rous fate,
 He joins the jovial crew;

L

Then

Then toiling early, watching late,
 Defends his king and country's cause,
 In hopes to be,
 When come from sea,
 Chear'd with applause.
 At home when sports his welcome crown,
 His wife's the liveliest of the throng;
 Or when care sinks his spirits down;
 Her endearing smile
 Rewards his toil,
 And greets his fav'rite song.
 Go high, &c.
 So when the nuptial knot is ty'd,
 Our friendship closer will cement;
 Each morn you'll hail my blooming bride,
 And gladly share my heart's content.
 I'll grasp the hand which made her mine,
 To social scenes my hours resign,
 While all the wonted strain shall join.
 Go high, go low, &c.

THE fields were green the hills were gay,
 And birds were singing on each spray;
 Young Colin met me in the grove,
 And told me tender tales of love;
 Was e'er a swain so blythe as he,
 So kind, so faithful and so free.
 In spite of all my friends could say,
 Young Colin stole my heart away.
 And when he trips the meadow along,
 He sweetly joins the woodlark's song;
 And when he dances on the green,
 There's none so blythe as Colin seen;
 For when he's by I nothing fear,
 For I alohe am all his care.
 In spite, &c.

My mother chides me that I roam,
 And seems surpriz'd I quit my home;
 She would not wonder why I rove
 Did she but know how much I love;
 Full well I know the generous swain,
 He ne'er will give my bosom pain.
 In spite, &c.

THE mind of a woman can never be
 known,
 You never can guess it a right,
 I'll tell you the reason she knows not her own,
 She changes so often e'er night,
 T'wou'd puzzle Apollo her whimsies to fol-
 low,
 His oracle wou'd be a jest,
 She'll frown when she's kind, she'll change
 like the wind,
 And often abuses
 The man that she chuses,
 And him she refuses likes best.

To keep them in temper I'll tell you the way
 I'd have you give hear to my plan,
 Be merry and chearful, good-humour'd and
 gay,
 And kiss them as oft as you can.
 For while you do these, you the ladies will
 please
 Their affections your sure for to gain,
 Then be of their mind,
 And quickly you'll find
 'Tis better than wrangling contending and
 jangling,
 For they'll love you and kiss you again.

LET others Damon's praise rehearse
 Or Colin's at their will,

I mean

I mean to sing in rustic verse
 Young Strephon, young Strephon, young
 Strephon of the Hill.

As once I sat beneath a shade,
 Beside a purling rill ;
 Who shou'd my solitude invade,
 But Strephon of the Hill.

He tap'd my shoulder snatch'd a kiss,
 I cou'd not take it ill ;
 For nothing sure is done amiss,
 By Strephon of the Hill.

Consent O lovely maid he cry'd,
 Nor aim thy swain to kill ;
 Consent this day to be the bride,
 Of Strephon of the Hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray,
 See how they sit and bill ;
 So sweet your time shall pass away,
 With Strephon of the Hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
 O love propitious still ;
 May every nymph be blest like me,
 With Strephon of the Hill.

COME fancy thou who canst regain,
 What time with impious flight ;
 Misdeems his own and tries in vain,
 To veil in endless night.

Oh ! give me e'er the golden rays,
 Are from the sky withdrawn,
 With raptur'd eye once more to trace
 The cottage on the lawn.

There friendship, love, the ev'ning crown'd,
 There hail'd the rising day,
 The brook, the meadow smil'd around,
 And all was sweet and gay :

Within yon grove, the feather'd race,
 Made vocal eve and dawn,
 And in their carrols seem to praise,
 The cottage on the lawn.

O form my mind these happy scenes,
 May no ideas chace,
 Ambition and his golden dreams,
 Would ill supply the place ;
 The charms that power or wealth convey
 From me be all withdrawn ;
 So I may chaunt in humble lay
 The cottage of the lawn.

LET ladies gay for pleasure roam ;
 And flirt it through the town,
 I mean to seek my joys at home :
 Such joys as Hymen crown.
 From wedlock's bounds, I'll not depart ;
 Nor take a wider course,
 But with my hand, I'll give my heart
 For better and for worse.

Thro' fashion's rout, and folly's maze,
 I ne'er will vainly prove :
 But prudence shall direct my ways ;
 And constancy my love.
 No passion fond, shall man impart
 That flows from fouler source ;
 As with my hand, I'll give my heart
 For better, and for worse.

No apish fop, nor sot, nor rake,
 My favour shall attain :
 No antiquated lord, I'll take ;
 Nor share the miser's gain.
 Of fool, or knave, who acts the part,
 Would prove to me a curse
 Since, with my hand, I'll give my heart,
 For better and for worse.

COME now all you social powers,
 Shed your influence o'er us,
 Crown with joy the present hours
 And enliven those before us.
 Bring the flask the music bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us,
 Laugh and drink, dance and sing
 And cast dull care behind us.

Friendship with thy power divine,
 Brighten all our features;
 What but friendship, love and wine,
 Can make us happy creatures?
 Bring the flask, &c.

Love the godhead I adore,
 Source of generous passion;
 But we'll ne'er bow down before
 Those idols, wealth or fashion,
 Bring the flask, &c.

Why the plague should we be sad?
 While on earth we moulder;
 Whether we're merry, grave or mad,
 We every day grow older.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Then since time will steal away,
 In spite of all our sorrows;
 Heighten every joy to day,
 And never mind to-morrow.
 Bring the flask, &c.

WHAT cheerful sounds salute our ears,
 And echo o'er the lawn!
 Behold the loaded car appears,
 In joyful triumph drawn:
 The nymphs and swains, a jovial band,
 Still shouting as they come,
 With rustic instruments in hand,
 Proclaim the harvest home.

The golden sheaves, pil'd up on high,
 Within the barn are stor'd;
 The careful hind, with secret joy,
 Exulting, views his hoard.
 His labours past, he counts his gains;
 And, freed from anxious care,
 His casks are broach'd; the sun-burnt swains
 His rural plenty share.

In dance and song the night is spent;
 All ply the spicy bowl:
 And jests and harmless merriment
 Expand the artless soul.
 Young Colin whispers Rosalind,
 Who still reap'd by his side;
 And plights his troth if she prove kind,
 To take her for his bride.

For joys like these, through circling years,
 Their toilsome task they tend:
 The hind successive labours bears,
 In prospect of the end:
 In spring, or winter, sows his seed,
 Manures or tills the soil;
 In summer various cares succeed;
 But harvest crowns his toil.

WHEN wars alarms entic'd my Willy
 from me,
 My poor heart with grief did sigh,
 Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrow
 on me
 I woke e'er yet the morn was nigh.
 No other could delight him,
 Ah! why did I e'er slight him?
 Coldly answering his fond tale,
 Which drove him far, amidst the rage of war,
 And left silly me thus to bewail.
 No other could delight him, &c.

But

But I no longer tho' a maid forsaken,
 Thus will mourn like yonder dove ;
 For e're the lark to-morrow shall be waken,
 I will seek my absent love :
 The hostile country over,
 I'll fly to seek my lover,
 Scorning every threat'ning fear,
 Nor distant shore, nor cannon's roar,
 Shall longer keep me from my dear.
 The hostile country over, &c.

WILLIAM and NANNY.

SEE, the lilly silver white !
 See the rose with blushes bright !
 Cou'd they both in one combine,
 Matchless wou'd their beauties shine :
 But that blest unrival'd grace,
 Is only found in Nanny's face.

NANNY.

Lively is the breezy morn,
 When the dew-drop decks the thorn ;
 Gentle is the sober eve,
 When the flocks their pastures leave :
 Such life such gentleness are join'd,
 And meet at once in William's mind.

DUET.

Sweet the lilly's snowy bloom !
 Sweet the rose's fresh perfume !
 Sweet the morn's enliv'ning ray !
 Sweet the gentle close of day !
 But ah ! What can mortals prove
 Half so sweet as mutual love ?

AS now my bloom comes on apace,
 The swains begin to teize me,
 But two who claim the foremost place,
 Try different ways to please me ;

To judge aright, and chuse the best,
 Is not so soon decided,
 When both their merits are exprest,
 I may be less divided.

Palemon's flock unnumber'd stray
 He's rich beyond all measure,
 Would I but sinile, be kind, and gay,
 He'd give me all his treasure ;
 But then our years so disagree,
 So much as I remember,
 It is but May I'm sure with me,
 With him it is December.

Can I who scarcely am in bloom,
 Let frost and snow be suing,
 'Twould spoil each ripening year to come
 Bring every charm to ruin :
 For dress and show to touch my pride,
 My little heart is panting,
 But then there's something else besides,
 I soon should find was wanting.

Then, Colin, thou my choice shalt gain,
 For thou wilt ne'er deceive me,
 And grey-hair'd wealth shall plead in vain,
 For thou hast none to give me,
 My fancy paints thee full of charms,
 Thy looks so young and tender,
 Love beats his new and fond alarms,
 To thee I now surrender.

THEN farewell my trim-built wherry,
 Oars, and coat and badge, farewell ;
 Never more at Chelsea Ferry,
 Shall your Thomas take a spell.
 But to hope and peace a stranger,
 In the battles heat I go ;

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Where

Where expos'd to every danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then may-hap when homeward steering,
With the news my mess-mates come;
Even you, the story hearing,
With a sigh may cry — poor Tom !

HAPPY the nymph who ne'er can know
Distractions which from riches grow,
Remov'd at distance from the great,
Who willing lives in low estate.

One fountain is her mirror, and her drink,
And if she's pleas'd, what others think;
It matters not---of joy secure,
Blest in the little heav'n has sent,
Her only pride is that she's poor;
Poor but content.

I Court'd a lass that liv'd over the lee,
Whose manners were gentle, engaging
and free,
Her name it was pretty young Pat,
Yet whene'er my passion to her I wou'd own,
She'd always be crying---Do let me alone,
Pshaw ! what the plague would you be at.

It happen'd one ev'ning upon the green grass,
A few harmless hours in order to pass;
I hugg'd her as by her I sat;
But, lud ! who cou'd think it she call'd me
a drone,

Again saying---Shepherd---Do let me alone,
Pshaw ! what the plague wou'd you be at.

Bedeck'd in my best for a dance the next day,
I led her along o'er the meadows so gay;

And charm'd her so much with my chat;
That me for a dunce she was won't to disown,

Nor scarcely exclaim'd---Do let me alone;
Pshaw what the plague wou'd you be at.

At last by entreating I gain'd the coy maid,
And told her my passion on honor was laid;
When happy and pleas'd was my Pat.
Her manners were soften'd and chang'd was
her tone,

No more to torment me with---Let me alone,
Pshaw ! what the plague wou'd you be at.

THOUGH prudence may press me,
And duty distress me,
Against inclination, O, what can they do !
No longer a rover,
His follies are over,
My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry is
true.

The bee, thus as changing,
From sweet to sweet, ranging,
A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to
fray;
With raptures possessing,
In one every blessing,
Till torn from her bosom, he flies far away.

WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch, when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After sunset merrily,
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom, that hangs on the bough.

CEASE rude boreas blust'ring railer,
Lift ye landsmen all to me,

Messmates

Messmates hear a brother sailor,
 Sing the dangers of the sea :
 From bounding billows first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.
 Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
 By topfail sheets and halyards stand,
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
 Down your stay-fails hand boys hand !
 Now it freshens, fet the braces,
 Now the top-fail sheets let go,
 Luff, boys luff, don't make wry faces,
 Up your top fails nimbly clew.
 Now all you on down beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms :
 Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fears our mind enthrall,
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
 Now again the bo'sen calls.
 The topfail yards points to the wind boys,
 See all clear to reef each course ;
 Let the foresheet go, don't mind boys,
 Tho' the weather should be worse.
 Fore and aft the spritfail yard get,
 Reef the mizen, see all clear,
 Hands up, each preventer brace set,
 Man the foreyard, cheer lads cheer.
 Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
 Peal on peal contending clash ;
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue light'nings flash.
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky ;

Different deaths at once surround us
 Hark ! what means that dreadful cry !
 The foremast's gone ! cries every tongue out,
 O'er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck ;
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,
 Come my hearts be stout and bold,
 Plumb the well, the leak increases,
 Four feet water in the hold !
 While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn ;
 Alas ! from hence there's no retreating,
 Alas ! from hence there's no return :
 Still the leak is gaining on us,
 Both chain-pumps are choak'd below ;
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us,
 For only that can save us now.
 O'er the lee beam is the land boys,
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown,
 To the pump come every hand boys,
 See our mizen-mast is gone :
 The leak we've found it can't pour fast,
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more,
 Up and rigg a jury fore-mast,
 She rights, she rights, boys we're off shore.
 Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind fortune fav'd our lives ;
 Come, the cann boys, let's be drinking,
 To our sweethearts and our wives :
 Fill it up about ship wheel it,
 Close to th' lips a brimmer join ;
 Where's the tempest, now who feels it,
 None---our danger's drown'd in wine.

SONGS of shepherds in rustical roundelays,
 Form'd in fancy and whistled on reeds ;
 Sung to solace young nymphs upon holidays,
 Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds :
 Sortish Silenus to Phæbus the genius,
 Was sent by dame Venus a song to prepare,
 In praise nicely coin'd,
 And verse quite refin'd,
 How the states divine hunted the hare.
 Stars quite tired with pastimes olympical,
 Stars and planets that beautiful shone ;
 Could no longer endure that men only shall
 Swim in pleasures, and they but look on ;
 Round about horned
 Lucina, they swarmed,
 And her informed how minded they were,
 Each god and goddess
 To take human bodies,
 As lords and ladies to follow the hare.
 Chaste Diana applauded the motion,
 While pale Proserpine sat in her place,
 To guide the welkin and govern the ocean,
 While she conducted her nephews in chace;
 By her example,
 Their father to trample,
 The earth old and ample, they soon leave the
 air ;
 Neptune the water,
 And wine liber pater,
 And Mars the slaughter to follow the hare.
 Young God Cupid was mounted on Pegafus,
 Borrow'd of the muses with kisses and
 prayers,
 Stern Alcides upon cloudy Caucasus,
 Mounted a centaur that proudly him bears:
 Postillion of the sky,
 Light-heel'd Mercury,

Made his courser fly fleet as the air ;
 While tuneful Apollo,
 The chace did follow,
 And hoop and hollow boys after the hare.
 Drowned Narcissus from his metamorphosis,
 Rous'd by Eccho new manhood did take ;
 Snoring Somnus upstart from cimmeries,
 Before for a thousand years he did not
 wake ;
 There was clubfooted,
 Mulciber booted,
 And Pan promoted on Corydon's mare ;
 Æolus flouted
 And Momus shouted
 And Pallas pouted yet follow'd the hare.
 Hymen ushers the lady Astrea,
 The jest took hold of Latona the cold,
 Ceres the brown with bright Cytherea,
 Thetis the wanton Bellona the bold ;
 Shamefac'd Aurora,
 With witty Pandora,
 And Maia with Flora did company bear :
 But Juno was flated,
 Too high to be mated,
 Altho' she hated not hunting the hare.
 Three brown bowls to th' olympical rector,
 The Troy born boy presents on his knee ;
 Jove to Phæbus carouses in nectar,
 And Phæbus to Hermes and Hermes to me.
 Wherewith infused,
 I piped and mused,
 In language unused, their sports to declare
 Till the house of Jove,
 Like the spheres did move,
 Health to those that love hunting the hare.

IN vain to keep my heart you strive,
 And seek your own un-doing;
 'Tis kindness keeps the flame alive,
 But rigour proves its ruin;
 Would you the rover should return,
 Be courteous and complying,
 No heart did e'er with rapture burn,
 That met with cold denying.
 Come pry'thee leave this prudish air,
 Give o'er this affectation,
 Hypocrisy with all the fair,
 Is now quite out of fashion;
 While love and youth are in their prime,
 Enjoy their fleeting treasure,
 The envious hand of creeping time,
 Destroys all joy and pleasure.
 Kind nature every charm supplies,
 And all her gifts discloses,
 With love inflames thy sparkling eyes,
 And paints thy cheeks with roses;
 And shall those roses fade away,
 Their fragrance yet untasted,
 Shall all thy charms through time decay,
 And nature's gifts be wasted.
 Behold the birds in yonder grove,
 In happy pairs combining,
 The season hail of joy and love,
 In sweetest concert joining;
 But if they find a mate too coy,
 And proffer'd bliss rejected,
 To kinder females soon they fly,
 And leave her quite neglected.

THE gods and the goddesses lately did
 feast,
 Where ambrosia with exquisite sauces was drest,

Their eatables did with their deities suit,
 But what they shou'd drink did occasion dispute;
 'Twas time that old Nestor was grown out of
 fashion,
 Being what they did drink long before the
 creation;
 When the sky colour'd cloth was remov'd
 from the board,
 For making the punch great Jove gave the
 word;
 The bowl it was large of a heavenly size,
 Wherein they did use infant Gods to baptize;
 Quoth Jove I'm inform'd they drink Punch
 upon earth,
 Whereby the mortals wits far exceed us in
 mirth,
 Quoth Jove, Quoth Jove, they drink punch
 upon earth they drink punch upon earth,
 Whereby the mortal wits far exceed us in
 mirth.

Therefore our wise godheads together let's
 lay,
 And endeavour to make it much stronger
 than they;
 'Twas spoke like a God, fill the bowl to the
 top,
 He's cashier'd from Heaven that leaves the
 last drop;
 Apollo then straitway sent two of his lasses,
 With pitchers to be fill'd at the well of Par-
 nassus;
 To poets new born, this liquor it was brought
 And they stickt it in, for their first mornings
 draught;

Then

Then Juno for lemons stept into her closet,
Which when she was sick, she infus'd into
posset ;

For Goddesses you know may be squeamish
as gipseys,

The sun and the moon too have their eclipses.
Quoth Jove, &c.

These lemons were call'd the Hisperian fruit,
Where a vigilant dragon was said to look to't ;
Twelve dozen of these were well squeezed in
water,

The rest of ingredients in order came after ;
And Venus admirer of things that was sweet,
Knew without her infusion there cou'd be no
treat ;

Commanded her sugar loaves white as her
doves,

To be instantly brought by a pair of young
loves ;

So wonderful curious then these deities were,
The sugar it was strain'd thro' a piece of fine
air ;

Jolly Bacchus gave notice by dangling his
bunch,

That without his assistance there'd be no good
punch.

Quoth Jove, &c.

What he meant by the sequel was very well
known,

They threw in ten gallons of trusty lagoon ;
Mars tho' a blunt God, and chief of the
biskers,

Was sat at the table a curling his whiskers ;
Quoth he fellow Gods, and celestial gallants,
I would not give a fig for your Punch with-
out Nantz :

Therefore my Ganymede I do command ye,
To throw in ten gallons of the best Nantz
brandy ;

But Saturn, of all the Gods there, was the
oldest,

And we may imagine his stomach was the
coldest ;

He out of his pouch some nutmegs did pro-
duce,

Which being grated fine were thrown in the
juice.

Quoth Jove, &c.

Then Neptune this ocean of liquor did crown,
With a sea biscake baked hard in the sun ;

The bowl being finish'd, a health then began,
Quoth Jove let it be to that creature call'd

Man ;

'Tis to him alone, our great pleasure we owe,
For Heaven, never was true Heaven, till now ;

The Gods being pleas'd, the health it went
about,

Till Gorrel belly'd Bacchus's guts nigh burst
out ;

The other brave Gods did immense of punch
swallow,

Whilst Acteon with hounds and with hunt-
men did hollow ;

The punch was delightful, they plenty did
bring,

And all the world over their fame it did ring.
Quoth Jove, &c.

MY Nancy quits the rural train,
A camp distress to prove ;

All other ills she can sustain,
But living from her love.

But

But dearest tho' your soldier's there,
 Will not your spirits fail ;
 To mark the hardships you must share,
 Dear Nancy of the Dale.
 Or should your love each danger scorn,
 Ah ! how shall I secure ;
 Your health midst toils which you were born,
 To sooth but not endure.
 A thousand perils I must view,
 A thousand ills assail ;
 Nor must I tremble e'n for you,
 Dear Nancy of the Dale.

THE smiling dawn of happy days,
 Presents a prospect clear,
 And pleasing hopes all bright'ning rays,
 Disspel each gloomy fear ;
 While ev'ry charm that peace displays,
 Makes spring time all the year.

I Lock'd up all my treasure,
 I journey'd many a mile,
 And by my grief did measure
 The passing time the while.
 My business done and over,
 I hasten'd back again,
 Like an expecting lover,
 To view it once again.
 But this delight was stilled,
 As it began to dawn,
 I found the casket risted,
 And all my treasure gone.

THE youth, who from woman has suffer'd
 disdain,
 And spite of aversion, will court her again ;

May boast that his actions are guided by rule,
 But flatters himself, for she knows him a
 fool.

While partial conceit dims the sight of our
 eyes,

We ne'er can aspire to the title of wife ;
 And spite of experience that masterly school,
 Each mortal is sometime or other----a fool.

WHEN bickrings hot,
 To high words got,
 Break out at gamiorum ;
 The flame to cool,
 My golden rule,
 Is---Push about the jorum.

With fist on jug,
 Coifs who can lug ?
 Or shew me that glib speaker,
 Who her red rag,
 In gibe can wag,
 With her mouth full of liquor.

WHILE happy in my native land,
 I boast my country's charter ;
 I'll never basely lend my hand,
 Her liberties to barter.

The noble mind is not at all,
 By poverty degraded ;
 'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
 And well I am persuaded,
 Each free-born Briton's song should be,
 Or give me death or liberty.

Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,
 And few the gifts she sends us,
 The lordly hireling often wants,
 That freedom that defend us.

By law secured from lawless strife,
 Our house is our castellum,
 Thus bless'd with all that's dear in life,
 For lucre shall we sell e'm?
 No---ev'ry Briton's song should be,
 Or give me death or liberty.

THE ladies of rank are so frisky and fine,
 Not one of such madams shall ever be
 mine;
 Tho' they wish for a husband, they all go the
 way,
 To be married to-morrow, and single to-day:
 They jump, and they caper, they prance and
 they run,
 And the more they do mischief the more is
 the fun:
 Oh! before I'll be after such gypsies as they,
 I'll be marry'd to-morrow---and single to-
 day.
 Arrah! give me a girl that's as sweet as a
 plumb,
 And as found as a bell, and as tight as a
 drum;
 That will smile and make puddings, and love
 and obey,
 And be faithful to-morrow-----tho' marry'd
 to-day;
 With a voice like a thrush, and a breath like
 a cow,
 That's as red as a rose, and as fresh as a
 bough;
 Oh! we'll kiss and we'll toy, and we'll son-
 die and play,
 And be happy to-morrow;----tho' marry'd
 to-day.

BENEATH a green shade a lovely young
 swain,
 One ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain;
 So sad yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
 The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the foun-
 tains to flow;
 Rude winds with compassion could hear him
 complain,
 Yet Chloe less gentle was deaf to his strain.
 How happy he cry'd my moments once flew,
 'Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my
 view;
 Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could
 survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful
 than they;
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure and languish in light.
 Thro' changes in vain relief I pursue,
 All all but conspire my griefs to renew;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
 But loves ardent fever burns always the same,
 No winter can cool it no summer inflame.
 But see the pale moon all clouded retire,
 The breezes grew cool not Strephon's desire;
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on the
 mind;
 Ah wretch how can life be worthy thy care,
 To lengthen its moments but lengthens des-
 pair.
YOUNG Colin having much to say,
 In secret to a maid,
 Perswaded her to leave her hay,
 And seek the embow'ring shade.

When

When after roving with his mate
Where none could hear or see,
Upon the velvet ground they sat,
Under the green-wood tree.

Your charms, says Colin fire my breast,
What must I for them give :
Nor night, nor day, can I have rest,
I can't without you live :
My flocks, my herds, my all are thine
Could you and I agree,
Oh ! would you to my wish incline,
Under the green-wood tree.

Not so my heart can Colin gain,
The wary lass replies,
A lad, who must not sue in vain,
Now for my favour tries :
He bids me name the sacred joy,
In all things we agree,
Then why should you and I now stay
Under the green-wood tree.

All this but serv'd to fire his mind,
She knew not what to do,
Till to his suit she would prove kind
He would not let her go :
His love, his wealth the youth display'd,
No longer coy was she,
To church he led the blushing maid,
From under the green-wood tree.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn,
The hounds all make a jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
Then a hunting we will go, &c.
The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, to make him stay,

My dear it rains, it hails, it blows,
You cannot hunt to day.
But a hunting, &c.

The uncavern'd fox like light'ning flies
His cunning's all awake ;
To gain the race he eager tries,
His forfeit life's the stake,
When a hunting, &c.

Around, e'en echo huntress turns,
And madly shouts for joy ;
The sportsman's breast enraptur'd burns,
The chase can never cloy.
Then a hunting, &c.

Despairing, mark, he seeks the tide,
His art will nought avail :
Hark ! shouts the miscreant's death betide,
His speed, his cunning fail.
When a hunting, &c.

For lo ! his strength's to faintness worn,
The hounds arrest his flight ;
Then hungry homewards we return,
To feast away the night.
Then a drinking, &c.

COME all ye shepherds of the plain,
Come ev'ry nymph and ev'ry swain ;
Leave all your work and haste away,
For Damon weds his Phillida.

Let mirth and pleasure then go round,
Let ev'ry heart with joy abound ;
And we'll be merry, brisk and gay,
For Damon weds his Phillida.

The swains shall pipe in pleasing strains,
The nymphs shall dance blithe o'er the
plains ;

M

In

In honour of the happy day,
That Damon weds his Phillida.

No melancholy shall be seen,
All shall be happy on the green;
For we'll cast all our cares away,
When Damon weds his Phillida.

The rose and lilly we'll entwine,
And ev'ry pleasing flower join;
And make a chaplet fair and gay,
To deck the lovely Phillida.

Beneath their feet we flowers will strew,
And garlands hang on ev'ry bough;
All all to grace the wedding-day,
Of Damon and his Phillida.

THE busy crew the sails unbending,
The ship in harbour safe arriv'd,
Jack Oakum all his perils ending,
Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging no one durst attack it,
Tight fore and aft, above, below,
Long quarter'd shoes, check shirt, blue jacket,
And trowsers like the driv'n snow.

And thus his heart with pleasure flowing,
He flew like light'ning o'er the side;
And scarce had been the boat's length rowing,
When lovely Kitty he espied.

A flowing penant gayly flutter'd,
From her hat, all made of straw,
Red, like her cheeks, when first she utter'd,
"Sure 'twas my sailor that I saw."

And now the thronging crew surround her,
And now secure from all alarms,
Swift as a ball from a nine pounder,
They dart into each others arms.

IN the morn as I walk'd thro' the mead,
And tread on the carpet of green,
When I view the sweet flocks as they feed,
What equals the beautiful scene.

Through the groves as I pass'd with delight,
In view of yon ever green fine,
What sensation I feel at the sight,
Of a prospect so rural and fine.

Hark the birds as they perch on the bough,
With melody pleasing the ear,
See the hind from afar with his plough,
Denoting the time of the year.

As I stray'd thro' the neighb'ring vale,
Encompass'd with mountains so high,
Oh! what charms do I find in the dale,
By the streams that run bubbling by.

At the foot of yon sycamore tree,
Sits the shepherd a tuning his reed,
While his lambs skip about him with glee,
His sheep along-side of him feed.

O'er yon beautiful lawn do I see,
The hare with timidity fly,
How delightful's the music to me,
Of the echo of dogs in full cry.

But what harmony's that which I hear,
'Tis the bells from yon neighb'ring hill,
O how pleasing the sound to my ear,
By the side of this murmuring rill.

No pleasure to me is so sweet,
As that which the country gives,
I am happy thank God at my seat,
Where rural felicity lives.

YE sprightly nymphs, and jovial swains,
That tends your flocks upon your plains;
To

To yonder cottage haste away,
And celebrate this happy day.

To day the fair Clarinda deign'd,
To yield her kind consenting hand;
To am'rous Colin of the green,
The blitheft youth that e'er was feen.

Love join'd their mutual hearts in one,
And Hymen's rites are now begun;
With joyful welcomes haste away,
And hail Clarinda's wedding day.

Let ev'ry lad chufe out his lafs,
And lead her o'er the bended grafs;
Then to the cottage all repair,
And kindly greet the happy fair.

The bridal sports fhall then enfue,
And ev'ry tender wifh renew;
Transporting kifses fhall impart,
A fond defire to ev'ry heart.

Each nymph and fwain by love inspir'd,
Shall be with blifsful raptures fir'd;
And mirth, and joy, and jollity,
Shall crown Clarinda's wedding day.

WHEN glorious Eliza was England's
bright ftar,

When Howard and Raleigh commanded the
war;

The Spanifh Armada was funk at our feet,
Whilst this was the chorus among the brave
fleet.

For freedom we Briton's will range o'er the
flood,

To guard happy England, or lofe our heart's
blood.

Again did Spain tremble at fight of our
Drake,

And louder the fea-lion roar'd with our
Blake;

The arm of our Ruffel won England's re-
nown,

While Tourville loft France her defir'd na-
val crown.

For freedom, &c.

Brave Vernon their ftrong Porto-Bello threw
down,

With only fix fhips did he conquer the town;
They trembled while Anfon encompafs'd the
world,

Who foon on the French let his thunders be
hurl'd.

For freedom, &c.

To Hoffer and Cornwall we'll ftill fhed a tear,
Whofe memories long be to Englifhmen dear;
But Hawke gave us fpirits, and France hum-
ble made,

Retriev'd all our fame and protected our
trade.

For freedom, &c.

What tho' both their navy's are potent again,
Brave Hardy fhall meet them and leffen their
train;

The infolent Dons to their sorrow fhall know,
Their help is in vain 'gainft fo pow'rful a foe.

For freedom, &c.

Then let us unite 'gainft thefe wretched pol-
troons,

We'll fink the French fleet, and take Spanifh
galleons;

This will chear up the fpirits of each Britifh
tar,

Make the French fue for peace, and proud
Spain rue the war.

To George and to Charlotte a bumper put
round,
May they and their offspring with blessings
be crown'd ;
May health, peace, and plenty be seen in our
streets,
Here's again to the king, and success to our
fleets.
For freedom, &c.

SA Y S Colin to me I've a thought in my
head,
I know a young damsel I'm dying to wed ;
So please you, quoth I, and whene'er it is
done,
You'll quarrel and you'll part again---as sure
as a gun.

And so when you're married (poor amorous
wight)
You'll bill it and coo it from morning till
night ;
But trust me good Colin, you'll find it bad
fun,
Instead of which you'll fight and scratch----
as sure as a gun.

But shou'd she prove fond of her own dearest
love,
And you be as supple, and soft as her glove ;
Yet be she a faint, and as chaste as a nun,
You're fasten'd to her apron strings---as sure
as a gun.

Suppose it was you then, said he, with a leer,
You wou'd not serve me so, I'm certain my
dear ;
In troth I replied, I will answer for none,
But do as other women do---as sure as a gun.

WH O thirsts for more knowledge is wel-
come to roam,
He may seek a new climate who is wretched
at home ;
Who of pleasure or folly has not had his fill,
May quit poor old England whenever he will.
Old England brave boys, good enough is for
me,
Where my thoughts I can speak, where my
birth-right I'm free ;
Whatever I wish for now comes at my call,
I can sport in the field, or can roar in my hall ;
My time is my own, I can do as I will,
I have children that prattle, a wife that is
still.

I feel that I'm happy, tho' taxes run high,
I want no exotics, so easy am I ;
I'm alive to my friends, and at peace with
the dead,
With party and state I ne'er trouble my head ;
Contention I hate, and a bumper love most,
You'll pledge me I'm sure, for Old Eng-
land's my toast.

WHAT's a poor simple clown
To do in the town,
Of their freaks, and fagaries, I'll none,
The folks I saw there,
Two faces did wear,
An honest man ne'er has but one ✓

CHORUS.

Let others to London go roam,
I love my neighbour,
To sing and to labour,
To me there's nothing like country home.
Nay the ladies I vow,
I cannot tell how,

Were now white as curd, and now red;
 Law! how would you stare,
 At their huge crop of hair,
 'Tis a haycock o'top of their head.
 Let others, &c.

Then 'tis so dizen'd out
 And with trinkets about,
 With ribbands and flippets between;
 They so noddle and tofs,
 Just like a fore horse,
 With tassels and bells in a team.
 Let others, &c.

Then the fops are so fine,
 With lark wasted chine,
 And a little skimp bit of a hat;
 Which from sun, wind, and rain,
 Will not shelter their brain,
 Tho' there's no need to take care of that.
 Let others, &c.

Would you these creatures ape,
 In looks and thin shape,
 Teach a calf on his hind legs to go;
 Let him waddle in gait,
 A skim-dish on his pate,
 And he'll look all the world like a beau.
 Let others, &c.

To keep my brains right,
 My bones whole and tight,
 To speak, nor to look, would I dare;
 As they bake they shall brew,
 Old Nick and his crew,
 At London keep Vanity Fair.
 Let others, &c.

THE sun now peeps on yonder hill,
 In streaks of golden red;

For shame get up, nor slumber still;
 Quit, quit your downy bed.

CHORUS.

For hark! horn and hound are saluting
 the day,
 The fox from his covert is bursting away;
 O'er mountains he scampers, we'll dou-
 ble our pace,
 Swift vengeance pursues him, and glad-
 dens our chase.

Lose, lose no time, to horse my boys,
 Fling off dull drowsy spleen;
 The neighing sounds, and deep tongu'd noise,
 Now call us to the green.
 For hark! &c.

With rosy health our cheeks shall glow,
 Our nerves with toil be strong,
 With tides of joy our blood shall flow,
 Who join the hunting throng.
 For hark! &c.

And we leave the shouting field,
 And night has brought us home,
 Libations rich the hall shall yield,
 Loud mirth shall shake the dome.
 For hark! &c.

SWEETEST bard that ever sung,
 Nature's glory, fancy's child;
 Never sure did witching tongue,
 Warble forth such wood-notes wild.

Come each muse, and sister grace,
 Loves and pleasures hither come;
 Well you know this happy place,
 Avon's banks were once your home.
 Bring the laurel, bring the flow'rs,
 Songs of triumph to him raise;

He unite all your pow'rs,
 All uniting, sing his praise.

BENEATH the old bushes that form yonder shade,
 With Celia I sat, and with innocence play'd;
 Contentment was with us. why shou'd I repine,
 No let me thank heaven that Celia is mine.
 The hawthorn she gather'd when all in its bloom,
 And brought me the violet and lilly's perfume;
 These have a few beauties said I such as thine,
 But to me they are tasteless for Celia is mine.
 Lo! there how they fade, how they sicken and die,
 Such objects please only the smell and the eye;
 But thou hast those beauties which ne'er will decline,
 Farewel to all others for Celia is mine.
 She flung them away and sat down by my side,
 And you are my Colin for ever she cry'd;
 Our mutual sensations no tongue can define,
 But monarchs may envy that Celia is mine.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
 And the meadows their beauty have lost;
 When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost,

While the peasant, inactive, stands shivering with cold,
 As bleak the winds northerly blow;
 And the innocent flocks run for ease to the fold,
 With their fleeces besprinkled with snow.

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
 And they send forth their breath like a steam;
 And the neat looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw,
 Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream.

When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as a rose,
 As she carelessly trips, often slides;
 And the rustics laugh loud, if by falling she shows,
 All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses for company join,
 In a crowd round the embers are met;
 Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
 And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat.

Heav'n grant in this season it may be my lot,
 With the nymph who I love and admire;
 While the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire!

Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprize,
 We may live, and no hardships endure;
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 But such as each other may cure.

LET

LET grave divines preach up dull rules
 To moral wit refine,
 Such precepts taught in Roman schools,
 We Fryars here define.

Here's a health to Father Paul,
 Here's a health to Father Paul,
 For flowing bowls enlight's the souls,
 Of jolly Fryars all.

When in the convent we are met,
 We laugh, we joke and sing,
 All worldly cares we soon forget
 For Father Paul's our king.
 Here's a health, &c.

No absolution we'll not give,
 Ye blue-ey'd Nuns so fair,
 No benediction here receive,
 But banish all your care.
 Here's a health, &c.

With beads and crosses not held divine,
 We pray for fervent zeal,
 To rosy Bacchus god of wine,
 Prolifick deeds reveal.
 Here's a health, &c.

May every Fryar please his Nun,
 Each night when he goes home,
 May the dear creature have some fun,
 The convent is their own.
 Here's a health, &c.

Then fill your bumpers sons of mirth,
 Let Fryars be the toast,
 That we may all exist on earth,
 And this your order boast.
 Here's a health, &c.

WHEN the bright frosty mornings beam
 Keen thro' the skies,

What pleasure I feel to behold,
 The hills, and the downs in fair prospect arise,
 And the seas that our Albion infold.

Like a lover they clasp us---we're safe in their
 arms,
 They protect both the sheep and the swains,
 While the youths bravely rouse them to glo-
 ry's charms,
 And the tents are all white on the plain.

As I walk forth to view them, with joy my
 fond heart,
 Tho' a female, beats strong for the cause.
 I'm a Briton, I'm sure, scorn French arms
 and French art,
 And exult in our freedom and laws.

Whilst I rove thus unheeding, the youths of
 the town,
 My unpractis'd bosom assail,
 Each prays that his suit with consent I would
 crown,
 But true merit alone must prevail.

'Tis not pomp, 'tis not riches that charm in
 my eye,
 From ambition my heart is quite free;
 It is not for greatness I heave the fond sigh,
 All its boasts are but empty to me.

To the youth who is open, good humour'd
 and bold,
 Both my hand and my heart are consign'd;
 The ties of that union for ever must hold,
 Which virtue and prudence can bind.

'Tis the youth for his country, who nobly
 will dare,

And

And his honour his suit shall commend ;
For he's more deserving the smiles of the fair,
Whose valour their charms can defend.

YET awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me,
Fold me in thy downy arms,
Let not care awake to grieve me,
Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle doom'd to stray,
Quitting young the parent's nest,
Find each bird a bird of prey,
Sorrow knows not where to rest.

WHEN I were young, tho' now am old,
The men were kind and true ;
But now they're grown so false and bold,
What can a woman do ?

For men are truly
So unruly,
I tremble at seventy-two.

When I were fair---tho' now so so,
No hearts were given to rove,
Our pulses beat nor fast, nor slow,
But all was faith and love ;
What can a woman do ?

For men are truly,
So unruly,
I tremble at seventy-two.

SOME women take delight in dress,
And some in cards take pleasure ;
Whilst others place their happiness,
In heaping hoards of treasure :
In private some delight to kiss,
Their hidden charms unfolding ;
But, all mistake their sovereign bliss,
'There's no such joy as scolding.

The instant that I ope my eyes,
Adieu all day to silence ;
Before my neighbours they can rise,
They hear my tongue a mile hence :
When at the board I take my seat,
'Tis one continued riot ;
I eat, and scold, and scold, and eat,
My clack is ne'er at quiet.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
I ever am complaining ;
Too raw, too roast, too young, too old,
Each guest at table paining :
Let it be fowl, or flesh, or fish,
Though of my own providing,
I still find fault with every dish,
Still every servant chiding.

But, when to bed I go at night,
I surely fall a weeping ;
For then I lose my great delight,
How can I scold when sleeping :
But this my pain doth mitigate,
And soon disperses sorrow,
Although to-night it be too late,
I'll pay it off to-morrow.

THE bosom of earth is all matted with
leaves,

The honours of autumn decay ;
Brown Ceres no longer exhibits her sheaves,
To the golden-eyed monarch of day.
With dissonant guns hills and valleys resound,
The swains thro' the coppices rove ;
The partridges bleed on the arable ground,
The pheasants lie dead in the grove.

The coats of the hedges look languidly green,
The swallows relinquish the meads ;

Rude

Rude winter approaches with horrible mein,
 The flow'rets give place to the weeds :
 The sun too is lazy, and slumbers a bed,
 As loathing so early to rise :
 When risen, how dim looks his vapoury
 head,
 How faint he illumines the skies !

No more on the poles hang the clustering
 hops,
 Or form a magnificent shade ;
 No more on their skirts shine the showery
 drops,
 For Autumn, their nurse is decay'd.
 The gale that was wont to approach me so
 kind,
 Grows sharp, and flies hastily by,
 To give me sweet kisses no longer inclin'd,
 It bids the tear start from my eye.

O ! see while I speak, from the gun's levell'd
 aim,
 Death pierces the birds of the air,
 Ye rovers. will nothing your conduct re-
 claim,
 And move your hard bosoms to spare ?
 No, nothing---ye cry with unanimous voice,
 While ridicule falls from your tongue,
 Ye think not, ye cruel ones, as ye rejoice,
 How once the poor innocents sung.

To others such barbarous sports I resign,
 And fly to my Florimel's arms ;
 Her sanctified love shall be totally mine,
 For virtue adds force to her charms.
 On the base of religion, my fair let it rise,
 To crown us with blessings 'twas given,

To bid our souls mount from the earth to the
 skies,
 And gives us a foretaste of heaven.

WHEN a tender maid
 Is first essay'd,
 By some admiring swain,
 How her blushes rise,
 If she meets his eyes
 While he unfolds his pain !
 If he takes her hand---she trembles quite !
 Touch her lips---and she swoons outright !
 While a pit-a-pat, &c.
 Her heart avows her fright !
 But in time appear
 Fewer signs of fear ;
 The youth she boldly views :
 If her hand he grasp,
 Or her bosom clasp,
 No mantling blush ensues !
 Then to church well pleas'd, the lovers move
 While her smiles her contentment prove ;
 And a-pit-a-pat, &c.
 Her heart avows her love.

HE.

HASTE, haste away, my only dear,
 Make haste, and away, away ;
 For all at the gate
 Thy true lover does wait,
 Then pry'thee make no delay.

SHE.

Oh ! how shall I steal away, my love,
 Oh ! how shall I steal away ?

My

My daddy is near,
And I dare not for fear,
Pray come then another day.

HE.

Oh! this is the only day, my dear,
Oh! this is the only day;
I'll draw him aside,
While you thro' the gates slide,
And then you may steal away.

SHE.

Then pry'thee make no delay, my dear,
Then pry'thee make no delay;
We'll serve him a trick,
For I'll slip in the nick,
And with my true love away.

BOTH.

Oh! Cupid, befriend a loving pair,
Oh! Cupid befriend us, I pray;
Make our stratagem take,
For thine own sweet sake,
And Amen let all true lovers say.

TWAS on the morn of sweet May-day,
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows fair,
Young Jockey early in the morn,
Arose and tript it o'er the lawn,
His Sunday coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run,
With Jockey to the Fair.

The chearful parish bell had rung,
With eager steps he trudg'd along,
With ow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which shepherds us'd to wear;

He tapp'd the window, haste my dear,
Jenny impatient cry'd, who's there,
'Tis I my love and no one near,
Step gently down you've nought to fear,
With Jockey to the Fair.

My Dad and Mam is fast asleep,
My brother up and with the sheep,
And will you still your promise keep,
Which I have heard you swear;
And will you ever constant prove,
I will by all the powers above;
And ne'er deceive my charming dove,
Dispel those doubts and haste my love,
With Jockey to the Fair.

Behold the ring the shepherd cry'd,
Will Jenny be my charming bride,
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there.

Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He would be constant would be true,
His word was pledg'd away he flew,
O'er cowslips tipt with balmy dew,
With Jockey to the Fair.

In raptures meet the joyful train,
Their companions blythe and young,
Each join the dance, each join the song,
To hail the happy pair.

In turns there's none so fond as they,
They bless the kind propitious day,
The smiling month of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny run away,
With Jockey to the Fair.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into the
room,
I put on my cloaths, I call'd for my groom:
Will

Will Whistle by this had uncoupled the hounds,
 Who, lively and nettlesome, frisk'd o'er the grounds;
 And now we're all saddled, fleet Dapple and Grey,
 Seem'd longing to hear the glad sound, hark, away.

'Twas now by the clock, about five in the morn,
 And we all gallop'd off to the sound of the horn;
 Jack Gater, Bill Babbler, and Dick at the Gooie,
 When all of a sudden out starts Mistress Puffs;
 Men, horses, and dogs, not a moment would stay,
 And Echo was heard to cry, Hark, hark away.

The course was a fine one, she took o'er the plain,
 Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled again;
 Till at last, she to cover return'd out of breath,
 Where I, and Will Whistle, were in at the death;
 Then, in triumph for you, I the hare did display,
 And cry'd to the horns, My boys, hark, hark, away.

SINCE Roger thus slighteth the heart he has won,
 And thinks on his vow, as a breath that is gone;

Shou'd wedlock confine him, he'll shift from the bands,
 The eel tho' you gripe it, will slip thro' your hands;
 Again shou'd he press me some kindness to show,
 I'll give myself airs, turn my back; and say---no,
 No fellow, no,
 As you came, you may go,
 You may go, you may go,---as you came, you may go.

But shou'd my true lover intreat for a kiss,
 I'll, like a good girl, turn my face, and say
 ---yes,
 Yes, my love, yes,
 You are welcome to kisses;
 You are welcome, you are welcome, you are welcome to kisses.

BESTOW your attention on this little song,
 If it's not very good, it is not very long;
 I flatter myself no person here grudges,
 To give an opinion, your monstrous good judges;
 The sage politician still low'rs on the times,
 On ruin and beggary ringing the chimes;
 The free-hearted fellow old Quidnunc despise,
 Who revel like princes, they're monstrously wise.

The ladies good creatures, mean all for the best,
 Why if the French come they shall find us well dress'd;
 Encamp'd so like soldiers, hair powder'd and fuddled,

To decide which was which they'd be monstrously puzzled;
 Let no four grey-beard deride their intention,
 Any lady among them cou'd vanquish a Frenchman;
 Shou'd the Monsieurs invade, what with women and men,
 They'd be monstrously glad to get safe back again.

Some Disciplinarians who service have known,
 Think Britons have spirit enough of their own;
 They see with concern our fair ladies roam,
 And think they'd be monstrously better at home;
 Each night hither flock, then let pleasure invite,
 Here Venus, Apollo, and Bacchus delight;
 If I but enjoy the gay smiles of this throng,
 I shall think this of mine is a monstrous good song.

WHEN Flavia I courted, the nymphs of the plain,
 Grew envious, gave malice a tongue,
 But when they had fought for a blemish in vain,
 They cry'd, "that my fair was too young."
 Never heed it, said I, she has beauty and truth,
 And time will too soon take away from her youth.
 When this would not do, the pert damsels found out,
 How seldom she danc'd on the green,
 And then they began all to flounce and to flout,

"Because she the world had not seen."
 Never heed it, said I---for the world as it goes,
 If she's teen it but little, less folly she knows.
 Yet loth to withdraw from the charge full of spite,
 They said, "'twas unwise at the best,
 "For an amorous shepherd to hope for de-
 "light,
 "From a nymph that no spirit possess'd."
 Never heed it, said I, still my choice I approve,
 She has spirit enough who has spirit to love.

BREATHE soft, ye winds; be calm ye skies,
 Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise;
 Ye silver dews, ye vernal show'rs,
 Call forth a bloomy waste of flow'rs.
 The fragrant rose, a beauteous guest,
 Shall flourish on my fair one's breast;
 Shall grace her hand, or deck her hair,
 The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair.

GLEE and CHORUS.

This bottle's the fun of our table,
 His beams are rosy wine;
 We---planets that are not able,
 Without his help to shine.
 Let mirth and glee abound!
 You'll soon grow bright,
 With borrow'd light,
 And shine as he goes round.

STAND to your guns, my hearts of oak,
 Let not a word on board be spoke,
 Victory

Victory soon will end the joke,
 Be silent and be ready.
 Ram home the guns, and sponge them well,
 Let us be sure the balls will tell,
 The cannons roar shall sound their knell;
 Be steady, boys, be steady —
 Not yet, not yet, not yet,
 Reserve your fire,
 I still desire,
 Not yet, not yet, not yet, —

FIRE!

Now the elements do rattle,
 The Gods amaz'd behold the battle.

A BROADSIDE, MY BOYS!

See the blood in purple tide,
 Trickle down her batter'd side;
 Wing'd with fate the bullets fly,
 Conquer, boys, or bravely die.
 Hurl destruction on your foes!
 She sinks, she sinks, she sinks, huzza,
 To the bottom down she goes. —

COME jolly Bacchus god of wine
 Crown this night with pleasure,
 Let none at cares of life repine;
 To destroy our pleasure:
 Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
 That ev'ry true and loyal soul,
 May drink and sing without controul,
 To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
 Guardian of our pleasure;
 That under thy protection, we,
 May enjoy new pleasure:
 And as the hours glide away,
 We'll in thy name invoke their stay,

And sing thy praises that we may,
 Live and die with pleasure.

THE fife and the drum sound merrily ah!
 A soldier, a soldier's the lad for me;
 With my true love I soon will be,
 For who's so kind so true as he;
 With him in ev'ry toil I'll share,
 To please him shall be all my care;
 Each peril I'll dare, all hardships I'll bear,
 For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

Then if kind Heaven preserve my love,
 What rapturous joy shall his Nancy prove;
 Swift thro' the camp shall my footsteps bound,
 To meet my William with conquest crown'd;
 Close to my faithful bosom prest,
 Soon shall he hush his cares to rest;
 Clasp'd in those arms, forget wars alarms,
 For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

A Widow bewitch'd with her passion,
 Tho' Irish, is now quite ashamed,
 To think that she's so out of fashion,
 To marry and then to be tamed:
 'Tis love the dear joy,
 That old fashion'd boy,
 Has got in my breast with his quiver;
 The blind urchin he,
 Struck the cush la maw cree,
 And a husband secures me for ever!
 Ye fair ones I hope will excuse me,
 The vulgar pray do not abuse me;
 I cannot become a fine lady,
 O love has bewitch'd widow Brady.

Ye critics to murder so willing,
 Pray see all our errors with blindness;

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For once change your method of killing,
 And kill a fond widow with kindness;
 If you look so severe,
 In a fit of despair,
 Again I will draw forth my steel, Sirs,
 You know I've the art,
 To be twice through your heart,
 Before I can make you to feel, Sirs :
 Brother soldiers I hope you'll protect me,
 Nor let cruel critics dissect me;
 To favour my cause be but ready,
 And grateful you'll find widow Brady.

Ye leaders of dress and the fashions,
 Who gallop and haste to your ruin,
 Whose taste has destroy'd all your passions,
 Pray what do you think of my wooing !
 You call it damn low,
 Your heads and arms so, [*mimicks them*]
 So listless, so loose, and so lazy;
 But pray what can you,
 That I cannot do ?

O fie, my dear craters, beazy :
 Ye patriots and courtiers so hearty,
 To speak it and vote for your party;
 For once be both constant and steady,
 And vote to support widow Brady.

To all that I see here before me,
 The bottom, the top, and the middle,
 For music we now must implore you,
 No wedding without pipe and fiddle :
 If all are in tune,
 Pray let it be soon,
 My heart in my bosom is prancing !
 If your hands should unite,
 To give us delight,
 O that's the best piping and dancing !

Your plaudits to me are a treasure,
 Your smiles are a dow'r for a lady :
 O joy to you all in full measure,
 So wishes, and prays widow Brady.

WHEN Strephon the rover, fair Phillis
 address'd,
 He took her to wake and to fair ;
 He bought her gay ribbons to wear at her
 breast,
 And thus whisper'd the nymph in her ear.
 To my passion be kind, gentle pity bestow ;
 But the maiden's reply to young Strephon
 was---no ;
 Lud don't you keep teasing me so.

The youth who such coyness had often times
 seen,
 Never heeded the maiden's reply,
 But, returning one eve from the dance on the
 green,
 He resolv'd t'other effort to try ;
 So he kiss'd and he press'd, crying pity be-
 stow ;
 But the maiden reply'd, pray have done
 Strephon do---
 Lud don't you keep teasing me so.

Opposition like this so his passion enhanc'd,
 That he swore without her he should die ;
 Then an offer of marriage he fairly advanc'd,
 And she said in a month she'd comply.
 Strephon begg'd her to church the next morn-
 ing to go,
 But the maid was resolv'd, which made Stre-
 phon cry---oh !
 Pray don't you keep teasing me so.

Now

Now had either of you been in Phillis's place,
 With a lover soft pressing her hand,
 And ardently begging you'd pity his case,
 Could you the dear suppliant withstand?
 No---I think if your minds by your smiles I
 can know,
 To church the next morning you'd willingly
 go,
 To keep him from teasing you so.

SWEET are the banks, when spring per-
 fumes,
 The verdant plants, and laughing flowers,
 Fragrant the violet, as it blooms,
 And sweet the blossoms after showers:
 Sweet is the soft, the sunny breeze,
 That fans the golden orange-grove;
 But oh! how sweeter far than these,
 The kisses are of her I love.

Ye roses! blushing in your beds,
 That with your odours scent the air:
 Ye lillies chaste! with silver heads,
 As my Cleora's bosom fair:
 No more I court your balmy sweets,
 For I, and I alone, can prove,
 How sweeter, when each other meets,
 The kisses are of her I love.

Her tempting eyes my gaze inclin'd,
 Their pleasing lesson first I caught;
 Her sense, her friendship next confin'd,
 The willing pupil she had taught:
 Should fortune, stooping from her sky,
 Conduct me to her bright alcove;
 Yet like the turtle I should die,
 Denied the kiss of her I love.

THE lilly and the blushing rose,
 To many give delight;
 But not a flow'r on earth that grows,
 Is half so bright a sight:
 As lovely women,
 Charming women,
 Pleasing, teasing,
 Heav'nly women.

Pray what makes cowards brave and bold,
 Or what gave poets birth:
 Or what makes people fond of gold?
 Or pleasure dwell on earth?
 But lovely women, &c.

Or what's the pageantry of kings?
 Or pleasures of the bowl?
 But vain presumptuous gaudy things,
 Destroyers of the soul.
 Unlike sweet women,
 Charming women, &c.

When men are fore oppress'd with grief,
 And roam in search of peace,
 There's naught can give such sure relief,
 And make their torments cease.
 Such pow'r has women,
 Virtuous women, &c.

Then since the fair give such delight,
 Aloud resound their praise:
 For who can view the glorious sight,
 And not their voices raise.
 To lovely women, &c.

The rich, the poor, the bold, the brave,
 The lord, the clown, and king,
 The peasant, courtier, priest, and knave,
 In different strains will sing,
 To praise sweet women, &c.

FRRIENDSHIP is the bond of reason,
 But if beauty disapprove,
 Heav'n absolves all other treason,
 In the heart that's true to love.

The faith which to my friend I swore,
 As a civil oath I view!
 But to the charms which I adore,
 'Tis religion to be true.

Then if to me I false must be,
 Can I doubt which to prefer;
 A breach of social faith with thee,
 Or sacrilege to love and her.

IF a daughter you have, she's the plague of
 your life,
 No peace shall you know, tho' you've bu-
 ried your wife;
 At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught
 her,

O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter;
 Sighing and whining,
 Dying and pining,

O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter.

When scarce in their teens they have wit to
 perplex us,
 With letters and lovers for ever they vex us;
 While each still rejects the fair suitor you've
 brought her,

O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter.
 Wrangling and jangling,
 Flouting and pouting,

O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter.

CLUB your firelocks, my lads! Let us
 march to the Coasts,
 To try whether Monsieur will stick to his
 boasts:

For 'Parbleu! he cries! me vill England
 invade---

But Monsieur deals largely, and fibbing's
 his trade.

Derry down, &c.

What signifies all this confusion and pother,
 Their routes and their marches from one
 place to t'other;

Their transports to carry, their navies to
 fight,

When learnt they that Frenchmen bold Bri-
 tons could fright.

Derry down, &c.

We'll remind 'em perhaps, as their mem'ries
 are bad,

What drubbings and dressings they formerly
 had;

When England's rous'd lion stretched forth
 his strong paw,

He ne'er mist to the gallic baboon to give
 law;

Derry down, &c.

Can ye Frenchmen forget (still as friends
 we'll address ye)

The bastings you got at Poitiers and at
 Cressy;

But should you reject this as quite an old
 story,

The fate of last war is still recent before ye.

Derry down, &c.

Cross quickly the channel why all this delay,
 We long to return you the visit you pay;

In us you will find of politeness no lack,
 We'll receive you so well that you'll never

go back.

Derry down, &c.

What tho' the dull Spaniard has join'd the
 French friskers,
 His Donship will find we can pull his grave
 whiskers ;
 The Havannah we'll put in our pockets
 again,
 And blow both the Bourbons quite out of the
 main.

Derry down, &c.

LOVE's a bubble, courting trouble,
 Whilst we love and love in vain ;
 When 'tis over, is the lover,
 Now we've got him, worth the gain.
 Is love treasure ? Is it pleasure ?
 That can pay whole years of care,
 Is the blessing worth caressing ?
 Speak ye swains, and own ye fair.
 Kind ye're pleasing, coy we're teizing,
 Love's a fond fatiguing chase ;
 Smiles deceive us, hopes relieve us,
 Hearts our sport from place to place.
 Cupid smiling, life beguiling,
 Tempt us with the playful toy ;
 Oft denying, oft complying,
 Love's our torment and our joy.

THE swain that I'd chuse gentle Cupid
 thou'd be,
 In person still pleasing, good-natur'd and
 free ;
 Nor meanly, yet low, or vain with false
 pride,
 Let honour and virtue his actions still guide ;
 To female poor foibles he too should be
 blind,
 And civil to all, yet to me only kind ;

The feelings of nature should temper his
 wit,
 And tho' I am wrong, let him sometimes
 submit.

When mutual the passion no care fills the
 breast,
 And when my swain's happy then doubly
 I'm blest ;
 Belov'd thus and loving, what husband can
 roam,
 Or find real bliss, but with spouse and sweet
 home ;
 The pleasures of Hymen I fain would de-
 scribe,
 And sketch the wish'd lover to make me a
 bride ;
 If from the faint copy the real you see,
 Ah Cupid, dear Cupid, reserve him for me.

THE summer was over, my flocks were
 all shorn,
 My meadows were mow'd, and I'd hous'd
 all my corn ;
 Fair Phillada's cottage was just in my view,
 A wooing I went—I had nought else
 to do ;
 On Flora's soft sofa together we sat,
 And spent some long hours in amorous chat ;
 I told her I lov'd, and I hop'd she lov'd too,
 Then kiss'd her sweet lips-----I had nought
 else to do.

She hung down her head, and with blushes
 reply'd,
 I'll love you, but first you must make me
 your bride ;

N 3

Without

Without hesitation I made her a vow,
 To make her my wife-----I had nought else
 to do;
 To the village in quest of a priest did we
 roam,
 By fortune's decree the grave Don was at
 home;
 I gave him a fee to make one of us two,
 He married us then-----he had nought else
 to do.

E'er since we've been happy with peace and
 content,
 Nor tasted the sorrows of those who repent;
 Our neighbours all round us we love, and
 'tis true,
 Each other beside----when we've nought else
 to do;
 With Phœbus the toil of the day we begin,
 I shepherd my flock, while she sits down to
 spin;
 Our cares thus domestic we'll arduous pursue,
 And ever will love-----when we've nought
 else to do.

YE witlings of a witless age,
 Say have you spent your puny rage,
 On those you ought to guard;
 Ye have, and know that for your toil,
 From all whose wisdom decks this Isle,
 Contempt is your reward.

From us whose weakness ye have rais'd,
 And high on folly's standard blaz'd,
 Take pity in return:
 We would not act a vengeful part,
 Yet in love's flame no virgin heart,
 For you shall ever burn.

Go, go, and your own follies scan,
 Nor longer ape but act the man,
 And mend you if ye may:
 To him alone in whom we find,
 Good sense, good-nature, courage join'd,
 We yield a willing sway.

GAY, flatt'ring hope, the fancy warms,
 That none can fly from beauty's charms;
 And still allures us with a scene,
 Of pleasure, lovely and serene.
 When oft the dawn is rosy red,
 Succeeding clouds the skies o'erspread;
 So love that seems at first so fair,
 Its joy oft changes to despair.

THO' from place to place I'm ranging,
 No relief my breast can find:
 Tho' each day the scene I'm changing,
 Restless thoughts disturb my mind.
 How can I be peace enjoying,
 Or in valley or on hill?
 Love his pow'r is yet employing,
 Passion is my master still.

HARK! the trumpet sounds to arms!
 Calls the heroes to the field,
 Honour wakes to wars alarms,
 Bold to conquer, not to yield.
 See the desp'rate band gives way,
 Victory her trophies shews,
 We the battle gain to day,
 Slain or captiv'd are our foes.

BLYTH Jockey young and gay,
 Is all my heart's delight;

He's

He's all my talk by day,
 And all my dreams by night:
 If from the lad I be,
 'Tis winter then with me;
 But when he carries here,
 'Tis summer all the year.

When I and Jockey met,
 First on the flow'ry dale,
 Right sweetly he me tret,
 And love was all his tale:
 You are the lass, said he,
 That stave my heart frae me;
 O ease me of my pain,
 And never shew disdain.

Well can my Jockey kyth,
 His love and courtesie;
 He made my heart full blyth,
 When he first spake to me:
 His suit I ill deny'd,
 He kiss'd, and I comply'd;
 Sae Jockey promis'd me,
 That he wou'd faithful be.

I'm glad when Jockey comes,
 Sad when he gangs away;
 'Tis night when Jockey glooms,
 But when he smiles 'tis day:
 When our eyes meet I pant,
 I colour, sigh, and faint;
 What lass that wou'd be kind,
 Can better speak her mind.

LITTLE Fairy, succour lend,
 You, e'er now, have been a friend;
 When your sipping like a bee,
 Think, I pray you, think of me:
 You for aid I call upon,
 Spouse of Mab, sweet Oberon!

Hear me call, and cure love's smart,
 Sooth the torment of my heart;
 Cool my bosom's amorous fire,
 Or extinguish all desire:
 Peace and joy with Damon's gone,
 Come thou gentle Oberon!

So may acorns full of dew,
 Every night be set for you;
 So may glow-worm lift its head,
 To light where'er you wish to tread:
 By your art were Damon won,
 What your praise, sweet Oberon.

LET fusty old grey-beards of a pathy boast,
 And Venus and Bacchus revile;
 In spite of their books, they are slaves to some
 toast,

The dupes of a nod, wink, or smile.

Some snug sober citizens here may repair,
 Without an idea of guile;
 But what with the music, and what with the
 fair,

They follow the nod, wink, and smile.

Let men boast of titles, of honors, renown,
 The females of this happy Isle;
 Can vanquish the victors; nay, kill with a
 frown,

Or save, by a nod, wink, or smile.

The gardens of pleasure the beauties ap-
 prove,

Who the dullest of moments beguile;
 Here Cupid unfurls the white standard of
 love,
 And commands with a nod, wink, or
 smile.

ON

ON Tays green banks I'll boldly tell,
 The love I have for Jockey ;
 Attend my song each blithsome bell,
 And shepherds hither flock ye.
 I gave my heart to that fond swain.
 Who won it of me fairly ;
 I'd do't if 'twere to do again,
 I love him still so dearly.

His manners soft, tho' strong his mind,
 Nor fickle like the weather ;
 Not cross to-day, to-morrow kind,
 And lighter than a feather :
 His words and actions both agree ;
 His temper's warm not heady ;
 He's always good and just to me,
 To love and honour steady.

For his own self I like my swain,
 I know his worth and nature ;
 I'll give him not a moment's pain,
 Nor wrong so sweet a creature.
 No girl on tweed, or clyde, or spey,
 Is born to so much pleasure,
 As is the merry lass of Tay,
 Or closer hugs her treasure.

THOU soft flowing Avon by thy silver
 stream,
 Of things more than mortal thy Shakespear
 would dream ;
 The fairies by moonlight danc'd round his
 green bed,
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his
 head.

The love stricken maiden, the sighing young
 swain,

Here rove without danger and sigh without
 pain ;

The sweet bud of beauty no blights shall
 here dread,
 For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his
 head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and
 their truth,

Here smiling old age feel the spirit of youth ;
 For the raptures of fancy here poets shall
 tread,

For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his
 head.

Flow on silver Avon in song ever flow,
 The swans on thy bosom are whiter than
 snow ;

Ever full be thy stream like his fame may it
 spread,

For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his
 head.

O How have I sigh'd for the coming of
 May,

Ev'ry eve' of its beauties did dream ;
 Each morn I invok'd the bright author of
 day,

To enamel the banks of the stream.

Each morn I invok'd the bright author of
 light,

To unbind the hard bosom of earth,
 To melt the cold snow with his splendour so
 bright,

And give the sweet violet birth.

Where, nature, (I cry'd) are the treasures
 of spring,

The

The Narcissus, to garnish the rill,
The lark that delighted so long on the wing,
While my cattle all brows'd on the hill.

O restore us these beauties, dear parent of
bliss,

With the lilly that brightens the vale,
The bloom that my bees are so eager to kiss,
And the cowslip that sweetens the dale.

Ah! give me to look on the nest of the dove,
Or to cull in the shade of the brook,
The blossoms so sweet, like the lips of my
love,

To garnish the stem of my crook.

Then, then, let me dream on the breast of
my swain,

All unseen by the envious eye;
Such bliss ne'er shall deal us a portion of
pain,

While honour can safety supply.

It was thus that I sigh'd for sweet pastoral
charms,

Till I saw my dear shepherd appear;
Then inraptur'd he flew and lay prest in my
arms,

Not a bird to its nestling so dear.

Yes, Damon, you came, than the spring far
more gay,

The fair flow'rets no more I pursue;
And no longer I sigh for the treasures of
May,

For I find them all center'd in you.

TELL me, am I laugh'd to scorn?
Have I on each brow a horn?

This I suspect, and if 'tis true,
Quickly answer me---Cuckoo!

I have my cue,

Alas! 'tis true,

Hark, she answers me Cuckoo.

That answer's yes, the murder's out,
At least I shall no longer doubt;

But tell me, if to one or two,
Or more I am oblig'd---Cuckoo!

What more than two?

Alas! 'tis true---

Hark, she answers me---Cuckoo!

In vain then do I beat my pate,
A cuckold am I dubb'd by fate,
Behold---here are my antlers---ho!

Am I not right, my friend---Cuckoo!

Then plain to view,

My fears are true;

Hark she answers me---Cuckoo.

AS down the cowslip dale I stray'd

One morning with the dawn,

Young Damon, for the fair array'd,

Came tripping o'er the lawn;

His auburn locks, with manly grace,

Inflowing ringlets hung;

The bloom of health glow'd on his face,

And blithe the shepherd sung.

Thus onward drew, and as he pass'd,

He smiling bade good day;

Entranc'd I gaz'd, till Oh! at last,

I gaz'd my heart away.

That moment all to love resign'd,

Each sense seem'd to declare,

Tho' hapless I was left behind,

My heart went to the fair.

In vain my anguish to remove,
 To once lov'd scenes I fly,
 The rose-deck'd bow'r, the pine top'd grove,
 Seems fading to my eye.
 Thou, gentle youth, by nature kind,
 A maiden's blushes spare;
 Perceive, though she was left behind,
 Her heart went to the fair.

IN spring, my dear shepherds, your flow'rets
 are gay,
 They breathe all their sweets in the sunshine
 of May;
 But hang down their heads when December
 draws near;
 The winter of life is like that of the year.

The larks and the linnets that chaunt o'er
 the plains,
 All, all are in love while the summer re-
 mains;
 Their sweethearts in autumn no longer are
 dear;
 The winter of life is like that of the year.

The season for love is when youth's in its
 prime,
 Ye lads and ye lasses make use of your time;
 The frost of old-age will too quickly ap-
 pear;
 The winter of life is like that of the year.

TELL me when, inconstant rover,
 When my nightly plaints shall cease,
 When shall I, your follies over,
 Welcome love, and joy, and peace.
 Longest nights of dark December,
 Still return of morning bring,

Leafless boughs exclaim---remember,
 We shall bloom again in spring.
 Tell me when, &c.

Tho' the seaman's weeping dear,
 Views East winds waft him o'er the main;
 Hope shall brighten in the tear,
 The West may waft him back again.
 Tell me when, &c.

ALL neighbours, I pray, to my ditty at-
 tend,
 On words and fair looks who are apt to de-
 pend;
 To yourselves you must trust fortune's favour
 to keep,
 For the promise of friends is a game at bo-
 peep.

When dangling whole days for a sight of his
 Grace,
 To challenge a debt, or solicit a place;
 Every morning you're told the reward you
 shall reap,
 While his honour (Lord love him) is play-
 ing bo-peep.

The maiden of fifty, at church you may spy,
 How she screws up her muscles, and casts
 down her eye;
 Tho' her thoughts on devotion seem ever so
 deep,
 Between the sticks of her fan she is playing
 bo-peep.

The rake prone to promise, to swear and to
 lie,
 The prude; who at he-things is ready to
 die;

The

The coquette, who no humour a moment
will keep,

Tho' diff'ring in manner, all play at bo-peep.

Then blame not my arts, nor accuse me of
wrong,

Tho' instead of your money I give you a song;
For at least from my rhymes this instruction
you reap,

That the business of life is a game at bo-peep.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear
the mainmast by the board,

My heart with thoughts of thee my dear and
love well stow'd;

Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,

The roaring winds, the raging sea;

In hopes on shore to be once more,

Safe moor'd with thee.

Blow high, &c.

Aloft while mountains high we go,

The whistling wind that scuds along:

And the furge roaring from below,

Shall my signal be to think on thee,

And this shall be my song.

Blow high, &c.

And on that night when all the crew,

The memory of their former lives;

O'er flowing cans of flip renew,

And drink their sweet-hearts and their
wives:

I'll heave a sigh and think on thee,

And as the ship rolls thro' the sea,

The burthen of my song shall be.

Blow high, &c.

SINCE now our season's come again,
Our forces to review,

I'll march my lovers o'er the plain,

And shew them all to you.

A curious motley troop they are,

In diff'rent colours clad;

Some black, some brown, some grey, some
fair,

And all are to be had;

To wed the beau I'm much afraid,

He is so pale and slim,

And looks so like a waiting maid,

That I'll have none of him.

Next toping Tom, wou'd claim my hand,

A buck of Comus' court,

The best toast-master in the land,

And finest judge of port;

Where stands the bottle? You, Sir, drink:

Silence---a song, I say;---

Here!----fine that fellow: Zounds! don't
shrink,

King George,---my boys, huzza!

But Tom knows only how to fill

A bumper to the brim,

Not how to please a woman's will,

So I'll have none of him.

Then Chace, the Squire, comes hollowing on;

Yoikes! Yoikes! my girl take heed;

Hark, forward! there, we'll run her down;

Over she goes, full speed!---

The fox his chief delight, I fear,

Nought else can please his whim;

For him, each morn, he'll leave his dear,

So I'll have none of him.

But smiling Sam, the lad shall be,

So comely, and so trim;

And as he begs to marry me,

Why, I'll e'en marry him.

THO'

THO' by Colin I now am forsaken,
 No willow my temples shall bind ;
 Tho' in one I by chance am mistaken,
 Another I hope will prove kind.
 Young Colin wou'd leave me in sorrow,
 Yet this I wou'd have him to know ;
 From him this good maxim I borrow,
 'Tis best to have two strings to one's bow.
 I own his bright eyes were my pleasure,
 When love from the beams smil'd on me ;
 I own he was once all my treasure,
 But I'll be as fickle as he.
 Young Damon can cure all my sorrow,
 And this I wou'd have you to know ;
 From the men this good maxim I borrow,
 They've always too strings to their bow.
 Learn ladies, to scorn the false rovers,
 Who shun you because you are true ;
 Prove constant and kind to your lovers,
 Only while they prove constant to you.
 For a false one 'tis folly to languish,
 Then attend to my counsel and know ;
 To avoid all such pining and anguish,
 I make sure of two strings to my bow.

GOOD neighbours attend to my ditty,
 And listen to Will of renown,
 You surely will grant me some pity,
 When I tell you how love-sick I'm grown.
 Till of late quite content in my garden,
 The blithest young lad of the town ;
 For the lasses I car'd not a farthing,
 Most strangely I'm alter'd I own.
 My delight was in weeding and hoeing,
 In sowing my cabbage and beans ;
 I sung all the time I was mowing,
 Or gath'ring my fruit or my greens.

With a heart just as light as a feather,
 On a ladder I nail'd up my trees,
 Never minding cold winds or cold weather,
 My bosom was always at ease.
 To the noise of my hammer, tho' shocking,
 I whistled, nor thought that my heart,
 Like a hammer would ever be knocking,
 And cause this most terrible smart :
 By its thumps I am sure it has broken,
 Of ribs in my skin full a score ;
 Of my love should you want further token,
 I can still, my good neighbours, give more.
 On the bark of my trees is engrafted,
 My plants have impress'd on their rind,
 The name of a damsel of Marsted,
 I sigh for that damsel divine :
 Her skin is as white as a lilly,
 Her cheeks have the bloom of a rose ;
 Like a snow-drop or daffadown dilly,
 Her head oft inclines to her toes.
 Her eyes are like two fine blackberries,
 Her teeth like grown cellery, white :
 Her lips may compare with red cherries,
 The charms beyond measure the sight :
 What tho' I've no coach, I've a barrow,
 In which this fair damsel might ride ;
 'Twou'd delight both my heart and my mar-
 row,
 To wheel her about as my bride.

WHAT women could do, I have try'd
 to be free,
 Yet do all I can,
 I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,
 Still, still he's the man.

They

They tell me, at once, he to twenty will swear:
When vows are so sweet, who the falsehood can fear?

So when you have said all you can,
Still——still he's the man.

I caught him once making love to a maid
When to him I ran,
He turn'd and he kiss'd me, then who could
upbraid
So civil a Man?

The next day I found to a third he was kind,
I rated him soundly; he swore, I was
blind;

So, let me do what I can,
Still——still he's the man.

All the World bids me beware of his Art,
I do what I can;
But he has taken such hold of my Heart,
I doubt he's the man!

So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind,
He may have his fault's, but if I none
can find,

Who can do more than they can?
He——still is the Man.

ON pleasures smooth wings how old time
steals away,

E'er love's fatal flame leads the shepherd
astray,

My days O ye Swains were around of delight,
From the cool of the morn, to the stillness
of night,

No care found a place in my cottage or breast,
But health and content all the year was my
guest.

'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart cou'd
ensnare,

With voice or with feature, with dress or
with air;

So kindly young Cupid had pointed his dart,
That I gather'd the sweets but I miss'd
of the smart:

I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like the bee,
But still all my song was I'll ever be free.

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures did
yield,

If I stray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the
field,

Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to
my sight,

If the Nightingale sung I could listen all
night:

With my reed I cou'd pipe to the tune of the
stream,

And wake to new life from a rapt'rous dream.

But now since for Hebe in secret I sigh,
Alas what a change, and how wretched am I,
Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade,
Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all
fade;

No music I find in soft Philomel's strain,
And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs
in vain.

They say that she's kind but no kindness I see,
On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me,
Then teach me, bright Venus, persuasion's
soft art:

Or aid me by reason to ransom my heart:
To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,
Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the
swain.

FLY swiftly ye minutes, till Comus receive
The nameless soft transports that beauty
can give ;

The bowl's frolick joys let him teach her to
prove,

And she in return yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are
vain,

All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain,
The most splendid-palace grows dark as the
grave :

Love and wine give, ye gods ! or take back
what you gave.

BY dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies
trim,

Their merry wakes and pastime keep :
What has night to do with sleep.

Night has better sweets to prove ;
Venus now wakes and wakens love ;
Come let us our rights begin ;
Tis only day-light that makes sin.

TELL me no more of pointed darts,
Of flaming eyes and bleeding hearts,
The hyperboles of love :
Be honest to yourself and me,
Speak truly what you hear and see,
And then your suit may move.

Why call me angel ; why divine,
Why must my eyes the stars outshine :
Can such deceit prevail ?
For shame forbear this common rule ;

'Tis low, tis insult, calls me fool ;
With me 'twill always fail.

Would you obtain the honest heart,
Address my nobler, better part ;
Pay homage to my mind ;
The passing hours brings on the day,
And beauty quickly, fades away,
Nor leaves a rose behind.

Let then your open, manly sense,
The moral ornaments dispense,
And to my word be true ;
So may your suit itself indear,
Not for the charms you say I wear,
But those I find in you.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
Young Jockey won my heart,
A bonnier lad you ne'er could see,
All beauty without art.

In Aberdeen there ne'er was seen
A lad so blith and gay,
His glancing een and comely mein,
Has stole my heart away.

Young Jemmy courts with artful song,
But vain is all his love ;
My Jockey blith has lov'd me long,
To him I'll constant prove.
In Aberdeen &c.

No more shall I of sorrow know,
Nor ever more complain,
Nor fear my mammy's threats, I throw,
Now Jockey is mine ane.
In Aberdeen &c.

IN the social amusements of life let me live
 Prove ev'ry delight love and friendship
 can give;
 Where easy good nature gives converse a
 zest,
 Where sense in the light robe of humour is
 drest;
 Where harmony, beauty and reason combine,
 Our souls to improve, and our tempers
 refine.

All the festival board, which my Phœbe can
 share,
 The jest, which her pureness unsullied may
 hear,
 Unblushing enjoy, unrepining approve,
 While Damon toasts freely to friendship and
 love,
 While harmony, beauty, and reason combine,
 Our souls to improve, and our tempers
 refine.

Time was meant for a blessing, not dealt for
 curse,
 The troubles of life are by pining made
 worse;
 The sullen recluse may disrelish my plan,
 But I'll live and I'll love, and I'll laugh
 while I can;
 While harmony, beauty, and reason combine,
 Our souls to improve, and our tempers
 refine.

NOW Phœbus sinketh in the wet,
 Welcome song and welcome jest,
 Midnight shout and revelry,

Tipsey dance and jollity :
 Braid your looks with rosy twine.
 Dropping odours dropping wine,
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And advice with scrup'lous head ;
 Strict age and sower severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.

MY eyes may speak pleasure,
 Tongue flow without measure,
 Yet my heart in my bosom lies still ;
 Thus the river is flowing,
 The mill-clapper going,
 But the Miller's asleep in his mill.

Though lovers surround me,
 With speeches confound me,
 Yet my heart in my bosom lies still ;
 Thus the river is flowing,
 The mill-clapper going,
 But the Miller's asleep in his mill.

The little God eyes me,
 And thinks to surprize me,
 But my heart is awake in my breast ;
 Thus boys slyly creeping
 Would catch a bird sleeping,
 But the linnet's awake in his nest.

A band of Cupids t'other day,
 Were in a myrtle grove ;
 Till tir'd of every boyish play,
 They made a match to rove,
 But where cries one, the cock of all,
 Let's fix upon a place ;
 Hang Paphos, and Olympus Hall,

I vote for Chloe's face.

No sooner said, than off they flew,
And gath'ring round the fair;
As swarming bees, on flowers do,
They settled here and there.
Some on her lips, her nose, her Chin,
A score on either cheek;
While fifty to her eyes went in,
To play at hide and seek.

But gravity itself must smile,
The wranglers to have heard;
For place disputing all the while,
Tho' each his own prefer'd;
Till chancing from her lips to slide,
One fell on Chloe's breast,
And creeping down in triumph cry'd
Who's station's now the best,

THREE lads contended for my heart,
Each boasted different charms and grace;
Young Hal cou'd sing with taste and art,
Beau Jemmy sported frogs and lace.
Blith Willy was a soldier brave,
Who fear'd not scars, or death or wounds,
His country and his love to save,
When Britton's silver trumpet sounds.

Now fear is rous'd by war's alarms,
And threatening foes each hour arise,
I scorn young Harry's vocal charms,
And master Jemmy I despise.
I love my Willy, bold and brave,
He heeds not scars, or death, or wounds,
His country or his love to save,
When Britton's silver trumpet sounds.

In piping times, of peace, "a beau,
Dear girls, may idle thoughts employ;
But now when threat'ned by each foe,
Be wise and throw away the toy;
Take my advice, love him that's brave,
Who fears not scars, or death, or wounds,
So may your smiles your country save,
While Briton's silver trumpet sounds.

IF you're not too proud for a word of advice,
In choice of a husband, girls, be not too
nice,
What with manning our ships and protecting
our shore.
You cannot have lovers, as once by the
score,
If you wish to be married, your pride must
come down,
What a smile can procure, do not loose by a
frown.

The time it has been, it will ne'er be again,
When a legion of lovers I had in my train;
They were pleased with my sing song, I
laugh'd at them all,
For one was too short and another too tall.
Or too plump, or too slender, too young or
too old,
And this was too bashful and that was too
bold.

All you who're in bloom and who Hymen
implore,
Since love may not wait till the wars are all
o'er,
Resemble the willow, be gentle and bend,
Take

Take pains for a lover as you wou'd for a friend ;

Look once at his person but twice at his mind ;
Take him soon at his word, tho' you blush,
yet be kind.

Expect not a croud of admirers to see,
Rich, handsome and courtly and all they
shou'd be,

The times are so bad and so chang'd is our lot,
That a man that's worth having is hard to be got.
Choose quickly or you'll rue it the rest of
your lives,

You may flourish as toasts but you'll never
be wife.

WHEN summer comes the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves :

Around the ewes and lambkins feed,

And music fills the groves ;

But my lov'd song is then the broom,

So fair on Cowdenknows,

For sure so soft so sweet a broom

Else where there never grows :

Oh ! the broom, &c.

There Collin tun'd his oaten reed,

And won my yielding heart,

No shepherd e're that dwelt on Tweed,

Cou'd play with half such art,

He sung of tay of forth and clyde,

The hills and dales all round,

Of leader haughs and leader side,

Oh ! how I blest'd the sound.

Oh ! the broom, &c.

Not triot braes so green and gay,

May with his broom compare,
Not yarrow banks in flow'ry May,

Nor the bush aboon Traquair ;

More pleasing far are cowden-knows,

My peacefull happy home,

Where I was wont to milk my ewes :

At eve among the broom.

Oh ! the Broom &c.

THY fatal shafts unerring move ;

I bow before thine alter love !

I feel thy soft resistless flame,

Glide swift thro' all my vital frame.

For while I gaze my bosom glows,

My blood in tides, impetuous flows ;

Hope fear, and joy alternate roll,

And floods of transport, overwhelm my soul.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain,

In soothing murmurs to complain ;

My tongue some secret magic tries,

My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care

And ever drop the silent tear ;

Unheard I mourn unknown I sigh,

Unfriended live, un pity'd die.

SEE Phœbus begins to enliven the east,

And see the gay dawn wears away ;

Come, rous, fellow huntsman, relinquish
dull rest,

And join in the sports of the day,

No longer in sloth let your senses remain,

Untainted the sweets of the morn ;

Drive

Drive slumber away, and make one in our
train ;

To follow the sound of the horn.

What music to ours can for sweetness com-
pare,

What sports such a pleasure can yield ;

What scent so refin'd as the new morning air

What prospect so bright as the field.

Let misers for riches each transport forego,

Midst their treasures distress'd and forlorn ;

We taste ev'ry joy, and forget ev'ry woe,

So charming the sound of the horn.

Such pleasures we feel while from vanity free,

Our hours pass contented along,

In innocent pastime, in mirth and in glee,

With a hearty repast and a song,

Ye mortals ubiafs'd by honours and wealth,

Those titles that sorrow adorn,

Would you taste the calm joys of contentment
and health.

Then follow the sound of the horn.

MY name's Ted Blarney i'll be bound
And man and boy upon this ground,
Full twenty years I've beat my round,
Crying Vauxhall watch.

And as that time's a little short,

With some genteels that here resort,

To be sure I have not had some sport :

Crying Vauxhall watch.

Oh ! of pretty damsels neat and tight

And macaronies such a sight,

Of a star-light morn I've bid good night,

Crying Vauxhall watch.

The lover cries, no one will see,

You are deceiv'd, my soul, says she

Dare's that Irish teef here maning me,

Crying Vauxhall watch.

Den I gets a thirteen not to talk

They gently steal to the dark walk,

And I decamps no sport to balk

Crying Vauxhall watch.

SILENT nymph with curious eye,

Who the purple ev'ning lie

On the mountain's lonely van,

Beyond the noise of buisy man ;

Painting fair the form of things,

While the yellow linnet sings,

Or the tuneful nightingale

Charms the forest with her tale,

Come with all the various hues,

Come and aid thy sister muse :

Now while Phœbus, riding high,

Gives fresh lustre to the sky ;

See the rivers how they run,

Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun,

Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,

Gently marm'ring as they flow.

WHEN Venus the goddess of beauty and
love,

Arose from the froth that swam on the sea,

Minerva leap'd out of the cranium of jove,

A coy sullen slut as most authors agree,

Brave bacchus they tell us the prince of good
fellows,

Was

Was his natural son pray attend to my tale,
For they who thus chatter, mistake quite the
matter,
He sprang from a barrel of Nottingham ale.

C H O R U S.

Nottingham ale boys Nottingham ale,
No liquor on earth is like Nottingham ale.

And when he had empty'd the cask whence
he sprung,

For want of more liquor low spirited grew,
He mounted a stride set his a-se on the
bung,

And away to the gods and the goddeesses
flew :

And when he look'd down and saw the brave
town,

To pay him due honours ne'er likely to fail,
He swore on all earth that the place of his
birth :

Was that and no liquor like Nottingham ale.
Nottingham ale boys, &c.

Ye bishops and curates priests deacons and
vicars,

When once ye have tasted ye'll own it is
true,

That Nottingham ale is the best of all liquors,
And none understand the good creature like
you,

It dispels ev'ry vapour saves pen ink and
paper,

For when ye've a mind in the pulpit to rail,
'Twill open your throats ye may preach
without notes,

When inspir'd with a bumper of Nottingham
ale.

Nottingham ale boys, &c.

Ye lovers who talk of fires, flames, darts and
daggers,

With right Nottingham ale ply your mis-
tresses hard,

The lass who once tastes it will sip 'till she
staggers,

And all your past sufferings then will reward:
You may turn her and twist her and do as
you list sir,

Engage her but briskly you soon will prevail,
Fill the glass up but often there's nothing will
soften,

The heart of a woman like Nottingham ale.
Nottingham ale boys, &c.

Ye doctors who more execution have done,
With powder, and potion, and bolus, and
pill,

Than hangman with halter, or soldier with
gun,

Or miser with famine, or lawyer with quill;
To dispatch us the quicker you forbid us
malt-liquor,

'Till our bodies consume and our faces grow
pale,

Let him mind 'em who pleases what cures all
diseases,

Is a comforting dose of good Nottingham ale.
Nottingham ale boys, &c.

NO more my song shall be ye swains,
Of purling streams and flow'ry plains,
More pleasing beauties now inspire,
And Phœbus deigns the warbling lyre,
Divinely aided thus I mean,

To celebrate my Highland Queen.
To celebrate &c.

In her sweet innocence I find,
With beauty truth and freedom joyn'd,
Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
And gives a luster to the whole,
A matchless shape and lovely mein,
All center in my Highlaad Queen.

No sudden rush, no trifling joy,
Her settl'd calm of mind destroy,
From pride and affectation free,
Alike she smiles on you and me,
The brightest nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my Highland Queen,

How blest that youth whom gentle fate,
Has destin'd to so fair a mate,
With all those wondrous gifts in store,
While each returning day brings more,
No man more happy can be seen,
Possessing thee my Highland Queen.

PHŒBUS meaner themes disdaining,
To the lyrist's call repair,
And the strings to rapture straining,
Come and praise the british fair.
And the strings, &c.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,
Born to conquer and to spare,
Were not gallant, where not glorious,
'Till commanded by the fair.

All the works of worth or meritt,

Which the sons of art prepare,
Have no pleasure life or spirit,
But as borrow'd from the fair.

Reason is as weak as passion,
But if you for truth declare.
Worth and Manwood are the Fashion,
Favour'd by the British fair.

IF those who live in shepherds bower,
Press not they gay and stately bed;
The new mow'n hay and brearhing flower,
A softer couch beneath them spread.
If those who sit at shepherd's board,
Sooth not their taste with wanton art,
They take what nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a chearful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
No high and sparkling wines can boast
With wholesome cups they chear the soul,
And crown them with a village toast,
If those who join in shepherd's sport,
Dance on the daisi'd ground,
Have not the splendor of a court;
Yet love adorns the merry round.

SEE you humble rustick swains,
Resting from their daily pains;
Look how carelessly they're laid
In the cool and fragrant shade.

What is wealth, and fame, and power?
Fleeting pageants of an hour:
Blush ambition, blush to see,
Happiness unknown to thee.

Soon as Phœbus streaks the skies,
Fresh and light as air they rise;
And when sinking in the west,
Gayly sing him to his rest.

Boast not, pride, thy lofty state;
Ah! how little are the great:
Wretches, amidst all your cares,
Can you find content like theirs.

HOW imperfect is expression,
Some emotions to impart!
When we mean a soft confession,
And yet seek to hide the heart!
When our bosoms, all complying,
With delicious tumults dwell,
And beat what broken, falt'ring dying,
Language would but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror,
Quite expressive paints my cheek,
Ask no more—behold your error;
Blushes eloquently speak.
What tho' silent is my anguish,
Or breath'd only to the air;
Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
Read what yours have written there.

Oh! that you could once conceive me!
Once my heart's strong feelings view!
Love has nought more fond believe me;
Friendship nothing half so true.
From you I am wild despairing,
With your speechless as I touch;

This is all that bares declaring,
And perhaps declares too much.

WHAT state of life can be so blest,
As love that warms the lover's breast,
Two souls in one the same desire,
To grant the bliss, and to require?
But if in heaven a hell we find,
'Tis all from thee, oh! jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind.

False in thy glass all objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far;
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns and gives no light,
All torments ev'ry ill we find,
In only thee oh! jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind.

TO hear the jar of noisy war,
To me is pleasing matter;
Give me ye pow'rs in dangerous hours,
A spear and shield to clatter:
If this supply ye shall deny,
Yet grant me hat and feather,
A smart cockade, and polish'd blade,
But keep them from the weather.

I'll then proceed for sure there's need,
To get my corps together;
Who feel no dread but for their head,
Their hat, cockade and feather.
Let now each maid, in taste array'd,
Advance in fairest weather,
But halt! I fear the French are near

Alas

Also my hat and feather.

If these I loose I'll not refuse,
To leave the strife to others,
To those who dread no loss of head,
Britania's sons and brothers :
For they'll advance 'gainst Spain and France,
And knock them down together ;
Then where they lie---there let them die,
Despoil'd of hat and feather,

THE western sky was purpl'd o'er
With every pleasing ray,
And rocks reviving felt no more,
The sultry heats of day ;
When from a hazle's artless bow'a,
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue ;
He blest the day, he blest the hour,
While Nancy's charms he sung.

Let fops with fickle falsehood range,
The paths of wanton love,
While weeping maids lament the charge,
And sadden every grove ;
But endless blessings crown the day,
I saw fair Esham's dale,
And every blessing find its way,
To Nancy of the vale.

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
The peerless bud I found,
And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
To fence her beauties round ;
That nature in so lone a dell,
Should form a nymph so sweet,
Or fortune to her secret cell,
Conduct my wand'ring feet.

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline ;
Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
As I will prove to mine ;
'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow,
Has won my right good will ;
To him, I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair ;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow'd my future care :
And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I those charms forego ;
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow.

R O N D E A U.

HEAUV'NLY music, so inviting,
Give to me the sweetest strains,
While in thee my soul's uniting,
Let me hear the nymphs and swains !
God of song, oh ! then befriend me,
Let my soul to glory rise !
All thy toneful treasure lend me,
And I'll waft it to the skies.

WHILE on earth's soft lap descending,
Lightly falls the feather'd snow ;
Nature awefully attending,
Each rude wind forbids to blow.
White and pure awhile appearing,
Earth her virgin mantle wears,

Soon the fickle season veering,
Her deluded bosom bares.

Thus my foolish heart believing,
Listen'd to his artful tongue;
All his vows of love receiving,
On each flattering accent hung.

Fondly for a time mistaken,
Love and joy conceal'd my fate;
Now alas! at length forsaken,
Sad experience comes too late.

IF 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease?
When his passion we discover,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please.

O Peace the fairest child of heav'n,
To whom the Sylvan reign was giv'n,
The vale, the fountain, and the grove,
With ev'ry softer scene of love;
Return, sweet peace, to cheer the weeping
swain,
Return with ease and pleasure in thy train.

COME dear Pastora, come away,
And hail the chearful spring;
Now fragrant blossoms crown the May,
And woods with, love---notes ring;
Now Phœbus to the west descends,
And sheds a fainter ray;
And as our rural labour ends,
We bless the closing day.

In yonder artless maple bow'r,
With blooming woodbines twin'd;
Let us enjoy the ev'ning hour,
On earth's soft lap reclin'd:
Or when yon poplar's verdant boughs,
The chrystal current shade;
O deign, fair nymph, to hear the vows
My faithful heart has made.

Within this breast no soft deceit,
No artful flatt'ry bides:
But truth, scarce known among the great,
O'er ev'ry thought presides:
On pride's false glare I look with scorn,
And all its glitt'ring train;
Be mine the pleasures which adorn,
This ever---peaceful plain.

Come then, my fair, and with thy love
Each rising care subdue;
Thy presence can each grief remove,
And ev'ry joy renew:
The lily fades, the rose grows faint,
Their transient bloom is vain;
But lasting truth and virtue wait,
Pastora of the plain.

LOVE in her eyes sits playing,
And sheds delicious dew;
Love in her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath.
Love on her breast sits panting,
And swells with soft desire;
No grace, no charm is wanting,
To set the heart on fire.

HOW

HOW pleasing glides our morn of youth,
 E'er beauty strikes the breast;
 A parent's tender hush-can sooth,
 The flutt'ring soul to rest:
 But love's sweet passion riper grown,
 Exerts a tyrant part;
 And painful bliss before unknown,
 Surrounds the guardless heart.

The vermil lip, love---love darling eye,
 Fair check of rosy hue;
 The virgin breast by, gentle sigh
 That parting swells to view,
 May bid the heart with rapture glow,
 To love attune the mind,
 But ah! sad change! what sorrow flows,
 If Stella proves unkind.

Then to the unfrequented grove,
 Or by the languid stream,
 The pensive swain will sighing rove,
 And breathe his plaintive theme:
 The tender notes along the vale,
 In gentle murmurs die,
 And echo, from her secret cell,
 Returns him sigh for sigh.

LET care be a stranger to each jovial
 soul,
 Who Aristippus like, can his passions con-
 troul,
 Of wisest philosophers wisest was he,
 Who attentive to ease, let his mind still be
 free:
 The prince, peer, or peasant, to him were
 the same,

For pleas'd he was pleasing whenever he
 came,
 But still turn'd his back on contention and
 strife,
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his
 friend,
 And the peace of his mind was his ultimate
 end;
 He found fault with none, if none found
 fault with him;
 If his friend had a humour, he humour'd
 his whim;
 If wine was the word, he bumper'd his glass;
 If love was the topic, he toasted his lass,
 But still turn'd his back on contention and
 strife;
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

If council disputed, if councils agreed,
 He found fault with neither--for this was
 his creed.

That let them be guided by folly or sense,
 'Twould be semper eadum an hundred years
 hence.

He thought twas unfocial to be malecontent,
 If the tide went with him, with the tide
 he went,

And still turn'd his back on contention and
 strife,
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Then let us all follow Aristippus's rules
 And deem his opponents dull asses and
 mules,
 But those not contented to lead or to drive,
 By

By the bees of their sweets be drove out of
their hives ;

Expell'd from the mansion of quiet and ease,
May they never find out the best art how
to please,

While our friends and ourselves, not for-
getting our wives

By these maxims may live all the days of
our lives.

WHEN morn with purple streaks the skies,
And rested flocks to pasture rise,
I long my absent love to see,
And sigh for him, who doats on me.

A change of movement, the favourite Scotch

A I R.

His lovely form and gracious smile,
First caught my partial eye,
And soft persuasion, free from guile,
Soon won me to comply,
Our vows of mutual truth are pass'd,
I only live to love,
And ever shall that passion last
Which earth and heaven approve.

YOUNG Chloe as gay as the spring,
But will change like an April day ;
As rich as the summer---dear thing,
And will frolic like lambkin's in May.

She's truly good-natur'd and meek,
If you catch her but when she's in tune,

And if for her virtues you seek,
They are bright as the roses in June.

The flowers of July can't compare
To the fragrance that hangs on her lip,
Nor the plenty of August declare
The nectar that thence one might sip.

September's fine fruits are more scarce
Than the fruits of her elegant mind :
The bright beer of October's a farce,
To this the most bright of her kind.

Yet November's dull fogs hang about her,
And she'll make the poor devil remember,
Who finds he can not live without her,
That her heart is as cold as December.

WHEN the sweet rosy morn first peep'd
o'er the skies,
A loud singing lark bid the villager's rise,
The cowslips were lively the primroses gay,
And shed their perfumes to welcome the
May ;
The swains with their sweet-hearts all rang'd
on the green
Did homage to Phoebe and hail'd her the
queen.

Amongst lords and fine ladies we shepherds
are told
The dearest affections are barter'd for gold,
That discord in wedlock is often their lot,
While Cupid and Hymen shake hands in
a cot,
To the church with fair Phoebe since Damon
has been.

He's

He's as rich as a monarch she's as blest as a
queen.

WHILE o'er the mountain brow peeps the
young morn,
Our pack the dew dashing, Ton, ton, sounds
the horn;
Sly Reynard unkennel'd, tho' cunning he
lay,
Brushes off to the rally ho!--we brush away,
Ton, ton:

To the chace, to the chace, ye choice
spirits away,
Tantivey, tantivey, tantara, huzza, huz-
za, huzza.

While thro' the thick brake all his shifts the
fox tries,
Or down the wind skulking to cover he flies;
No hedge nor ditch stops us, we circle the
woods,
High over the the swinging gate, dash thro'
the floods, Ton, ton.
To the chace, &c.

Not a dog is in fault, the scent is so strong,
Up hill and down hallows, we rally along;
What sportsman so tame to be tempted to stay,
Or think upon safety and hear, hark! away.
Ton, ton.

To the chace, &c.

The view hollow given, the wide welkin rings,
Hark! hark! there echo 'tis music for kings,
Men horses and hounds, in loud harmony
shear,

The chorus of nature, can nature forbear,
Ton, ton.

To the chace, &c.

By exercise, hunters distempers defy,
The faculties trust not but faculties try;
And while to the vapours, pale indolents
yield,

We win rosy health by the sports, of the field,
Ton, ton.

To the chace, &c.

THESE flower's like our hearts, are unit-
ed in one,

And are bound up so fast, that they can't be
undone;

So well are they blended, so beauteous to
sight,

There springs from their union a tenfold
delight:

Nor poison, nor weed here, our passion to
warn,

But sweet without brier, the rose without
thorn.

THE BACCHINALIAN TRIUMPH

C H O R U S.

A I R.

HENCE thou Cynic hoary time,
Prithee tell us what's our crime
Why with frowns in dread array,
Would'st thou cloud springs festive day:
Smooth thy furrow'd front of snow,
'Tis not yet for us to go!

Love

Love and wine give joys sublime.
Hence thou cynic hoary time.

A I R.

Come old boy——no more be dull,
Let thy glass be ever full;
Then I'll pledge thee out of mine,
Bumper'd with the richest wine:
If thou wilt not——what care I,
So I drink before I die,
Joys like mine must long withstand,
Thy too rigid frozen hand.
Hence thou cynic hoary time.

A I R.

Parent of human woe,
Quickly from our presence go,
We have other guests to see,
Quite unknown to death or thee,
Venus drawn by billing doves,
All the graces all the loves;
Such extatic bliss in view,
Who can deign to think of you.
Hence thou cynic hoary time.

A I R.

Oh! the happy deed is done,
——See the grey intruder's gone:
Pleasure likes the silken rein,
Till the cripple comes again,
Let's be jocund, blyth and gay,
Now tis nature's holiday;
She commands us in our prime,
Ne'er to think of father time.
Hence thou cynic hoary time.

CANTATA. RECITATIVE.

Oh yes! oh yes! a proclamation's made,
Diana soon the woods begins to cheer;
Her will and pleasure then must be obey'd,
And at her call her nymphs and train be here.

From sleep's downy charms
Each hunter must rise;
The horn's loud alarms,
Bids us slumber despise.

From the east the gay morning discovers her
face,
And hounds, men, and horses, now pant for
the chase.

Nor gates, floods or mounds,
Our speed can allay;
Hark! the hollow refounds,
As we follow our prey.

Hills and valley's we leave in a moment behind
We cheer the deep woodland, and out strip the
wind.

Our bold female train,
No dangers dismay;
Fear checks them in vain,
They share in the day.

They lead the gay band, whilst the deer is
in view,
Like lightning he flies, and as fast they pursue.

The brisk driving chace
Enliven's each vain;
Gives bloom to each face,
And disperses all pain;

May the joys of the field be our sport and our
play,
Wake, wake, at the call of the hark! hark!
away.

WHEN

WHEN Flora resumes her gay reign,
 The meadows to pastime invite,
 The wood-nymphs all joyful are seen
 New verdure cheers sweetly the sight,
 Quit the dusk and noise of the town,
 Leave the play-house, the op'ra and ball;
 May's goddesses your pleasures shall crown,
 In the echoing shades of Vaux-hall.

Be songs love and wine your desire,
 Each sep'rate enjoyment you'll find;
 Sweet songs shall new rapture inspire,
 And the nymphs shall be prudently kind:
 In the catch merry Momus shall laugh,
 Blythe Bacchus attends on your call:
 While your Mistress in nectar you quaff,
 In the echoing shades of Vaux-hall.

For life's but a jest and a span,
 As the poets and moralists sing;
 So enjoy it ye youths while you can,
 Remember old Time's on the wing.
 Then haste to this pastoral scene,
 Where harmony charms with her call;
 While pleasure presides as the queen,
 O'er the echoing shades of Vaux-hall.

HOW stands the glass around,
 For shame! you take no care my boys,
 How stands the glass around;
 Let mirth and wine abound,
 The trumpets sound;
 The colours they are flying boys,
 To fight kill or wound.
 May we still be found,
 Content with our hard fate my boys;

On the cold ground.

Why soldiers why,
 Should we be melancholy boys?
 Why Soldiers why,
 Whose business 'tis to die;
 Hang fighting fie,
 Damn fear drink on be jolly boys,
 'Tis he, you, or I:
 Cold, hot, wet or dry,
 We're always bound to follow boys,
 And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
 I mean not to upbraid ye boys,
 'Tis but in vain,
 For soldiers to complain:
 Should next campaign?
 Send us to him who made us boys,
 We're free from pain;
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady,
 Cure all again.

WHY blushes so early the rose,
 Diffusing its sweets thro' the day,
 Since June is the month that is chose,
 To finish the courtship of May?
 Perhaps the young colours I see,
 Of spring in her morning array,
 Are painted O Flora by thee,
 In honour to Phillis's day.
 Perhaps &c.

For June to perfection shall rise,
 Surpassing the blushes of May,

And

And Zephyrs shall mount to the skies;
 In honour of Phillis's day.
 Then lassies let each be a wife,
 Each marry like Phillis in June;
 For age is the winter of life,
 And night is the pillow of noon.

B RITISH valour now is tow'ring,
 To its full meridian blaze;
 And its force with vengeance pow'ring,
 While our foes with wonder gaze:
 And fly the wrath in wild amaze.

Thus the sun at morn appearing,
 Darts about the splendid ray:
 All the face of nature charming,
 Drives the gloomy shades away,
 In promise of a glorious day.

L OVE's the tyrent of the heart,
 Full of mischief full of woe,
 All his joys are mix'd with smart,
 Thorns beneath his roses grow.
 Thorns beneath &c.

RECITATIVE.

Thus sung a poor forsaken maid,
 By folly not by love betray'd,
 Ye fair while virtue steels your breast;
 Fond love, fond love, can ne'er disturb
 your rest.

G IVE round the word dismount dismount,
 While echo'd by the sprightly horn,
 The toils and pleasures we recount,

Of this sweet health inspiring morn.

C H O R U S.

'Twas glorious sport none e'er did lag.
 Nor drew amiss nor made a stand;
 But all as firmly kept their pace,
 As had Achæon been the stag,
 And we had hunted by command;
 Of the Goddess of the chase.

The hounds were out and snuffed the air,
 And scarce had reach'd the appointed spot:
 But pleas'd they heard a layer, a layer,
 And presently drew on the slot.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets,
 The deep mouthed hounds begin to bawl,
 And echo note for note repeats,
 While sprightly horns resound a call.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now the stag has lost his place,
 And while war-haunch the huntsman cries,
 His bosom swells, tears wet his face,
 He pants he struggles and he dies.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

'T WAS within a mile of Edinburgh
 town,

In the rosy time of the year,
 Sweet laylocks bloom'd and the grass was
 down;

And each shepherd woo'd his dear.

Bonny jockey, blyth and gay,

Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay:

The lass blush'd and frowning cried, no,
 no, it will not do,

I cannot, cannot, wonnot, munnot, buckle to.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
Tho long he had follow'd the lass,
Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread;

And merrily turn'd up the grass.
Bonny Jockey blyth and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
Yet still she blush'd and frowning cried,
no, no, it will not do;

I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, munnot buckle to.

But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride,

Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
She gave him her hand and a kiss beside;
And vow'd she'd for ever be true,
Bonny Jockey blyth and free,

Won her heart right merrily:
At church she no more frowning cried, no,
no, it will not do,

I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, munnot buckle to.

OH! let me unreserv'd declare,

The feelings of my heart;
My Strephon reigns unrivall'd there,
No other swain has part.

Such worth and truth my heart does move,
To give the shepherd love for love.

When absent from my longing sight,
He is my constant theme:

His shadowy form appears by night,
And shapes the morning dream.

For ah! his worth my heart does move,
To give the shepherd love for love.

Ye spotless virgins of the plain,
Deam not my words too free;
For ere my passion you arraign,
You must have lov'd like me.
And 'tis his worth my heart does move,
To give my shepherd love for love.

NOW to pant on Thetis breast,
Phœbus blushes down the west,
And in laughter seems to say,
Mortals end like me the day,
Join ye merry rural throng,
Mirth and music dance and song.
Ever happy ever gay.
Life is here one holiday.

Nature's free-born subjects train,
Blooming tenants of the plain,
'Tis for us the Goddess spreads,
Verdant meads and flow'ry beds,
While the varying seasons flow:
Beauty bids our bosom glow,
Ever happy ever gay, &c.

Ev'ry nymph and ev'ry youth,
Melt with fondness warm with truth,
Sunny vale and shady grove,
Echo to the voice of love;
And the changeful year supplies,
Pleasure to the heart and eyes.
Ever happy ever gay, &c.

Far from noise and pomp and state,
Joys and troubles of the great:
Shelter'd by contentment's wings,
Here the bird of rapture sings;

While

While god of soft delight,
Glad the noon and cheers the night.
Ever happy ever gay, &c.

MY bonny sailer won my mind,
My heart is now with him at sea,
I hope the summer's western breeze
Will bring him safely back to me.
I wish to hear what glorious toils,
What dangers he has undergone,
What forts he's storm'd, how great's the
spoils:
From France and Spain my sailer's won.

A thousand terrors chill'd my breast,
When fancy brought the foe in view;
And day and night I've had no rest
Left ev'ry gale a tempest blew.
Bring gentle gales, my sailer home,
His ship at anchor let me see:
Three years are sure enough to roam,
Too long for one who loves like me.

His face by sultry climes is wan,
His eyes by watching shine less bright:
But still I'll own my charming man,
And run to meet him when in fight.
His honest heart is what I prize,
No weather can make that look old
Tho' alter'd were his face and eyes,
I'll love my jolly sailer bold.

POUR pour me out the parting glass,
Again to thee my pretty lass,
Ben thou must bid adieu

And when I am far out at sea,
You'll think of him who thinks on thee,
What says my bonny Sue.

Hark! hark! the boatswain call's away
Not now a moment can I stay,
But t'other kifs and then——
Now welcome is the cannon's roar,
And if I should not see the more,
Then think of honest Ben.

If in the Bay of Biscay O,
Or in the Gulph of Mexico;
My fortune I can make,
No longer from thee will I roam,
At Gosport then I'll fix my home,
Thee to my hammock take.

Our jolly tars will try amain,
To beat the fleets of France and Spain;
And England's fame encrease.
If rich galloons fall in our way
The don's shall strike and fall our prey,
We'll make them cry for peace.

Sound wind and limb I take to sea,
True heart and love I'll bring to thee;
We ne'er shall part again,
No Captain's wife shall finer go,
From head to stern from top to toe;
Then think of honest Ben.

NO more along the daisy mead,
I meet my fickle swain,
Whose charms and falsehood far exceed
The shepherds of the plain.

He sighing follow'd where I rov'd,
Till pitty touch'd my heart;
Then laughing boasted how I lov'd
And play'd a traitor's part.

Ladies! ladies! while you fly,
The men will still pursue;
But if you pity when they sigh,
Alas! they'll fly from you.

They practice and they must approve,
An innocent deceit.
Affect indiff'rence when you love,
Or you'll indiff'rence meet.

WITH joy and mirth our valleys ring,
On ev'ry spray sweet warblers sing:
While echo soft repeats the strain,
Of many a nymph and rustic swain.
In all their sports I bore a part
When conqu'ring love first touch'd my heart.

No maid so blyth so blest'd as I,
Nor knew of Cupid's wiles,
Till first I met young Damon's eye,
And mark'd his beauteous smiles.

Ah! then what rapture fill'd my breast,
And rush'd through ev'ry vein!
What tumult strange my soul oppress'd,
Tho' first a pleasing pain.

Too soon alas! I lost my rest,
And absent now I feel:
That love's keen wound within my breast,
No time can ever heal.

SINCE discord still rages, we'll plough the
salt main,
And brave all the navies of France and of
Spain:
May summer its trophies, like winter dis-
play;
May we chace like bold RODNEY, by night
as by day.

C H O R U S.

From sea to sea, from East to west,
Boys follow France and Spain,
Nor let them have a moment's rest,
Till all is peace again.
Pursue your stroke, they sink they fly,
The bloody flag display;
'Tis ours to conquer or to die,
They strike my boys huzza.

As the lion of Britain is rouz'd from his
trance,
Take care, dons, of Spain and ye monsieurs
of France.
From the north to the south, let your thun-
ders be hurl'd,
And vengeance shall punish the foes of the
world.

From sea to sea, &c.

We'll give the rash Spaniards, I warrant
their due,
They must pay all our costs, with the wealth
of Peru;
Ship to ship hand to hand, boys let's stick
to their stuff,
Nor give up the fight till the cry they've
enough. From sea to sea, &c.

When

When Bourbon submits, and implores us to
peace,

Then hate and hostility quickly may cease,
And Englishmen spares when the enemy's
down;

When the flag is once struck, shall our mercy
be shown.

From sea to sea, &c.

Till then bloody war, must continue to rage,
Our ships spite of darkness and storms shall
engage,

We can never shake hands, or with France
or with Spain;

Till Britain's acknowledged the Lord of
the main.

From sea to sea, &c.

CANTATA. RECITATIVE.

BENEATH some spreading beech, I'll lull
my cares,

Sigh on the winds and wet the earth with
tears:

No more my pipe shall rend the verdant
plains,

Nor lofty ills rebound the mirthful strains;
Stretch'd on the dewy earth secure I'll
lay,

And mourn with Philomela on the spray.

A I R.

Why did I gaze with tender joy,

Upon the lovely maid,

When rising sweets the eye decoy:

And secret peace invade;

But ah! what glee would fill my heart,

If delia once was true.

What scene could e'er such bliss impart,

Of graceful air, sweet as fair;

Blyth as May, bright as day,

Blyth as May, bright as day,

Try the lovely nymph to move,

Cupid gentle god of love.

MY fair has nature's charms alone,

From ev'ry art she's free;

Her dress bespeaks her inmost mind,

'Tis all simplicity.

Without disguises he loves sincere,

Nor will she change from me:

She's constant, innocent, and true,

And all simplicity.

Nor can I e'er ungrateful prove,

To one so pure as she;

For sure no charm can e'er compare.

With sweet simplicity.

TOASTS



TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

CONSTANCY in love, and Sincerity in friendship.

May the Evening's diversion bear the Morning's reflection.

May all honest Souls find a friend in need.

• May the Single be married, and the married happy.

Success to the lover, honour to the brave, health to the sick, and freedom to the slave.

May our happiness be sincere and our joys be lasting.

The pleasures of imagination realiz'd.

• May the wings of extravagance be clipt by the shears of œconomy.

Great men honest, and honest men great.

Every honest man his right, and every rogue a alter.

All our wants and all our wishes.

May our endeavours be always successful, when engaged under the banner of justice.

May our conscience be sound tho' our fortune be rotten.

Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.

Youth without folly, and age without pain.

• The rapturous bliss of an extatic kiss.

Health peace and plenty.

May our passions be slaves to us, and not we to our passions.

• May love and reason be friends, and beauty and prudence marry.

May the miser grow poor and the benevolent rich.

Merit to win a heart, and sense to keep it.

May trade increase and faction cease.

May the King know rightly his prorogative, and the subject his privilege.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt and a guinea.

Here's

Here's to the man that dares be honest in the worst of times.
 Long may we live, happy may we be, blest with content, and from misfortune free.
 May Wilkes turn out a scoundrel.
 May we never meet an old friend, with a new face.
 Disinterested friendship, and artless love.
 The heart that feels, and the hand that gives.
 The rose of pleasure, without the thorn.
 Wit without bitterness, and mirth without noise.
 Religion without priestcraft, and politics without party.
 May we never condemn that in others, which we would pardon in ourselves.
 May we never seek more liberty than constitutes our happiness, nor more freedom than
 tends to public good.
 May the deformity of other men's vices, teach us to abhor our own.
 America in our arms, France and Spain with the Dutch at our feet.
 May we never condemn by hear-say, nor applaud by fashion.
 May we be more ready to correct our own faults, than to publish the faults of others.
 May the blossoms of friendship never be blighted.
 May reason guide the helm, when passion blows the gale.
 May we always have a friend and ever know his value. —
 May hemp bind him, whom honour can't.
 May he that made the d---l take us all. —
 May we never want a friend and a bottle to give him.
 A head to earn, and a heart to spend.
 The friend we love, and the woman we dare trust.
 Provision to the unprovided. —
 May we have in our arms, what we love in our hearts.
 Love for love.
 Gaiety and innocence.
 Health, joy, and mutual love.
 Friendship without intrest, and love without deceit.
 Delicate pleasures, to susceptible minds.
 The harvest of life, love, wit, and good-humour.
 May we please and be pleased.
 The union of two fond hearts.
 All we wish and all we want.
 Love and opportunity.
 May temptation never conquer virtue.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

Sense to win a heart, and Merit to keep it.

Frugality without meanness.

May we be rich in friends, rather than money.

May we be loved by those, whom we love.

May he who wants friendship also want friends.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.

May we as christians, be zealous without uncharitableness; as subjects loyal without servility; and as citizens free without faction.

May our ability for doing good be equalled by our inclination.

May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.

May those who inherit the title of gentlemen by birth, deserve it by their lives.

May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.

May we never swear a tradesman out of his right, or a credulous girl out of her virtue.

More friends and less need of them.

May love draw the courtain and friendship the cork.



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Club your firelocks my lads &c.	136	Hark the horn calls away	64
Come dear Pastora come away	155	Hark, hark o'er the plains	66
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Despairing beside a clear stream	11	How happy were my days till now	69
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Dear Molly I love you &c.	59	Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd	72
Dear smiling Kitty's to my mind	95	How harmless and sweet are the joys	73
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Fair Hebe I left with a cautious design	27	How oft Louisa hast thou said	101
For various purpose serves the fan	33	How chearful along the gay mead	103
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66	I like the man whose soaring soul	100	My fond shepherds of late were so blest	46
68	In a sycamore shade as I sat t'other day	105	My Jockey is the blithest lad	49
69	In the prating hours of youth	109	My hearts my own my will is free	64
71	I courted a lass that liv'd over the lee	114	My Jenny and I have toil'd	77
72	In vain to keep my heart you strive	117	My time O ye muses was happily spent	88
73	I lock'd up all my treasure	119	My shepherd is gone far away &c.	103
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170	If a daughter you have	136	My eyes may speak pleasure	147
201	In spring my dear shepherds	142	My name's Ted Blaney	150
103	In the social amusements of life &c.	147	My bonny sailor's won my mind	163
104	If you're not too proud for a word &c.	148	My fair has nature's charms alone	165
109	If those who live in shepherds bower	152	Not on beds of fading flow'rs	1
114	If 'tis joy to wound a lover	155	Now pleasure unbounded resounds	8
129	Let fops pretend in flames to melt	4	Now the happy knot is ty'd	31
138	Love sounds the alarm	10	Near a thick grove whose deep &c.	37
153	Love's a gentle gen'rous passion	13	No longer let whimsical songsters	58
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158	Let me wander not unseen	41	Now summer approaches	99
160	Let others Damon's praise rehearse	110	Now Phoebus sinketh in the west	147
17	Let ladies gay for pleasure roam	111	No more my song shall be ye swains	151
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29	Love's a bubble courting trouble	137	No more along the daisy mead	163
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34	Love in her eyes sits playing	155	Oh! how shall I in language weak	47
39	Let care be a stranger &c.	156	Oh! had I been by fate decreed	50
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59	My banks are all furnish'd with bee's	21	Oh! Damon believe not your Jenny's	82
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79	My Dolly was the fairest thing	38	O Nancy wilt thou go with me	102

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